

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 500.—APRIL, 1929.

Art. 1.—THE ITALIANISATION OF SOUTH TYROL.

1. *Die Südtiroler Frage: Entstehung und Entwicklung eines europäischen Problems der Kriegs- und Nachkriegszeit.* Von Paul Herre. München: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1927.
2. *Tirol unterm Beil.* Von Eduard Reut-Nicolussi. München: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1928.
3. *The Case of German South Tyrol against Italy.* By C. H. Herford. Allen and Unwin, 1926.

TRAVELLING in post-war Central Europe, with its double customs-house system, its different languages and different monetary systems, is not an unmixed pleasure. Formerly, if you possessed a knowledge of German, you could pass without unnecessary delay and inconvenience from Hamburg to Ragusa, or from Basel to Buda-Pest. Now, if your passport is not properly visé you may be held up for hours and possibly days at some roadside station, devoid of proper hotel accommodation. Your old 'Murray' is no longer of any use, as all the place-names in the Succession States, including South Tyrol, have been altered. Your portmanteau is constantly being overhauled in search of something contraband you may foolishly have purchased in a neighbouring State. If you are going to Czecho-Slovakia you may not import more than 20% in foreign money. If you are leaving Yugo-Slavia you are liable to be searched if you are suspected of having more than 3000 dinars on your

Vol. 252.—No. 500,

person. If you are travelling in Austria and wish to pass from Klagenfurt to Graz by the shortest route *via* Marburg in Yugo-Slavia, you may do so in a locked compartment. As an Englishman with a British pass you are free to come and go as you like in Italy, but woe betide you if you happen to have a 'Manchester Guardian' or some such book as Prof. Herford's in your bag. From that time on you are, without perhaps knowing it, under Fascisti surveillance. Another spy!

But what of all this? Is not Europe free—free from the German yoke—free to work out its destiny—each nation happy within its own confines? Look at France, groaning under its military burden, dissatisfied, suspicious, ever on the watch, ever looking for security and never finding it. Look at Italy in the hands of a Dictator; Poland in the same condition; Rumania in the throes of a peasant revolt; Hungary in a state of suppressed rebellion; Austria torn in two by conflicting parties; Czecho-Slovakia trembling for its existence; Yugo-Slavia in a state of dissolution; Germany uncertain under the weight of its war indemnity. A happy Continent truly! The apotheosis of the doctrine of nationality, which was to bring peace, happiness, and prosperity to all mankind. Better than this chaos of conflicting interests and prohibitive tariffs some of us, with our eyes directed to the Eastern menace, may think would have been a reconstruction of the old empire on a federal basis with the exclusion of Galicia and the outlying Balkan States, after the manner of Switzerland. But nationalism is not a constructive policy, and France, which has never, except in the case of Alsace, been called upon to face the problem herself, was all in favour of a reconstruction of Europe on a nationalist basis. A disintegrated Eastern Europe was necessary, she believed, for her own safety. With Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugo-Slavia armed to the teeth, Germany could be held in check on the east and opportunity afforded her to carry out her Rhineland policy. The only danger was that Austria, unable to live on her own resources, might be absorbed by Germany, and that Italy, dissatisfied at her niggardly treatment, might find it necessary to resume her old friendly relations with the Reich. To meet the danger Austria was to be forbidden to throw in her lot with Germany, while Italy

was to be pacified by the recognition of her claim, grounded in the Treaty of London, to extend her frontier as far as Trieste on the east and the Brenner on the north. It was a cleverly conceived plan, but one which in its working is calculated to keep Europe in a state of unrest for years to come.

It is idle to discuss what the natural boundaries of Italy are. If the extreme Fascist opinion holds good they are coterminous with the Roman Empire. Italy, we are told in the new Decalogue, is the heir of Rome. Rome conquered the world: Italy is unconquerable. The Brenner is not the limit but the door of exit. The most insignificant Italian is worth more than a thousand foreigners. The world owes every discovery it has made to Italian genius. Italian goods are the best in the world, etc. Childish, no doubt; but significant of the mentality of Fascist Italy. Perhaps in her own interest Italy would have been wiser if, instead of stretching out her hand to the Brenner, she had been content, as Bissolati urged, to draw the line at the Gap of Salurn, halfway between Trient and Bozen. But such a *parecchio*, or morsel, as Mussolini termed it, would hardly have satisfied the Italians, lashed as they were to fury by the contemptuous disregard with which their claim to Fiume and Dalmatia was treated by their own allies. Nothing short of the Treaty of London would satisfy them. The Brenner from the Reschen to the Vetta d'Italia and thence southwards to Bruneck should be theirs. This was the natural boundary of Italy towards the north as laid down long ago by Mazzini. We can understand their feelings and sympathise with them. The mischief of the Brenner line is that it splits a nation in two. Tyrol is not so much a geographical as a national concept. It has no marked boundaries. Its valleys run in all directions. It is simply the country where the Tyrolese live as Switzerland is the land of the Swiss. Like Switzerland it is merely a part of the great central European *massif*. Its centre is the Brenner, whence it sinks gradually down northwards to Kufstein on the German frontier and southwards to the Lago di Garda. It is, in fact, the country through which the highway connecting Germany with Italy runs. It is not Germany: it is not Italy; but it partakes of the characteristics of both—beer on the one side, wine on the

other. For the world at large it is the country of Andreas Hofer and Walther von der Vogelweide. It is a land of mountains and valleys, harbouring a hardy race of peasants of Teutonic origin, whose patriotism is proverbial and who, since 1525, have known no feudal lord.

Against the strategical importance of the Brenner line nothing can be alleged. Besides furnishing Italy with a well-nigh impregnable barrier, it has brought her a large increase of territory and many flourishing towns and villages. In both these respects it fully meets the wishes of the Italians. Its one great drawback—a drawback that may affect its strategical value—is that, with an increase of territory, it has brought nearly a quarter of a million of inhabitants, who have no love for Italy and no desire to become Italian subjects, under Italian control. How are these quarter of a million Tyrolese of preponderatingly German nationality to be treated so that the Brenner may become not merely a strategical but a national frontier? Are they to be forcibly Italianised or are they to be gradually won over to Italy 'by peaceable ways and amiable persuasions'?* Is Tyrol to be made another centre of agitation or is it to be made the bridge of friendship between Italy and Germany? This is the question. It is a question which, if it concerns Italy in the first place, is not without its international importance; for on the answer which Italy gives to it depends very largely the peace of Europe.

Naturally in the early days of the war when England and France were straining every effort to meet the German advance and the whole diplomacy of the Allies was directed to induce Italy to abandon her position of neutrality, the question of the future treatment of the German population received, and, from the point of war mentality, deserved to receive, no consideration. Italy's price was Trieste and South Tyrol to the Brenner. Its payment was guaranteed by the Treaty of London; but in order to maintain the high pretensions of the Allies as the defenders of liberty and not to damage the moral

* The phrase is one familiar to students of Irish history, and here we may remark that Signor Mussolini is faced by the same problem, though on a smaller scale, that confronted Henry VIII. We hope that the experience England has had in regard to Ireland may convince him of the futility of the attempt to Italianise forcibly the German population of South Tyrol.

prestige of Italy, the Treaty was to be kept a secret. The war ended with the victory of the Allies, but it had only been brought to a successful conclusion by the intervention of America. America's appearance on the side of the Allies was largely due to the personal endeavours of President Wilson. Wilson was an idealist. The motive that governed his action was the desire not only to put an end to the war, but to remove the causes of all future wars. His policy, formulated under fourteen heads, which was to guarantee all nations in the possession of their national autonomy, found its expression in the establishment of the League of Nations, as the supreme court of appeal in the case of future dissensions between the nations. In view of the important and even decisive part played by America it was impossible that the Treaty of London could be kept a secret. When the truth was revealed Italy was already in virtual possession of South Tyrol. But in the uncertainty that prevailed as to what view Wilson would take of the Treaty, every effort was brought to bear upon him by the contending parties in Italy and Tyrol to influence his decision one way or another. On both sides it was recognised that the last word lay with him. Would he decide in favour of the Treaty, or would he feel himself bound by his own programme and particularly by the Ninth Point, forecasting a regulation of the Italian frontier on the basis of the principle of nationality? Would he regard the German population of South Tyrol as a nation entitled to the right of self-determination or only as a negligible minority?

From the first the Tyrolese were at a disadvantage. Wilson himself knew very little of the intricate nature of the problem he was called upon to solve, and it cannot be said that the experts on whose advice he relied were at first much better informed. His own prejudices in favour of the Slavs and his desire to meet the claims of Yugo-Slavia to Fiume and Dalmatia rendered him anxious to find some other means of gratifying the Italians. For the Tyrolese it was an additional drawback, in trying to set their case before him, that the Italian military authorities had taken the first opportunity to close all avenues of communication between South Tyrol and the outside world. Nevertheless they succeeded in the depth of the winter 1918-19 in getting a Memorial across the Alps to

Innsbruck, whence in due course it reached Wilson in Paris. The Memorial is a document of considerable importance. After stating the population of South Tyrol, north of Salurn, according to the last census before the war, to have been 220,000 Germans, 9400 Ladins, and 7000 Italians mostly agricultural labourers, and in a few graphic paragraphs sketching the past history of the land and its people, with the object of proving that both from a national and a strategical point of view the natural frontier of Italy was not the Brenner but the Gap of Salurn, south of Bozen, it concluded with a passionate appeal to Wilson's sense of justice. 'For Italy South Tyrol is only a strip of land, such as, thanks to a beneficent providence, she possesses many of; but for us it is our home of tender memories, the one sunny spot we Germans have on earth.'

Meanwhile, despite the active propaganda of the Press and the unwearied exertions of Ferruccio Tolomei to convince the world that the Germanisation of South Tyrol was only an occurrence of recent date, things were not moving over-favourably for Italy. The fact is that, quite apart from what view Wilson might take of the Brenner frontier, public opinion, even in the Trentino, was not altogether convinced of the wisdom of the annexation of South Tyrol. Both Dr Conci and Bishop Endrici were at first strongly opposed to it on purely local grounds, and Bissolati and the '*Corriera della Sera*' were urgent in their warnings against it as detrimental to national unity. Their warnings were greeted with a storm of abuse on the part of the extreme nationalists; but they did not fail to have an effect on Wilson, and at the beginning of 1919 it looked as if a solution of the difficulty might be found in the concession to Italy of Dalmatia and the extension of her boundary as far as Bozen. But for such a plan France, whose efforts were directed to a strengthening of the Slav position and the formation of a Danube Confederation under the leadership of Czecho-Slovakia, was not to be had. The natural consequence was that, in order to cross her plan, Italy suddenly displayed a great interest in supporting the claim of Austria to a union with Germany. The gesture, though taken seriously enough in Vienna, was for Italy, however, merely a means of exercising pressure on France in regard to Italian aspira-

tions in the Adriatic. For herself, France was fully aware of the advantages that would accrue to her through the concession of South Tyrol to Italy, by rendering it an apple of discord between her and Germany, and, in order to check her move in Vienna, hints were thrown out there of a more favourable treatment, with some possible addition of territory, provided the agitation for an Anschluss with Germany was dropped.

The fine-spun web of intrigue was suddenly torn in bits by the announcement on April 14 of Wilson's willingness to concede Italy's claim to the Brenner with the annexation of South Tyrol. We know from Baker's biography of Wilson that he lived to regret his decision. But that he was, as he alleged, misled by Orlando's insistence on the necessity for Italy of the Brenner frontier, without being sufficiently informed as to the real state of affairs in South Tyrol; and that afterwards he felt bound by the promise he had given him, is, as Prof. Herre points out in his careful and impartial investigation of the subject, no excuse for his flagrant disregard of his own principles as set forth in Point Nine of his programme. Moreover, it is hardly credible that, with the Tyrolese Memorial before him, he could plead ignorance of the fact that South Tyrol was German through and through. The real reason of his decision is to be found in his desire to gratify Yugo-Slav aspirations to Fiume and Dalmatia, and the necessity he was thereby under of finding some adequate compensation elsewhere for Italy. The ratification of the Treaty of London was the easiest way out of the dilemma. The decision of the 'Big Four,' as expressed in the draft Treaty of St Germain, to admit the Italian claim to South Tyrol was received with consternation in Austria and Germany, and even in England the disregard it showed to the principle of self-determination aroused a strong feeling of dissatisfaction, which was openly voiced by Lord Bryce in the House of Lords. But how little chance there was of obtaining a fair hearing was evident when Lord Newton replied on behalf of Government that, as the decision had been approved by Wilson, and as the Peace Delegates were of opinion that a large majority of the population of South Tyrol were in favour of annexation by Italy, there seemed no need of a plebiscite.

The answer might pass in England, which was not directly interested in the matter, but for Nitti, who in the meantime had succeeded Orlando as Prime Minister, such an easy attitude of indifference was impossible, in view of the storm that was raging in Austria and Germany; and early in August he seized an opportunity to announce in Parliament that, in the instructions he had issued for the civil government of South Tyrol, he had insisted on treating the German population with every consideration and making it clear to them that there was no intention to denationalise them. Nitti's statement gave great satisfaction in Paris, and on handing the finally revised Treaty of St Germain to the Austrian Delegates on Sept. 2, 1919, Clemenceau, in the covering note, directed special attention to the promise given by the Italian Minister-President to the effect that it was the intention of the Italian Government to pursue a policy of the utmost liberality towards its new subjects of German nationality in regard to their language, cultural institutions, and economic interests. A few weeks later the promise made in the covering note was solemnly confirmed by Tittoni, who had represented Italy at the Peace Conference. We can, he said, assure the German population of South Tyrol that they will never be subjected to police rule. Other confirmations followed; but in view of his subsequent contemptuous reference to the policy pursued by the Government at this time, it is worth while noting that Mussolini, in the 'Popolo d'Italia' of Sept. 11, not only gave it his blessing, but added, 'It cannot too often be asserted in Parliament and in the Press that Italy has no intention to denationalise forcibly the Germans of the Alto Adige, but will respect their language and customs, and to this end will grant them the necessary administrative autonomy.'

It does not fall within the scope of this article to discuss the political and economical consequences of the Peace Treaties. We sometimes think that the Germans are a little too fond of emphasising their injustice, without informing us what aspect Europe would present to-day if the Allies had been defeated. But amongst ourselves some of us are prepared to admit that, for the future peace and welfare of Europe, it might have been better if we had been more intent on construction than destruc-

tion, and if we had taken more time to examine each aspect of the problem with greater care and more impartiality than we did. South Tyrol is a case in point. That things there are not working out as we expected, or even as we had a right to expect, the three books that we have placed at the head of this article sufficiently demonstrate. Taken together they constitute a formidable indictment of the treatment of the Germans of South Tyrol by the Italian Government since the Annexation. Separately they serve to supplement each other. As a scholarly, dispassionate, and fully documented exposition of the whole subject, Prof. Paul Herre's 'Südtiroler Frage' is unquestionably the most valuable. From beginning to end there is not one word in it that can reasonably give offence to any fair-minded Italian. The dominant note is, of course, one of profound sympathy with the Tyrolese in the fate that has overtaken them; but through it runs a strain of hope that Italians, mindful of their own struggle to secure national unity, may be brought to recognise the danger as well as the futility of the present reign of terror. This we think is the right tone to adopt. It may, of course, be argued that, as things are at present, the real voice of Italy, or what we suppose to be its real voice, cannot make itself heard. But if there is one thing that Prof. Herre's book makes clear it is the mischief done by irresponsible agitation in Austria and Germany. Such demonstrations as those that are constantly taking place only serve to irritate the Italians without benefiting the Tyrolese. This Monsignor Seipel, in Vienna, and Herr Stresemann, in Berlin, fully realise; but it is difficult to put a damper on public indignation, without incurring the censure of lukewarmness. We English felt the same way about our fellow-countrymen in South Africa as the Germans do in regard to the Tyrolese. But then we had the power to interfere, and did so effectively, despite the outcry our action raised in Germany.

All the same, such considerations do not absolve the Italians from the promises so solemnly given in their name to respect the right of the German population of South Tyrol to the use of their own language and cultural institutions; and Prof. Herford, whose unwearied efforts to mitigate their sufferings has won him a wide circle of

friends among them, is fully justified in pressing the point home. The mischief of the situation is that, since these promises were given, Italy has undergone a revolution, which has completely changed the character of her constitution, whether permanently or only temporarily remains to be seen. We have no desire to criticise Signor Mussolini's policy. For if, as he asserts, the Italian Press is the freest in the world, we are bound to conclude, from the absence of any hostile criticism, that his policy entirely accords with the wishes of the Italian people. Anyhow, we are prepared to admit that he understands the character of his countrymen better than we do. But when he says that new Italy is not to be hampered in her forward march by any promises given by old Italy, that he has done with all that nonsense, and that South Tyrol does not exist for him, we would venture to suggest that he is putting France and England in a very awkward position. South Tyrol was handed over to Italy by the Treaty of St Germain, but, as the covering note shows, on the understanding that the Germans were to be treated with consideration and that their language and cultural institutions were to be respected. We have been told by Sir Austen Chamberlain that it is impossible for him to interfere in the internal affairs of a friendly nation. But does this matter of South Tyrol concern merely Italy? Does not the covering note imply a moral obligation binding on the signatories to the Treaty? If so, it is a matter of considerable importance to know precisely how Italy is treating South Tyrol, and in this respect Dr Reut-Nicolussi's 'Tirol unterm Beil' is of great value as first-hand evidence. It is not to be expected from Dr Reut-Nicolussi, who has shared the heat and burden of the struggle and has felt in his own person the sting of the lictor's rod, that he should write with the calm impartiality that characterises Prof. Herre's book. His attitude is rather that of an advocate bent on presenting his client's case in its strongest possible light. His book, dedicated to 'the imprisoned brothers,' is a voice out of the battle of one struggling against overwhelming odds to defend all that makes life dear to him—home, wife, child, and fatherland. It is a desperate struggle—200,000 against 40 millions; but it is not hopeless. In the end right will prevail over might. But, meanwhile, what a

hell of suffering to be passed through! Such is the tone of the book—by turns persuasive, scornful, indignant, ironical, pathetic, but never vulgarly vituperative, never wilfully unjust or consciously untruthful. In each of the many acts of tyranny recounted the names of the aggrieved and aggressors are given. The witnesses are there: they can be called if required to substantiate the charges. So it should be if we are to be able to judge fairly between Italy and South Tyrol.

The story, beginning with the appointment of Luigi Credaro as Commissioner-General for the new province, may be conveniently divided as follows: (1) from the establishment of civil government to the Annexation and its immediate consequences, August 1919 to May 1921; (2) from the Fascisti Congress at Milan to the capture of Italy by Mussolini, June 1921 to October 1922; (3) the rule of Fascismo from 1922 onwards.

(1) Luigi Credaro at the time of his appointment as Commissioner-General was professor of paedagogics in the University of Rome. He had studied at Leipzig, and by his writings on Kant and Herbart he had displayed a warm interest in German philosophy. Politically, as a radical democrat, he belonged to Nitti's party, and though as a free-thinker and an opponent of religious instruction, he was not exactly the person to gain the sympathies of a deeply religious people like the Tyrolese, he was entirely at one with Nitti in his desire to treat them with every consideration consistent with the maintenance of the Brenner frontier. Both were animated by the hope that, by conciliatory treatment, the Tyrolese might be gradually won over to accept the position of Italian subjects. Altogether his appointment seemed a happy omen for a satisfactory solution of the problem of South Tyrol, and the steps he took immediately on assuming office, to remove all traces of military rule, by reopening the frontier, admitting German and Austrian newspapers, reappointing German officials, permitting the use of the German language in official correspondence, and abolishing the Italian names given to railway stations, confirmed the good opinion formed of him. His position, however, was difficult. For, while his German-friendly line of action exposed him to the attacks of the nationalists represented by Tolomei and the Società Dante Alighieri,

it by no means satisfied the wishes of the Tyrolese. What the latter wanted was a large measure of autonomy—the recognition of South Tyrol between the Brenner and Salurn as a self-contained province, a local parliament with legislative and administrative powers, the preservation of their language, schools, and national institutions and exemption from military service. The Crown was to appoint a Governor, and taxation, the management of the post and railways, the defence of the country, and its representation abroad were to be left to the Government. In other words, what they asked for was the same measure of freedom, *plus* exemption from military service, that they had enjoyed under Austrian rule. If their demands were granted, they promised, while protesting against the injustice of the Treaty, to submit quietly to their fate and to co-operate loyally with Government. The union, as the 'Meraner Zeitung' put it, could never be a love-match, but it might be a *mariage de convenance*, in which both contracting parties might find their advantage.

In the course of the negotiations that followed it seemed as if the consent of Nitti might be won for some such scheme, and even the proposal to establish a local parliament found a warm supporter in Luzzatti, the Minister of Finance. But hardly did it become known that the Government was meditating the erection of South Tyrol between Salurn and the Brenner as an independent province than an active opposition to the proposal manifested itself in the Trentino. Why, it was plausibly asked, should so much consideration be shown to these Germans, who in the day of their power had persistently refused to concede to the Tridentines the independence they now demanded for themselves? The war had ended in their favour, and they were not inclined to surrender the economical advantages the situation offered them. South Tyrol, including the Trentino, should and must form one province, though for administrative purposes it might have two local parliaments—the one at Trient, the other at Bozen. The opposition of the Tridentines, backed as it was by the extreme nationalists, now rapidly assuming the form of a Fascisti *avant-garde*, was to prove the main factor in deciding the fate of South Tyrol.

Such was the situation when Nitti surrendered the

reins of government to Giolitti in the summer of 1920. Nitti's retirement was not advantageous to an immediate settlement of the question as the Tyrolese desired. On assuming office Giolitti announced that he could come to no definite decision until the future representatives of the new province were afforded the opportunity of submitting their views to parliament. The ratification of the Annexation on Sept. 26, followed fourteen days later by its public proclamation, was received by the Germans everywhere with open signs of ill-will. Meetings were held in Germany and Austria protesting against it and asserting the right of South Tyrol to self-determination. The well-intentioned effort of the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr Simon, to pour oil on the troubled waters, by reminding the Italians of their promise to safeguard the rights of their new subjects, entirely failed in its object. For, while his quasi-recognition of the Annexation angered the Germans, his speech was resented by the Italians as an unwarranted intrusion on the part of Germany in the internal affairs of Italy. The incident, occurring just at the moment when steps were being taken by Credaro to arrange for the forthcoming elections in the province, was greatly to be deplored as providing the Fascists with an excuse to assert their right to have a say in the matter. At the instance of Luigi Barbesino, the editor afterwards of the 'Piccolo Posto,' a branch of the Fascio di Combattimento of Trient had been founded at Bozen early in 1921. Its activity at first confined to substituting Italian names for German on public buildings, bullying shop people, and making things as generally disagreeable as possible in a small way for the inhabitants, now, under the stimulus given by the agitation in Germany against the Annexation and the proposed plebiscite in North Tyrol for a union with the Reich, assumed a more threatening attitude.

St George's Day, April 23, 1921, was approaching, and, as usual, the peasants from the surrounding districts were preparing to celebrate the festival in time-honoured fashion, in their picturesque costumes, at Bozen, when it dawned on Dr Maggio, the leader of the local Fascisti, that here was an admirable opportunity to break a lance for the outraged honour of Italy. At his urgent demand a large body of armed Fascists from Trient entered the

town in the morning of the day in question. Their intention to provoke a quarrel was apparent from the first; but as the peasants displayed no sign of resenting their insulting behaviour, the Fascists lost their temper, and, as the procession was entering the Fruit Market, several bombs were thrown in the midst of the crowd. The effect was terrible. Forty-eight persons were wounded, and the schoolmaster, Innerhofer, killed by a pistol shot. Further bloodshed was prevented by the intervention of the military, and the Fascists, having effected their purpose, disappeared. The outrage created a painful sensation in Italy, and was stigmatised by Giolitti as the worst service that could have been rendered her. One voice only was raised in its justification. 'If the Germans on this and the other side of the Brenner won't submit quietly,' Mussolini wrote next day in the 'Popolo d'Italia,' 'they will have to be brought to reason forcibly. The bombs at Bozen were only a warning.' Later on he openly assumed responsibility for the whole affair.

The painful impression produced by the incident was still fresh in the public mind when the election of the four members assigned to the Alto Adige took place on May 15. In view of their numerical inferiority the Italians had refrained from presenting a candidate, and so it came to pass that, out of an electorate of 46,192, 40,567 votes, or 88 per cent., were given for the four Germans—Toggenburg, Reut-Nicolussi, Tinzl, and Walther. If anything was wanted to prove how groundless the statements made at Paris as to the mixed nationality of the Alto Adige were, and how justifiable Lord Bryce's demand for a plebiscite was, these figures alone were sufficient evidence. But beyond testifying to the injustice done them by the Treaty of St Germain, the elections were of no practical value to the Tyrolese. Their four members might take their seats, at some personal risk, in the Italian Parliament; but what could they effect, even if they had received a fair hearing, in an assembly of 525 Italians, except to renew their protest against the Annexation and express their readiness to accept any fair measure of autonomy?

(2) By this time, however, the fate of South Tyrol had passed or was rapidly passing out of the hands of what Mussolini afterwards described as official Italy, whose

authority was based on law and right, into those of unofficial Italy, whose claim to equal obedience was based on strength and force. At a Fascisti congress at Milan early in June, resolutions were passed condemning the pacific attitude of the Government, demanding the instant removal of Credaro from his post of Commissioner-General, the obliteration of every outward symbol of Austrian rule in the Alto Adige, the dissolution of the German political union, the expulsion of all individuals unfriendly to Italy, the confiscation of all weapons, including knives over a certain length, the dismissal of all officials born north of the Brenner, the establishment of Venezia-Tridentina as a single province under Italian law, without any exception or special privileges for the German population, the strict observance of the rule for the use of a double language (Italian and German) in all official correspondence, the disbandment of the voluntary fire brigades, and the placing of them under State control, the removal of the Burgomasters of Bozen and Neumarkt, and the appointment of an Italian prefect, a strict revision of all pensions granted to former Austrian subjects, and the immediate regulation of the school system in favour of the Italian minority. It is almost needless to remark that in the course of the next few years the Milan resolutions were carried out to the very letter. For the time being, however, the Fascists were content to rest on their oars and to confine their activity to the mixed language district of the Unterland, between Bozen and Salurn. It is impossible here to enumerate all the petty acts of tyranny they were guilty of, or to describe the terror their lawless deeds inspired in the inhabitants of the district—the forcible removal of shop-signs, smashing of windows, breaking into houses on pretence of searching for concealed weapons, the drastic punishments meted out for not decorating their houses with the Italian flag, for singing harmless German songs on the highway, or for neglecting to salute Italian officers, etc.

In July, Giolitti was succeeded by Bonomi as Prime Minister, but apart from a promise of a speedy settlement of the future government of South Tyrol, by the concession of a measure of administrative autonomy, there was little to choose between the new and the old cabinet. The fact was that, with the growing strength of Fascismo,

the Government was unable to steer an independent course and allowed things to drift in a direction more and more unfavourable to the Germans. Already in August the Minister of Education, Corbino, was compelled by outside pressure to announce a measure for the better regulation of the school system in the Unterland. Professedly the *Lex Corbino*, as it was called, was intended to provide the Italians of the district with the means of educating their children in Italian schools. In this respect there was nothing to be urged against it. Actually, however, it was designed to form the thin end of the wedge for the dissolution of the German schools, by forcing the Italians, in many instances against their will, and certainly without allowing them to choose for themselves, to withdraw their children from them. But the worst of it was that, by placing the decision of the nationality in the hands of Italian officials, bent on Italianising the district as quickly as possible, many children of pure German families, in which not one word of Italian was spoken, were either on the ground of their Italian-sounding names or because their parents had at one time or other resided in the Trentino, forced into Italian schools. In this way, it is said, more than a thousand children were in 1921 transferred from German to Italian schools, to be educated in a language they did not understand.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the *Lex Corbino* came a Decree enforcing military conscription throughout the province. These two measures, taken in connection with the complete indifference displayed by Government to their desire for a speedy settlement, exercised a very depressing effect on the Tyrolese. In April of the following year Toggenburg and his colleagues, fearing a fresh attack on the part of the Fascists, took advantage of a change of ministry to submit a memorial to the new Minister-President, in which they pointed out the bad effects the uncertainty of the situation was having on the industrial life of the province, and pressed for a speedy decision in favour of autonomy. But, if neither Nitti nor Giolitti had been able to come to any such decision, it was futile to expect any better result from a Facta ministry, whose whole existence depended on the quarrel between Mussolini and Don Sturzo. The weakness of the Government encouraged the Fascists of

Trient to take matters in their own hands, and a peremptory order addressed to the Town Council of Bozen, requiring the instant removal of the Burgomaster, Perathoner, the surrender of the Elizabeth school and one of the churches in the town for the use of Italians, the dissolution of the town police, the requisition of all empty lodgings for the benefit of deserving (Italian) families, the regulation of the price of foodstuffs, the institution of a course of instruction in Italian for all (German) officials, the hoisting of the Italian flag on public buildings, hotels, and banks on State holidays, and the double-naming of streets with Italian in the first place, not meeting with immediate compliance, an ultimatum was issued on Sept. 27, requiring submission within four days. On Oct. 1 several thousands of heavily-armed Fascists entered Bozen, and after taking possession of the Elizabeth school and the Town Hall, quartered themselves on the inhabitants with a threat to remain until their demands were complied with. Recognising that further resistance was impossible the Town Council resigned in a body, and the Fascists, having appointed a royal commissioner in the person of Dr Guerriero, returned to Trient. The 'march on Bozen' had its counterpart on a larger scale three weeks later in the famous 'march on Rome.'

The triumph of Fascismo sealed the fate of South Tyrol as it did that of Italy itself; and here it ought to be noted that, while South Tyrol was destined to feel its effects more severely than the rest of Italy, it is not the Tyrolese who are alone suffering under its supremacy. Fascismo is the negation of individual liberty. It is merely another form of socialism, in which the State is everything, the individual simply part of a complicated piece of machinery. Mussolini's ideal is not a free Italy, but a great Italy—an Italy which shall be able to assert its right to rank as a first-rate power. For him Italy is everything. Hence the interest he displays in everything which tends to advance the name and fame of Italy in the world. His patriotism is indisputable. He is permeated through and through with the glory of ancient Rome, and he is determined that, like her, Italy shall be great and glorious. More than this, he understands, as no Italian statesman ever did, the nature of his own country-

men. He knows that individually they are rather an ignorant, slipshod lot. He knows their artistic temperament and their love of theatrical display; but he also knows that, under the influence of a great idea, they are capable of being moved to great enthusiasm. The only danger for him is that the enthusiasm he has kindled may flicker out. Hence his unceasing efforts to keep the lamp burning by methods which, to our colder temperament, often appear childish. But if Fascismo has its bright as well as its dark side for Italians, it is for the Tyrolese, with their inborn love of freedom, unmitigated tyranny. They have no interest in making Italy great and glorious. For centuries they have been a free people, and they cannot accommodate themselves to the situation. Italian criminal procedure is repellent to them, and the very idea of being handcuffed makes them blush with shame. This the Italians do not understand, and, perhaps without intending it, they stir up a feeling of hatred against themselves, which formerly did not exist.

(3) It is impossible within the limits of this article to describe in any detail the process by which it has been attempted, during the last six years, to Italianise South Tyrol, or to give an adequate impression of the sufferings it has entailed on its German population. For a moment it seemed as if a suggestion thrown out by Guerriero might result in a fairly workable *modus vivendi*, and in February 1923 an agreement was arrived at between Barbesino on the one side and Toggenburg and Walther on the other, whereby the Germans, on promising to refrain from making South Tyrol a centre of agitation against Italy, such as the Trentino had formerly been against Austria, were to be assured the free enjoyment of their cultural institutions. But the very notion of a compromise was abhorrent to the Fascists of Trient, and at the urgent demand of Tolomei, now a Senator, the plan was thrown out at a meeting of the Great Council in March, and a resolution passed in favour of a more energetic Italianisation of the Alto Adige. How this was to be accomplished and South Tyrol converted into an Italian province within a few years, Tolomei explained to a gathering of his partisans at Bozen on July 15. It is unnecessary to enter into details. Practically his plan amounted to the establishment of a reign of terror, and the forcible eradica-

tion of every vestige of German culture in the province, on the lines marked out by the resolutions passed at Milan in the previous year. His programme met with the unanimous approval of the meeting, and with the eager support of Giuseppe Guadagnini, the newly-appointed Prefect of Trient, the Italianisation of South Tyrol was vigorously taken in hand.

A week or two later a Decree was published forbidding, under the severest penalties, the use of the word Tyrol or Tyrolese in any combination whatever, such as Tyrolese-fruit, Tyrolese-wine, etc. Provisionally Alto Adige or Atesini might be employed to designate German South Tyrol, but henceforth the province was to be called Venezia-Tridentina or Provincia di Trento. Further Decrees followed in rapid succession for the dissolution of the German and Austrian Alpine societies and the confiscation of their property for the benefit of the Alpino-Italiano Club; for the removal or defacing of such words as 'hero,' 'martyr,' and the like, as an implied insult to Italy, from the gravestones of Tyrolese soldiers fallen in the war; for the sole use (without translation) of Italian in all proclamations, public notices, advertisements, shop-signs, sign-posts, hotel bills, certificates, and public documents generally; for the prohibition of the employment by hotel proprietors, restaurant keepers, etc., of foreign (i.e. German or Austrian) servants to more than 5 per cent.; for the dissolution of the Voluntary Fire Brigades; for the closing of all German infant schools in the mixed language district of Cavalese. But of all the measures taken at this time to Italianise the province the one most bitterly resented by the Tyrolese, as cutting at the very roots of their national life, was the so-called *Lex Gentile*, regulating the use of the Italian language in schools. According to the law Italian was to be the language of instruction throughout the kingdom, but foreign languages might be taught four hours a week. As German was a foreign language, it is clear that, for German children, i.e. for 88 per cent. of the infantile population of South Tyrol, education in their own language was thus rendered practically impossible. This no doubt was the object of the law. But in order to preserve an appearance of moderation and yet at the same time to secure the complete Italianisation of the schools, it was

provided by Article 17 that, beginning with the Preliminary Schools, instruction in Italian was only to proceed gradually, class by class, each year, beginning at once with the lowest of the eight classes. The immediate result was that the German teachers, being either unwilling or unable within the short time allowed them to learn Italian, were dismissed and their places supplied by Italians. The fact that many of these were quite incompetent for the posts they were appointed to, and some of them of bad moral reputation, did not improve matters. For the teachers themselves the situation was almost as painful as it was for the children. For how was it possible that, without a knowledge of German, they should be able to make themselves understood by children of six years of age? Thus the whole first year was lost without any prospects of improvement in the next.

In their distress the parents tried to take advantage of the law allowing German to be taught as an extra subject; but here they were met with the excuse that the necessary preparations for doing so had not been made. When they offered to pay the teachers themselves, they were told that this was detrimental to school discipline, and when they engaged teachers to instruct their children at home, they were forbidden to do so on the ground that 'secret schools' were a danger to the State. Even as regards religious instruction in their mother tongue strenuous efforts were made to prevent it. By a ministerial Order of Nov. 11 the teaching of religion was to be permitted only in the Italian language. But against this Order the German clergy at once entered a strong protest, and, by the intervention of the Bishop of Brixen, pressure was brought to bear on Government by the Vatican, with the result that a new Order was issued in December, permitting religious instruction in German in all schools where the children did not understand Italian, and by a further Order in January 1924, the clergy were allowed a voice in determining the qualifications of the teachers. It was a small concession, but it aroused fierce indignation among the Fascists, who since then have endeavoured by every means in their power to cripple the activity of the clergy as the last and strongest bulwark against the complete Italianisation of the province.

So far as the middle or gymnasial schools were con-

cerned no attempt was at first made to prevent instruction in German; but, in order indirectly to discountenance teaching in that language, the matriculation examination, leading to the University, was rendered as difficult as possible. For not only was one half of the paper to be in Italian and the *viva voce* wholly in Italian, but the questions asked were often of such a sort as hardly any boy of eighteen could be expected to answer, as, e.g. What do the figures in San Vitale in Ravenna denote? What is the difference between the Christian and Aristotelian ethic? Name the martyrs of Belfiore (1852); Describe the course of the outermost moons of the planets Uranus and Neptune; What frescoes of Giotto are to be found in the Sacristy of the Dominican Church in Bressanone? No wonder that of the sixty-five candidates, who presented themselves for examination, only five obtained their matriculation certificates. The result was that many students, finding the door to the higher professions closed to them, abandoned the struggle and took to learning some manual trade.

Space fails us to describe the effect of Fascisti rule on the industrial life of the province. When the writer of these lines left South Tyrol in 1927, after spending two years there, the impression left on him was that of a country outwardly Italian in appearance. Officers in their grey cloaks, soldiers accompanied by the inevitable gelati or maroni man, carabinieri in their picturesque uniforms, policemen mounted and on foot, railway and post officials, are just as one meets them elsewhere in Italy. The public services are wholly in the hands of Italians, and the language throughout is Italian. The names of the streets, churches, public buildings, shop-signs, are all in Italian. The tradespeople and the professional classes speak Italian or German according to the nationality of their customer or client. But the clergyman will respond to your greeting in German, the children will shout you a 'Grüss Gott,' and the peasant in the field will give you 'Guten Morgen.' But if you try to enter into conversation with them they are shy and reticent. Perhaps, after all, you are a spy. South Tyrol is full of spies. Servants are encouraged to inform against their employers; children are taught to betray their parents. A horrible state of affairs! So far, however, Tolomei and his friends

have been successful in giving a sort of Italian varnish to the province, which no doubt the recent steps taken to Italianise German family names by adding an 'a' or an 'o' will make more apparent. But the result has merely been to establish a feeling of profound estrangement between the governing class and the bulk of the people. Outwardly the Germans submit, but, beyond the necessary compliance to official orders, they will have no social intercourse with the Italians. Their doors are closed to them. Their invitations to balls, concerts, lectures, and the like are declined. At every turn and corner the Italians are made to feel that they are strangers in the land. Except for the Fascists, many of whom are little better than brigands and take a malicious pleasure in fomenting discontent, the situation is as disagreeable for Italians as it is for the natives, and many of them would be glad to see a more conciliatory policy pursued. But how this is to be done passes the wit of man. There can be no question that Italy has broken her word. But to appeal for remedy to the League of Nations, as has often been suggested, does not seem likely to be attended with much success. Perhaps Signor Mussolini may, as Prof. Herre hopes, be induced to pursue a more conciliatory policy. But, so far as the present writer can see, the only hope for a better future for South Tyrol lies in a better understanding between Italy and Germany. Germany is no longer to be despised. She is deeply interested in the fate of the Tyrolese, and her growing weight in the councils of the nations is bound to make her friendship a matter of first importance for Italy.

ROBERT DUNLOP.

Art. 2.—THE MENACE OF DISESTABLISHMENT.

Christianity and the State. By William Temple (Archbishop of York). Macmillan, 1928.

THE fable of the dog who, crossing a plank over a stream with a bone in his mouth, and, seeing his own reflection in the water, snapped at the second bone, and so lost the first, bears on the present position of the Church of England. For this Church has a bone, and a substantial one, in its mouth. It is at once the National and the Established Church; I put the two notes together, because they are inseparable. If it were not the National Church, it would not remain established; the country would not tolerate the establishment of a denomination: and, as certainly, if it ceased to be established, it would split up into conflicting sections, none of which, whether separately or in the aggregate, could claim to represent the National Church, it would not remain the National Church. It is indeed affected—what Church is not?—by the decline of religious observance which characterises our generation; its congregations are falling off in number; its ordination candidates are fewer and less well equipped than we could wish. But it has not, as the Roman Catholic Church has, broken with learning—with what the Syllabus of 1864 calls ‘liberalism and modern civilisation’; nor has it trespassed on what for non-experts is the dangerous ground of economics. I do not say that no English Churchmen have done these things; some have. But the Church as such has not. And that this is so is due to the controlling influence happily exercised over it by the State or Nation—in a word by Establishment. This keeps the windows open and lets in light and air. The Church is not only the National Church, but in a real, if not in an exclusive sense, it is the Church of the Nation. It divides us less than any other would; it stands as an outward and visible sign of things unseen. A wise proverb reminds us that the better is the enemy of the good. We have heard much of late of Prayer Book Revision. It would be a dangerous gift. We can imagine a more perfect Church, more liturgical forms of worship, a more impressive ritual than our own. But

we may go further and fare worse. Camarina, said the Oracle, is best unmoved.

The menace of Disestablishment has broken upon us like a bolt from the blue. In a mixed country like our own a case can no doubt be made for it: Why, it may be asked, should one out of many religious bodies be privileged above the rest? Were they not in possession, it is unlikely that either a Monarchy or a Church would be called into existence in a modern State; such institutions are not created; they grow. But to destroy them where they already exist is another thing. With regard, in particular, to the Church the grievance is an abstract one. The disabilities under which Dissenters formerly laboured have happily been removed; the religious differences between the Established and the Free Churches are trifling; the economic position of the clergy is no longer such as to excite jealousy; the political influence of the Church is rather a memory than a fact. It is from within that the attack comes. Bishops lead the attack and threaten: the recent charge of one of the most distinguished of them, the Bishop of Durham, contains, says the 'Church Times,' the most emphatic declaration in favour of Disestablishment ever made by a Bishop. And it is the community that suffers. 'In the event of Disestablishment, the person about whom I am most uneasy,' says Macaulay, 'is the working man.'

The reiterated rejection of the Prayer Book Revision Measure (1927 and 1928) was met by what the retired Archbishop of Canterbury described as 'wild and windy words.' He was not personally an ardent disestablisher—Archbishops seldom are: and he did his best to placate his unruly followers—I am not sure that followers is the proper word for them—by the assurance that 'there were circumstances under which it might be the duty of the Bishops to take action in accordance with the Church's inherent spiritual authority,' in which opinion he had the valuable moral support of Lord Birkenhead, who expressed it after the manner of a bull in a china-shop. His Grace was, however, reminded none too courteously that his words were 'a carefully measured under-statement,' and 'studiously general and vague.' The phrasing was, no doubt, non-committal. But Archbishops are not accustomed to be addressed in this way. After the rejec-

tion of the original measure (December 1927) certain modifications were introduced into the book, which was submitted to Parliament a second time (June 1928). These were explained in more than one sense. The readers of the 'Record' were assured that these changes were substantial; those of the 'Church Times' that they were merely elucidatory, matters of phrase and form. The methods of the eighteenth century were more straightforward. In 1733 Sir Robert Walpole introduced his famous Excise Bill. It was unpopular, and he wisely withdrew it. Later he was suspected of a design to re-introduce it under a disguised form. He had no such design. 'I thought the measure a good one,' he said, 'and I do so still. But I am not so foolish as to set myself against the judgment of the House and the country; as far as I am concerned, the Bill is dead.' Those in charge of the Revision Measure would have been better advised had they been of Walpole's mind. They were not. They took the bit between their teeth and bolted. The result is that the ancient union between Church and State is imperilled; and that we have to consider where we stand. To do so we must carry our minds some years back. In 1919 the skilfully engineered Life and Liberty Movement took advantage of the hysteria which followed the war: Parliament was caught napping and the characteristically Lloyd Georgian Enabling Act was sprung upon us unawares. It was the *fons et origo mali*. The 'Church Times' tells us of its 'untimely fruit,' the National Assembly, that 'to-day no one takes it seriously'; and that 'it appears to be destined to an early grave.' Should it be so, its mourners will be few.

We are placed, then, in this paradoxical position—and, in view of the General Election which is to take place in a few months' time, we shall do well to bear it in mind—that we may drift into Disestablishment without our knowledge and against our will. The country has no wish for it; no political party wants to make it an Election issue. All three would go out of their way to avoid doing so. This is the key to the five Episcopal appointments, two of them Primatial, made last August. These certainly had the appearance of a deliberate defiance of the House of Commons; all the five 'godly and well-learned men' selected for promotion being supporters of

the Measure twice rejected by the House. Perhaps a more probable account of the matter is that they were sops to Cerberus—i.e. to the Clerical, or Church Party, whose strength both in the Church and in this country the Government overrated. As has often happened of late years, Lambeth got the better of Downing Street; partly by bluff, partly because politicians were timid and wished to avoid the question of Disestablishment being raised. This policy of cut and run failed, as it deserved to do; none of those concerned coming out of it with credit. And now we are faced by a group of ecclesiastical Adulamites—'every one that is in distress, or in debt, or discontent,' i.e. by a heterogeneous union of sectional Churchmen, far as the poles from one another in every conceivable respect, but agreed on the policy of scuttling the ship. Why? Because from first to last the Church officials have miscalculated the situation, and it is desired to 'save their face.' It is proper, if possible, to do so. But it is not proper to do so at this price.

Not long ago a lively writer in the 'Spectator' taxed me with regarding Establishment as 'the Church's One Foundation.' Well, I am not sure either that there are not circumstances under which it may be so, or that the Church of England does not find itself in such circumstances to-day. The Reign of Law which Establishment guarantees us is, in Dean Stanley's words, 'our safeguard against arbitrary Bishops and tumultuous Synods'; against revolutionary change in Church and State. To enthusiasts this State control, whether as exercised in legislation by Parliament, or in law by the Secular Courts, appears anomalous and degrading. 'For my part,' says the wisest of English Bishops, Bishop Thirlwall,

'I heartily rejoice that we possess it. I consider it a ground for the deepest thankfulness, as one of the most precious privileges of the Church of England, that principles which I believe to be founded on justice, equity, and common sense are still the rule of judgment in ecclesiastical causes. I earnestly hope that she may not be deprived of this blessing by the misguided zeal of some of her friends, from whom, I believe, she has at present more to fear than from the bitterest of her enemies.'

So many red herrings have been drawn across the

track that there is a danger of the real issue being missed. This is, first and foremost, political. What Parliament had to decide was not whether the proposed Book was scriptural or unscriptural, but whether it was in the interest of the Nation that it should become law. In itself there is nothing either scriptural or unscriptural in the official dress of the clergy or in the liturgical canon, or in the reservation of the Sacramental species for the convenience of Communicants and of the sick. These are matters of discipline and custom; and 'every particular or National Church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish, ceremonies of the Church ordained only by human authority, so that all things be done to edifying,' says our XXXIVth Article; it was on this belief that the Reformation was based. Circumstances, however, may make what is in itself indifferent, inexpedient and mischievous; nor, if we are wise, shall we follow the clergy blindly in these matters. Bishops are fallible; Churches and Councils have erred.

"Surely you will refer yourselves wholly to us [the Bishops] therein?" said Archbishop Parker to Wentworth, whom Hallam describes as the most distinguished asserter of civil liberty in the Parliament of 1575. "No; by the faith I bear to God, I will not," was his answer; "we will pass nothing before we understand what it is. For that were to make you Popes. Make you Popes who list, (I said) for we will make you none. And, Mr. Speaker, the speech seemed to me a Pope-like speech; and I fear lest our Bishops do attribute to themselves this of the Popes Canons. *Papa non potest errare*: the Pope cannot be wrong."

The words might have been spoken to-day. To speak of the 'inherent spiritual authority of the Church,' or to describe the Church as an 'autonomous spiritual society within the Nation' is to use what Hobbes calls 'insignificant,' or meaningless 'speech.' The law recognises no such authority and no such society. 'The Clergy of England, when they cast off the Pope, submitted themselves to the Civil Power, and have so remained,' says Selden. 'It is difficult to say where the *locus*, or centre, of authority in the modern State is to be found. But,' says Professor Bethune-Baker, 'one thing is certain: it is not in the Church Assembly and

least of all in the House of Bishops.' The Apostle places it in the mind and conscience of the Community. 'I speak as to wise men : judge ye what I say.'

It is a quibble to urge that the alternative Canon proposed in the Revised Prayer Book is Eastern, not Western, in origin ; or to draw nice distinctions between the Real Presence and Transubstantiation. What the Reformation was, and is, a protest against was not certain technically Roman forms of belief and worship, but unreformed Christianity ; and not merely a particular metaphysical explanation of the *How* of the Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, but the supposed miracle and Sacrifice of the Mass. To saddle the Royal Commission of 1904 with the parentage of the Revised Book is to throw dust in our eyes. Does any one seriously suppose that in 1904 the Bishops would have entertained a proposal to legalise the Vestments ? or to introduce an alternative Liturgy ? or to sanction Reservation under such conditions as to make it inevitable that the Elements should become objects of adoration ? This is not to revise the Prayer Book : it is to transform the whole *type* of our public worship and of the beliefs which underlie it. It is urged that the rejected Revision is demanded by 'the Church.' Now the Church Assembly is not 'the Church,' nor has it power of attorney to speak for the Church. No one who has the slightest acquaintance with the composition and procedure of the electoral bodies created under the Enabling Act can think that they in any sense represent the great body of what are called 'Churchmen' ; nor can it be argued without paradox that only 'Churchmen,' in the denominational sense of the word, are entitled to have a voice in the affairs of what is, after all, the National Church. The 'raging, tearing controversy' over the question of Establishment with which we are threatened is indeed a misfortune, and may become a disaster. But when the responsibility for the situation which has been created by the Revision proposals is shifted from their authors to their opponents, one is reminded of the Wolf and the Lamb. To represent the attitude of the opposition as partisan and confined to extremists is to misrepresent it ; the traditional Church of England position, that of the Bishops of Norwich, Exeter, and Worcester, is left out

of account. It is here that the strength of the resistance in the country lies. Now, as in Hebrew history, the policy of Rehoboam spells shipwreck. It seems to an increasing number of thoughtful and religious, though unfortunately not very articulate, men, that if, even at this eleventh hour, the advice of the Bishop of Norwich were taken, the situation might be saved. A judicious revision of the Occasional Offices—Baptism, Marriage, Burial, and the rest—would be welcomed. Not so the recasting of the Communion Service on what are called 'Catholic' lines. This means Disestablishment, and (its corollary) Disendowment. Even the Assembly men are wavering. Such pronouncements as those of Sir Lewis Dibdin, Lord Parmoor, and Major Birchall are significant. It is becoming daily clearer that we cannot have it both ways, and must choose between the two.

In an appendix to his recently published 'Henry Scott Holland Memorial Lectures' the Archbishop of York discusses the relations between Church and State. Burke denies the distinction between the two: 'An alliance between Church and State in a Christian Commonwealth is an idle and fanciful opinion. An alliance is between two things that are in their natures distinct and independent, like two sovereign States. But in a Christian Commonwealth the Church and the State are one and the same thing'; the State being the community on its secular, the Church on its religious side. To conceive the latter, the Church, as a community in, but not of, the community—as a 'perfect society,' apart from and independent of society as such; as the City of God set over against its 'other,' the City of Man—is to misconceive it. Such a society is a parasite growth; it goes its own way, lives in the past, obstructs, cuts off stragglers from other Churches, makes the position of persons of education impossible in its own. It is here, not in Episcopacy or in the Ornaments Rubric, those 'silly things,' as Hooker calls them, 'whose very easiness doth make them hard to be disputed of in serious manner,' that the differentia of the Catholicism against which the Reformation was a protest lies. 'The one essential point of the Catholic system,' * says one of the very few Englishmen who understood what he was saying when he spoke

* Mark Pattison, *Essays*, II, 225.

of it, 'is the control of the individual conscience by an authority, or law, placed without it, and exercised over it by men assuming to speak in the name of Heaven.' It is good, the Archbishop believes, for the State 'to be (so to speak) affiliated to the Divine Society.' Most Englishmen will agree with him. But they will feel no less strongly that it is also good for the Divine Society 'to be (so to speak) affiliated to' the State. The danger is that this Divine Society construes affiliation into subordination. *Conjugium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*

'Profess not knowledge which thou hast not,'* says the Son of Sirach. This is why St Gregory Nazienzen avoided Synods, which he described as 'councils of geese and cranes.' Whether it is an advantage, as our 'Life and Liberty' friends are never tired of telling us, that a Church should be free to speak its mind depends on the mind which it has to express. The Roman Catholic Church expressed its mind in 1854 when Pius IX defined the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin; in 1864 when he published the Syllabus; in 1870 when, *sacro approbante Concilio*, he defined Papal Infallibility; and, more recently, when in 1907 Pius X condemned Modernism. But was such a mind worth expressing? Was it a mind at all? And has religion gained by these pronouncements? or by the spiritual tyranny by which they were imposed? If the Church of England were disestablished and free to speak its mind, which it happily is not, would it speak more reasonably? It may be doubted; one trembles to think of the probable results. Our unreason might not be the same as that of the Pope: but there are diversities of unreason; we have a distinctive brand of our own. It is better that a Church should be, or be kept, silent than that it should talk nonsense; when the patriarch's potations have been excessive, let us not play the part of Ham. Those who would restrain a temporary majority or a particular generation from imposing its limitations on posterity are not the Church's worst friends. Before we admit the claims put forward by clerical majorities, let us look them in the face. When we do so we shall find that, as Jowett said of Convocation, 'the whole affair is a great sham.'† The prejudices of

* Ecclesiasticus iii, 23 (A.V.).

† 'Life and Letters of B. Jowett,' II, 178.

these assemblies, their ignorance, their belief in themselves, their very zeal for the glory of God which they identify with the success of their own faction and the defeat of their opponents—all these things make them incapable of weighing evidence, or of exercising legislative or judicial functions. Hence the appeal to Cæsar—who is ‘the minister of God’s services, attending continually upon this very thing.’ One is lost in amazement when the Bishop of Durham tells us that ‘the untoward action of the House of Commons has created a situation in which the first duty of the Church of England is to vindicate its spiritual independence’; * and the Archbishop of York that it is ‘no less than outrageous that a Churchman should appeal from the Assemblies of the Church to Parliament; and especially that he should actually invoke the aid of non-Churchmen in resistance to what the constitutional assemblies of the Church have approved. It belongs to the Church to be a unity controlling its own members. It has received authority from Christ Himself to do this; and this authority cannot be affected by any territorial State. And, though Henry VIII did blasphemously take this title to himself, the Lord alone is Head of the Church.’ † One wishes to speak with respect of beliefs which are apparently held seriously by serious men, but the English lay mind cannot take them seriously. In a saner age than our own, Dean Stanley reminded us that ‘to say that Christ is the Head of the Church in any other sense than that in which He is the Head of all Churches and all States alike is to clothe a very commonplace institution with a very splendid name.’ The position that ‘our Saviour is the Head of any particular Church in any temporal or legislative or judicial capacity is one which can be dignified by no other name than an absurdity. The whole assumption is based on a mere misuse of words.’ ‡

‘The ground for a legislative alteration of a legal establishment,’ says Burke, ‘is this and this only: that you find the inclinations of the majority of the people concurring with your own sense of the intolerableness of the abuse to be in favour of a change.’ In the matter of

* ‘The Book and the Vote,’ p. xlvii.

† ‘The Manchester Churchman,’ August 1923.

‡ ‘Essays on Church and State,’ p. 354.

Revision no one will pretend that this is so. Nowhere, except among certain of the Bishops themselves, is there the slightest sign of enthusiasm for the New Book. The general feeling, where it is not one of hostility, is one of indifference. 'Why can't you let it alone?' Its rejection by the House of Commons was generally welcomed. 'The dumb ass rebuked the madness of the prophet': it was felt that, not for the first time, the lay State had saved the Church from itself. With regard to Anglo-Catholics there is no desire to make their position more difficult than it is. In the matter of rubrics no one wishes to impose a Chinese exactness; in the case of a united congregation a bishop looks the other way. And if the doctrine and ceremonial of the Mass are to be allowed—and the New Book prohibits neither; I had almost said, it sanctions both—I confess that I cannot feel much enthusiasm about the prohibition of their secondary developments—such as what are called 'Devotions.' Is not this much ado about nothing? or, if one may put it colloquially, eating the cow and worrying over the tail? The congregational principle may, and will inevitably, be extended: it is not in the direction of differences of ceremonial, but in the matter of propaganda, that the difficulty arises. For, if there is one thing which the recent debates in Parliament and discussions in the country have made clear, it is that public opinion and conscience will not tolerate a Romanist propaganda, or sanction the introduction of the *sacra peregrina* of the historian, under cover of the National Church. This is why the wiser Nonconformists concern themselves actively in the Revision controversy. They have every right to do so; because the Church of England is neither a sect nor a conventicle, but the National Church.

The object of the propaganda in question is announced as 'The Conversion of England'; by which is meant its reconversion to the form of Christianity against which the Reformation was a protest. It will not reconvert England to this form of Christianity; it was only on the dial of Ahaz that the shadow went back. But it may destroy the Church of England: and a grave responsibility rests on those who lend a hand to this work. This Church is not the same thing as Anglicanism. It is finer,

more spacious, more inspiring. For the historical Church of England, 'this ancient house of our fathers,' many entertain a reverence and affection whom the thought of the 'Anglican Communion' leaves cold.

Before we expose the country and the Church to a conflict which, it seems, can only result in the loss of the power of the latter to give corporate expression to our religious life, let us ask ourselves seriously: What is to be gained? Never was the theological atmosphere more highly charged with electricity. No more unsuitable moment for raising these delicate and dangerous questions could be conceived. It is argued that the only way of checking or bringing the Romanising movement in the Church under control is the way of Disestablishment. I do not for a moment believe that Disestablishment would have this result. 'If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' Nor would the game be worth the candle. 'Nothing doing'; the price is too high. We shall not, if we are wise, sell our birthright for a mess of pottage; and sacrifice a permanent possession for the relief of a passing inconvenience with which time and the advance of civilisation can deal. 'The outstanding danger is that we shall allow ourselves to surrender our national inheritance for the conveniences of a well-managed episcopalian sect,' says Professor Creed. 'It would indeed be a tragedy if at this moment when the ascendancy of the denominational idea is manifestly passing away, the Church of England should condemn itself to the status of a denomination. The Life and Liberty Movement was a most misguided adventure. Since its constitution the National Assembly has no doubt carried through certain useful practical measures. But a plea is overdue that it will not attempt too much governance. A Church which functions too actively at the centre will lose initiative in the country. The clergy are not seen at their best when they herd together on class lines, but when they live and work with laymen. 'They ought not to try to form an autonomous clerical state within a state, but rather to mediate the hopes, the principles, the beliefs which derive from a Kingdom,' 'not of this world,' through the length and breadth of our native land. 'The principle of public control promotes the attainment of this end, for it may, as occasion

demands, prevent the Church from falling a victim to its own machinery.'* These are memorable words. 'How often in English history the Supremacy of the Crown has protected the Church from the tyranny of party, and saved religion from its friends! In a Christian Commonwealth this is a proper and indeed an essential function of the State in its relation to the Church.'

The 'God or Cæsar' alternative is irrelevant. The most important pronouncement which has been made on this, which is by far the gravest aspect of the controversy, is that of the Cambridge Divinity Professors, in the 'Times' of Feb. 4, 1928:

'The cry of "State versus Church" that has been raised in the discussions on the Prayer Book seems to us misleading. The vote in the House of Commons was indeed a vote on a spiritual issue, an issue which we believe to be momentous for the religion of the people of England. But it was not an attempt to force on the Church of England a form of religion against the will of the Church. On the contrary, we are convinced that the majority of the House of Commons reflected the religious sense and the spiritual judgment of the great majority of Church people.

'The Revised Prayer Book is the product of diplomatic arrangements made by Bishops and other officials of the Church, in the course of which we are sure that fundamental spiritual issues were blurred. These issues are clearer to some of those who had no part in the negotiations than they were to some of the negotiators. In some of the provisions of the Revised Prayer Book the people of the Church of England sense a form of religion which their forefathers at the Reformation repudiated. They do not want it for themselves or their children. This is really the spiritual issue, and on it the majority of the House of Commons gauged the spiritual convictions of the English Church better than the majority of the Bishops and the Church Assembly have hitherto done. If we are right in our reading of the facts, the arguments that are being used to inflame the minds of Church people against State interference in spiritual concerns are as false as they are mischievous, and subversive to the religious well-being of the people of England.'

* 'The Review of the Churches,' October 1928.

Neither Parliament nor the courts claim to define doctrine: the former makes, the latter interpret, law. It is no doubt conceivable that circumstances should arise under which disobedience to the law would become a duty: courts, civil as well as ecclesiastical, are fallible; men, as well as clergymen, are men. But such circumstances are rare. The presumption is that the conscience of the community as a whole is more to be trusted than that of any section of the community. And the reason why sensible people are predisposed to take the side of the law against that of persons who come into conflict with it on the plea of conscience is that, with few, very few, exceptions, the law is right and they are wrong.

The objection that this country is no longer Christian cannot be taken seriously. If its Protestantism was not affected by the repeal of the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics, its Christianity is still less so by the admission of a handful of Jews or Secularists to citizenship. The greater absorbs the less. As a fact, since the removal of these disabilities Parliament has given us legislation in advance of the Christianity of the Churches; philanthropy, which (after all) has something to do with Christianity, has reached a higher level without than within their fold. While there are greater diversities of opinion between Churchmen and Churchmen than between Churchmen and Christians of other denominations, the sect argument breaks down on its own ground. A Church rests on a broader basis. The Church of England, in particular, is established not because it teaches a particular theology, or possesses a particular succession, but because it represents the best mind and conscience of the community—the working in philosophical language, of Reason; in religious, of the Spirit, in and among men. If it ceases to do this, if it reflects a sectional mind and a denominational conscience, the sufficient reason for its establishment disappears. Only by the frank acceptance of this, the historical and national as distinct from the sectarian standpoint, can the Church 'as by law established,' the Church as we and our fathers have known it, be retained. Religion would be the poorer for its loss; a time-honoured home of 'true religion and useful learning'—values not lightly

to be dissociated—would have passed away. Were Disestablishment brought about under existing circumstances it would be attended by three notable results :

- (1) An increase of fanaticism in the country.
- (2) The strengthening of Romanising tendencies among Anglicans, and so (indirectly) of the Roman Catholic Church ; and
- (3) The spiritual destitution of country districts, which would be left without adequate provision for their religious needs. Whether our rural populations could, or could not, supply these needs for themselves, it is certain that they would not do so ; and that they would be deprived of a humanising and civilising influence, were they not supplied.

In every community a large proportion of the citizens are mentally and morally minors. The State stands to such persons *in loco parentis* ; and it performs only half its duty if it overlooks the ideal side of their lives. The present danger is twofold : the first being our national apathy in the matter of ideas—we are all of us tired of this particular question, and want it out of the way ; the second, the chance that the position may be rushed by some sudden panic or passion, some revolutionary outbreak of fanaticism, such that which, in connection with this unhappy Revision controversy, seems to have taken possession of ordinarily sober, moderate, and reasonable men. This over, we may awake to find that, in Hooker's words, we have 'loosely through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream.' This was the thought which inspired the prayer of Bishop Andrewes : 'Thou, Lord, Who walkest in the midst of the golden candlesticks, remove not, we pray Thee, our candlestick out its place ; but set in order the things that are wanting among us, and strengthen those which remain, and are ready to die.'

The Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Armagh, has lately drawn attention in weighty words to the religious significance of the rejection of the proposed Revised Prayer Book by the House of Commons. 'This great event,' he says, 'has completely altered the situation. One outstanding fact has taken the place of a large number of questions involving many critical

problems and open to discussion from various points of view.' We are often told that, in the modern world, the majority of men and women are indifferent in the matter of religion. That fiction is exploded. 'No question in recent times has so deeply stirred the hearts and minds of the people of Great Britain as did the Prayer Book question. This is a tremendous fact, infinitely more important than any of the special questions debated at the time. I confess to a real amazement that this aspect of the subject has not received more attention. It means that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the people of Great Britain are profoundly interested in religion.'

And now I come to the most important result of all that has happened. The whole question of the relation between Church and State has been raised in an acute form; and a tremendous danger looms ahead. It is not merely the question of Disestablishment, as some appear to think. There is no sign that the people of Great Britain, whether in communion with the Church of England or not, desire its Disestablishment. The real question is this: Are Church and State to be driven into opposition by rash and ill-advised action? It is well to remember that in great countries on the continent of Europe Church and State are more or less in continual conflict, or in a condition of armed neutrality in relation to one another. The Church comes, in such circumstances, to be regarded by great numbers as a vast conspiracy against the liberties of the nation. That is a terrible state of things; and the freedom of England from that disastrous condition has been due to the fact that the English people, with their natural common sense, and their happy disregard of the abstract doctrines of the theorist, have always determined to be masters in their own house, and to have their own national Church as part of the economy of their national life. The true meaning of the Establishment of the Church of England is this. It expresses the Christian Faith of the nation. It is the nation on the religious side. Some theorists, in order to throw discredit on all this, call it Erastian. But Erastianism is not the correct description. Call it organic, and the relation of Church and State in England becomes clear. The people of England have inherited their Faith

and their Church as essentials of the national life ; and there is no sign that they want to part with these great possessions. Recent events seem to prove quite clearly that the people, not merely of England, but of all Great Britain, mean to preserve the Church, and to preserve it in such a way as may make it continue to be the true representative of the Faith of the nation.

‘ My conviction,’ concludes the Primate of Ireland, ‘ is that the status of the whole Anglican Communion throughout the world would be degraded by Disestablishment. Behind the Church of England, and lending it force, is the mightiest historical development of the modern world. Detach the Church from that source of power, and it will become a feeble sect.’

A. FAWKES.

Art. 3.—THE SENSES OF ANIMALS.

NOT the least absorbing study embodied in Mr Long's admirable work 'Mother Nature' is the chapter entitled 'Brute Instincts,' in which the following passage occurs: 'Like gravitation or light or life itself, instincts are part of the established order, accepted by all men, understood by none.' What, after all, is 'instinct'? We use the expression without reserve, as a rule with reference to beasts and birds rather than human beings, more often than not when endeavouring to account for actions which we cannot otherwise explain. Thompson Seton defines animal instinct as 'inborn learning, hammered into the race by ages of selection and tribulation,' and up to a certain point the definition is sufficiently comprehensive. It suffices at any rate to account for the behaviour of the game-bird, who, when her brood is threatened by a human intruder, immediately simulates a broken wing or back, playing the difficult part to such perfection that, no matter how frequently one has witnessed the pathetic little pantomime, upon each fresh occasion one is almost deluded into the belief that this time at any rate the injury is real. Inborn knowledge, too, serves to explain the wonderful regularity of habit which adheres to every distinct species all down the generations—perhaps the most remarkable thing in all the vast scheme of Nature. Why should every magpie build so elaborate a nest, every jay so shallow a structure, their requirements being precisely similar? Why should one species invariably make use of twigs, another of grass for building materials? Why should the song-thrush always lay her eggs upon bare mud, while her next of kin, the missel-thrush, with unfailing regularity, makes a soft lining upon which to deposit her clutch? Instinct, or, more correctly, immemorial custom, is, of course, the answer. In other words, every magpie, jay, song-thrush or missel-thrush that embarks upon nesting operations was itself reared in a structure precisely similar to that which it intends to build. It has, indeed, no idea of another, and so habit becomes immutable law.

On the other hand, 'instinct' is an expression much too freely employed, since many animal actions indiscriminately termed instinctive proceed rather from the exercise of distinct senses entirely foreign to the human system.

In my opinion, the main reason why animal actions are so little understood, or the reason why so many interesting points concerning them and their ways are still wrapped in mystery, can be found in the persistency with which we attempt to judge the animal from our own standpoint. That is why the numberless tales of remarkable animal intelligence—as we are wont to regard it—seldom ring true, and rarely indeed will bear close investigation. Not long ago I came across a characteristic anecdote entitled 'A Chivalrous Horse,' describing how the equine hero jumped a hedge for no other apparent reason than to render signal aid to a donkey which a fierce mastiff was 'savaging.' The horse, so ran the story, broke into the field, galloped to the scene of action, and dealt the aggressor a resounding kick in the ribs, which effectually placed him *hors de combat*. The story may be true enough in the underlying facts, but 'chivalry,' I am afraid, was not responsible for the horse's action. The fate of the donkey was certainly no concern of his, excitement at the commotion drawing him to the spot, even as it would have induced him to gallop after—and, if possible, into—a pack of hounds running across the field. In all probability he would as soon have kicked the donkey as the dog, his selection of the latter as a target for his hoofs being merely a stroke of luck for the 'poor relation.'

Again, there is a somewhat similar anecdote of a pony, who obligingly stamped upon a rattlesnake which was menacing some children. If so, it must have been yet another case of the 'inadvertent step,' since it would certainly never enter into the mind of a pony that the two-legged tyrants, who doubtless made his life a burden to him, could possibly be in danger from anything, much less require his services as rescuer. Unfortunately, such stories, intended no doubt to promote a sympathy with the dumb beasts, too often defeat their own ends, since they present an untrue picture of animal nature. The weak point is always too obvious, and the sceptic, anxious only to prove the animal little more than an automaton, merely laughs and talks about the imbecility of trying to 'humanise Nature.' And upon the latter point one is inclined to agree with him, for there is far too great a tendency to ascribe to animals motives which cannot figure in their scheme of things, and, when trying to evolve

wonders from animal life, the substance is too often overlooked in favour of the shadow. You will read, wrote Mr Kipling :

' that when the mongoose fights the snake and happens to get bitten, he runs off and eats some herb that cures him. That is not true. The victory is only a matter of quickness of eye and quickness of foot—snake's blow against mongoose's jump—and as no eye can follow the motion of a snake's head when it strikes, that makes things much more wonderful than any magic herb.'

That is a very characteristic example. As often as not the real wonder is missed because sought from the wrong standpoint, the true character and ingenuity of animals being displayed not so much in their adaptability to human ways as in the exercise of faculties and senses about which we know nothing.

Mere instincts, with one or two notable exceptions, are common to man and beast alike. To eat, sleep, or seek a mate are, for example, natural impulses inseparable from life itself, but there, I would go so far as to suggest, the similitude ends, the animal differing as widely in intellect and even in actual physical senses from the human being as it does in exterior form. Indeed, one is inclined to doubt at times whether the furred and feathered creatures in reality possess any senses precisely identical with the five that have been assigned to mankind. Or rather, perhaps, while possessing the five senses, they possess them in so different a degree that the senses can scarcely be described as identical. It is obvious, moreover, that birds and beasts depend for self-preservation upon other and infinitely finer senses, as yet unnamed. Take, for example, the case of the common rabbit. Were it only a question of eyes and ears, it would be easy enough to approach him when he is feeding or at play in the meadows on a summer evening. His ordinary senses, though keen enough in their way, are not discriminating. If there are cattle or horses in the same field, he appears to be quite unable to distinguish a slowly-moving man from the beasts. The sound of the human voice, or even the report of a gun, appears to alarm him far less than might reasonably be supposed, and frequently one may stand still within plain view while a score of rabbits pursue their gambols unconcernedly not a hundred yards away. The

mere sight of a human being inspires no terror, and in such a case it should not be difficult to get within gunshot range, as long as one steps lightly, for it is the *vibration* of a footstep that sends a rabbit scuttling into his burrow. His keen ears are attuned to catch, not so much the harsher effects which we call sound as the inaudible earth tremor which no human ear can detect.

Enter almost any big field on an autumn evening when a number of rabbits who have not yet learned to be gunshy are feeding, and try to stalk one of them. One gets within shot of him and bowls him over, and, as the report echoes across the field, it will be interesting to observe the behaviour of the other rabbits. Those nearest—say, all within a hundred yards—scamper away, naturally enough. Those farther off, less alarmed, either squat down or merely hop a few yards, then sit bolt upright to look and listen. They certainly heard the shot and can scarcely fail to see the man who fired it. But, if he stands still for a minute or two, or continues to advance at the same cautious pace, the chances are that they will soon resume their feeding or their play, and thus another is secured, and so on. If, on the other hand, after firing, one is compelled to quicken one's pace to secure the shot rabbit, the effect will be very different—just a scurry of vanishing scuts in every direction, and, however noiseless one's progress, a warning bump or two as one passes the burrows in which they have taken refuge.

Sportsmen see frequent examples of another curious animal sense which can only be defined as intuition. 'He can *feel* danger,' was the complaint of one of Mr Long's Indians when referring to an eagle that had baffled his best efforts to effect its destruction, and the expression was no mere figure of speech. It is generally admitted that animals are more subject to certain influences than are human beings. They are aware, for example, of impending atmospheric changes long before anything of the kind is apparent to the human senses, and we are apt to accept their undoubted powers as weather prophets as a matter of course, without troubling to inquire how the animal with its limited intelligence contrives to be aware of approaching conditions of which we can detect no indications. It has often been observed that rooks will forsake old trees that have become unsafe years before they actually fall, though now and again a gale of abnormal

violence upsets their calculations, and some years ago a curious case which can only be described as premonition of danger occurred on the south coast. A considerable while before the great landslip occurred at Rousdon, near Lyme Regis, inland farms in the locality for no apparent reason were inundated with a sudden incursion of quantities of hares and rabbits, while about the same time it became apparent that all the cliff dwellers, the badgers, foxes, and even the birds, had forsaken their historic fastness. The doomed cliff had suddenly become as destitute of wild life as the fabled

‘ . . . gloomy shore

That skylark never warbled o’er.’

Not until the grand crash came, however, was any significance attached to the desertion.

Almost any experienced deer-stalker can recall occasions upon which the labour of hours has resulted in unaccountable failure ; when, despite every precaution, the game has taken alarm without obvious cause and dashed into cover, usually during the final stages of the proceeding, when success seemed assured. How often, again, one hears a farmer when bewailing the destruction of his corn-stacks by rooks, revile the ‘ falseness ’ (guile) of the culprits. A despairing son of the soil once asked me whether the birds by any miraculous means could see him through a barn-door, since they seemed quite aware of his presence behind it. Or take a covey of December partridges, and the numerous but usually futile devices by which one endeavours to beguile or drive them to the guns. I remember well a large covey which could almost invariably be found on a certain clover-field in late afternoon. They were under the guidance of a wily old cock who seemed to possess one of the many ‘ sixth ’ senses to a remarkable degree, and by some uncanny means known only to his kind could detect the precise whereabouts of a concealed enemy with an acumen that was positively heart-breaking. When flushed in the ordinary way, he invariably took the same line, across a high fence, the corner of an adjoining meadow, and a stream beyond, whose banks, liberally fringed with alders, afforded excellent cover. On the occasions, however, when we took the precaution to place a couple of sure marksmen in his line of flight, he never failed to sense the danger and choose another course, and

no matter where or how the outlying guns were placed, he always contrived to give them a wide berth.

In connection with this protective sense, the curious experience of a local farmer with a vixen might bear repetition. The fox for some weeks past had been levying regular toll upon his poultry. The birds, when released at daybreak, were in the habit of wandering off across an adjoining meadow on the farther side of which was a 'goyle' from which the vixen made an almost daily sortie, seldom failing to secure at least one victim. The raid invariably occurred soon after the fowls were released, and, weary at last of the constant drain upon his stock, the farmer, being unwilling actually to injure the fox, determined instead to give her a good fright. Accordingly, one morning before dawn he established himself in a tree, out of sight and well to leeward of the cover, his gun loaded with snipe-shot, resolved when the fox appeared to try the curative effect of both barrels at long range. The sun came up; the hens, released at the accustomed hour, strayed over the field to the very entrance of the goyle, but no fox appeared. The customary time for her visit had long passed, the last rabbit had hopped in, and, deciding that it was useless to remain any longer, the man gave up the attempt for that morning. He was barely out of the field, however, when the squawk of a captured hen together with the terrified scurry and outcry of her companions told the usual story. The fox, somehow aware of his presence all along, had also been waiting—with a patience greater than his own.

Hunters of big game, and others, led by business or pleasure into primitive forests teeming with unseen prowlers, frequently experience an odd sensation of being 'watched.' So far as they know, or for any sign that they can detect of other life around them, they are alone in the Great Solitudes, yet at times they cannot shake off that unaccountable feeling that unseen eyes, malignant or merely curious, are strained upon them with disturbing intensity, and there can be little doubt that this faint stirring of a protective sense, engendered by and inseparable from wild surroundings, becomes an active force for self-preservation in the truly wild creature. One hears a great deal about 'hunter's luck'—usually in the form of complaint, for sportsmen are human and it is human to

believe oneself the special butt of Fortune—and perhaps the most common source of grievance is found in the hunted animal's strange aptitude at absenting itself from its customary haunts when wanted. The things seen when one has no gun have become proverbial, and one sometimes wonders whether luck after all has anything to do with it. The old cock-pheasant who allows a pack of hounds to pass over him, but resorts to active pedestrianism at the first yap of a spaniel a quarter of a mile away, must surely act upon other motives than mere 'cussedness,' and I sometimes think that it is this same unaccountable consciousness of danger that induces a wary fox to steal from a cover which hounds are about to draw, rather than exceptional keenness of nose or ear, which, in a country overrun at all times by men and dogs, would keep him continually upon the move if he trusted solely to such senses for guidance.

Again, there is the sense of 'direction,' common to the majority of birds and beasts, but possessed only by certain races of men who live very near to Nature. This is a wonderful sense, without which the gigantic migration movement, perhaps the greatest of Nature's marvels, could not take place. It is quite distinct from sight, for migrating birds can steer an unhesitating course through darkness or light, indifferent as to whether continent or ocean rolls below, while conditions such as dense fog, which completely baffle the human senses, might never exist so far as the animal is concerned. A woodcock, hailing perhaps from the wintry forests of Norway, will without difficulty steer his course through a blinding snowstorm, not only to the English shore which he might well miss by a hundred miles, but to the very valley and identical little 'plashy' brake in which he rested and bored for slugs in the previous winter. Often through the drifting, blanketing fog of a dark November evening, when skirting the high moors where scarcely an object was visible twenty paces away, I have heard the golden plover passing overhead *en route* for the distant feeding-grounds, with no more hesitation in their swift flight than they would have displayed under clear skies with the sun-bathed landscape beneath them; and for that matter, it never occurs to the fowler to doubt the ability of wild goose or widgeon to find its way across the mist-shrouded

ocean to the quiet little creek where its kind has rested—and been shot at—since time immemorial.

The ability of the animal to do these incomprehensible things is, I repeat, taken for granted. The cattlemen of Dartmoor, that land of mists and mires which even now claims its toll of human life, as a matter of course abandon themselves to the sagacity of their ponies when the grey, ghostly mist, descending as it does with terrifying suddenness, all in a moment blots out every familiar landmark, reducing every rock and peat-hole and hummock to a sameness as bewildering as it is incredible. In such a case, without track or watercourse for guidance, the human senses are powerless, but the old moorman quietly drops the reins on his pony's neck and sets him going, with the comfortable assurance, bred of long experience, that it will 'bring him off.' An old turf-cutter whose work took him into some desolate bogland from which escape when the mist 'came down' was no easy matter, was invariably accompanied by an old-fashioned sheep-dog, to whose collar, when in doubt as to the way, he would attach a string and give the order, 'Go home.' The dog never failed to take the shortest cut to the homeward track.

In the matter of actual sight, a few animals possess either keen or discriminating vision. A dog is rarely quick to recognise a familiar figure approaching, and it has sometimes struck me as strange that a picture, no matter how life-like, conveys nothing to his mind. It may be the exact and life-size representation of another dog, or perhaps of some animal that he is accustomed to hunt, but whatever the painting may depict matters nothing. On my study wall at this moment there hangs a woodcock painting by Thorburn, so realistic in every detail that one expects the birds to fly out of the picture. For the sake of experiment I have just shown it to my Labrador, who knows the woodcock well enough in feathers and flesh, setting the picture against the wainscot and inviting him to pick up the 'Birds.' Needless to say, he exhibited no interest whatsoever. To him the picture was nothing more or less than a piece of glass. One careless sniff at the base of the framework satisfied him that no mouse lurked behind it, and the paper might have been blank for any suggestion of 'feather' that it conveyed to him.

That animals connect visible cause with effect is, of

course, indubitable. I have seen a flock of rooks scared into clamorous flight by the mere glint of a gun-barrel, and they understand perfectly the *action* of shooting, as any one may test for himself by pointing a walking-stick at any crafty old blackamoor grub-hunting on the wayside ploughland. That, however, is merely a case of association, and personally I question the animal's ability in the general sense to put two and two together. The robin, whose nest is repeatedly robbed by the village boy, with undying optimism continues to build in the same wayside bank, though a hundred safer nesting-places are available, and in this connection Lord Grey raises an interesting point in his delightful and sympathetic book 'The Charm of Birds.' Regretting the heavy toll of small-bird life at nesting-time, and noting that, while so many nests which he had kept under personal observation came to grief, various undiscovered broods in the vicinity were reared successfully, he expresses the opinion that 'when a human being finds and examines a nest he leaves some track or trace that betrays the treasure.' A bent twig, or displaced leaf, he suggests, may attract the attention of some hungry marauder, and disaster to the nest and its inmates follows as a matter of course. Pursuing the same topic, he writes :

'Many years ago, when I fondly thought that a fence of moderate height with barbed wire on the top would keep out foxes, my water-fowl were raided by a fox. There were about a dozen birds sitting at the time ; many of their nests escaped destruction, for the birds appeared in due course with young ones ; but the only nests that we had known of and visited, about five in number, were, every one of them, found and robbed by the fox.'

This should be taken to heart by bird-lovers, but rather, in my opinion, with a view to guarding the secret from human nest-robbers than for fear of betraying it to natural enemies. Personally, I would suggest that human supervision would serve—at least to some extent—as a protection against predatory birds or beasts, and I think it doubtful that prowling fox or jackdaw would accept trace of human foot or hand as indication that a nest was near. There would be no link to connect the human with the wild presence. A feather clinging to a twig, or a glimpse of the parent bird surreptitiously entering or quitting the nest, would tell him all he wanted to know, but the slightest

hint that man had preceded him would only serve to put him on his guard. Lord Grey's alternative suggestion that the nests which he found and observed 'were the nests that vermin also would find more easily,' to my mind comes nearer to the true solution. It is probable, too, that a large percentage of nests that no human eye ever beholds come to grief. 'The many hazards of early nesting-time,' as Seton terms the difficulties that confront brooding birds, are perhaps more numerous than one might suppose. And such indeed must be the case, otherwise the small-bird population would multiply to an extent beyond conception. The nestling stage is undoubtedly the critical stage, which passed, the smaller feathered life of our remote country districts is in the main singularly free from persecution. That, however, is entering upon ground outside the scope of this paper.

Perhaps the most remarkable sense that animals possess is the capacity for 'winding' other matter, or for following a 'scent.' Every old sportsman has his own theory as to good and bad 'scenting days' and 'scenting country.' We hear a great deal about 'foot-scent' and 'body-scent,' yet how seldom is the question raised as to what, after all, scent really is. Edmund Selous's communicative hare expresses wonder that the pads of so cleanly an animal as itself should leave 'a smell' wherever they touch ground, and the wonder is natural enough. It is a common saying in the hunting-field that when a human being can smell a fox-hound cannot. For my own part I have long since come to the conclusion that no hound has ever yet followed a fox or any other animal by means of the sense of *smell*. I do not believe that the animal possesses such a sense. In my opinion it is a faculty as distinct from our sense of smell as feeling is from taste, though the nose is certainly the organ by means of which it is employed. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' It was only yesterday, for example, that we as much as heard of television, and it is no more remarkable that an animal's nose should possess abilities foreign to the human system than that his tongue should lack the faculty of speech. Edgar Rice Burroughs endows his jungle man with this ability to locate beasts and men by means of the nose, on the assumption that it is only the sense of smell

more fully developed, but this theory, so reasonable at first glance, upon reflection becomes unacceptable. The sense of smell in a human being is, perhaps, more highly cultured than any other, and it is rather the animal who seems indifferent to odours of every description. Scent, I suggest, is rather a manner of sympathy—a form of magnetism—and when observing the ways of hunting animals one finds overwhelming support for such a theory.

Most significant, perhaps, is the fact that musk-bearing animals, whose bodily odour is so overpowering, leave no stronger a scent than animals that are comparatively odourless. Hounds can follow the line of a 'straight-necked' hare quite as fast as that of a fox. Indeed, they show no marked preference for either scent, frequently quitting one for another whenever it happens to be the fresher. Take the case of a stag crossing a wide hillside, open to the full sweep of the autumn. His light flying hoofs barely press the heather and flinty moorland turf, and it seems inconsistent with common sense to imagine that the scarcely perceptible imprints could retain any vestige of 'smell.' Yet an hour later, if need be, the keen pack will follow his line at galloping speed, scarcely a hound having occasion as much as to 'stoop.' Think again of a running bird. There can be very little odour attached to the horny toes of a pheasant, unless it is the earthy smell of wet grass or the stubble that he has been treading. None the less, long after he has passed, a spaniel will hunt his line faster than a man can run, and in the case of a 'pedestrian' pheasant it is always foot-scent that a dog pursues. When hunting a fox or a deer, this, apparently, does not always apply. It is nothing unusual to see a fox run along one side of a hedge while his pursuers follow on the other. This is supposed to be a case of scent carried by the wind, but at such times it is also more than possible that the hounds are not, in truth, running any scent at all. When going at a great pace, and, having once acquired a general idea as to the direction taken by their 'pilot,' they will often gallop for a field or two purely on trust, as one frequently sees when a fox has been 'headed,' hoping, no doubt, to recover the line at any moment, and such is doubtless the case, more often than not, when they run 'wide.'

However, foot-scent or body-scent, wind or no wind,

there is one argument which strikes me as conclusive. Every experienced sportsman knows that the 'scent' of a hunted animal frequently fails when it is on its last legs, yet that is the precise period when the actual bodily odour of the animal, exhausted and perspiring, is most noticeable. One might add, too, the case of a human being, so frequently put to the test. A bloodhound has no difficulty in following the foot-scent of a man it knows, even when he puts on new boots for the occasion. No personal association can attach to footwear as yet unworn, and the actual flesh of the man does not touch the ground.

Another remarkable thing about scent is the extent to which it is influenced by atmospheric conditions, and here again, it is usually at direct variance with the ordinary sense of smell. The hot sun, which draws out the perfume of flowers and all the wild wood fragrance, is regarded by the huntsman as his worst enemy, and the same applies to the still, clear atmosphere, dank with coming rain, when odours of every kind are most in evidence. And, lastly, there is the mysterious and almost complete lack of scent which is the main protection that Nature extends to the brooding ground bird. This is not a question of stillness, though stillness is frequently the wild creature's best weapon of defence. The mysterious protection appears to cover the bird in its coming and going to and from the nest, when, it should be remembered, it runs, not flies, and, though a dog can follow the intricacies of a cock-grouse's ceaseless perambulations at such a time with little difficulty, I have never yet seen the keenest-nosed dog *hunt* a female grouse, partridge, or curlew to her nest. There is no reason to suppose that the mere bodily smell of the bird—or what little she ever possessed—disappears at such a time. The idea is absurd, but in Natural History, as in all else, old notions die hard.

As some one has remarked, it is a strange thought that the dog who lies by our fireside shares our sport, and is the sympathetic companion of all our moods, yet lives in a world apart, a dumb, mysterious world into which we obtain only occasional glimpses. It is possible also that the brain behind the expressive, haunting eyes of 'man's best friend' is the storehouse of many interesting secrets. That, however, is entering upon the even more complex problem of animal psychology. DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 4.—OIL FROM COAL.

SYNTHETIC production of oil from coal on a commercial scale is by no means a straightforward issue. The purpose of the present article is to state the case clearly so that it can be understood by the non-technical reader. The successful development of this new method of treating coal foreshadows a period of prosperity for our coalfields greater than any hitherto enjoyed, and should have a stimulating influence on almost every industry in Great Britain. It is of special importance to our own country, but is also of international interest because, at the present rate of consumption, the world's visible supply of natural well-oil is sufficient to last only for a comparatively few years.

Every one who has the true interests of the country at heart, whatever his party or politics, wishes to see oil produced in large quantities from our almost unlimited deposits of coal. In his Budget speech last year Mr Winston Churchill said :

'The twentieth century has seen us become increasingly dependent on liquid fuel, scarcely any of which is produced within the British Empire. We paid last year for oil supplies of every kind almost as much as we received for the export of coal. The scientific utilisation of our vast and magnificent deposits of coal constitutes a national object of prime importance.'*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then went on to announce a duty of 4*d.* a gallon on imported oils and motor-spirits, whilst oil and motor-spirits produced from coal in Great Britain were to be duty free. For various reasons it was afterwards considered expedient to remit the tax on many classes of imported oils, but it still remains in force on motor-spirits and some classes of heavier oils. At the time of writing, the new Budget proposals have not been disclosed, but it is rumoured that Mr Churchill intends to reduce the horse-power tax on motors, and as a set-off to that reduction to increase the tax on petrol. If British-produced motor-spirit still

* Last year we imported over 2,000,000,000 gallons of oil valued at about 40,000,000*l.* The British Empire produces less than 2 per cent. of the world's total oil supply.

remains free of tax it will be a further stimulus to the synthetic production of oils and motor-spirit in this country.

Oil is used in marine and industrial plants either for firing steam boilers or as the direct motive power in internal combustion engines. Turning to Lloyd's Register of Shipping we find that vessels employing oil either as fuel for motors or fitted with oil-fuel-burning installations, represent 37.6 per cent. of the total tonnage of all existing vessels of 100 tons and upwards. Of these 2933 are motor-ships and their gross tonnage is 5,432,302 tons. These facts are sufficient to show the tremendous and expanding market there is for fuel-oil; while there is one almost equally as great for motor-spirit as used in motor-car and aeroplane engines. The fact should be noted, too, that as practically all vessels of the Royal Navy are now oil-burning, it is taking a definite risk to depend on foreign sources for the whole of our supply of fuel-oil as well as of lubricating oil.

Oil can be extracted not only from the better class of coals, but also from low-grade coals, slack, and shales of little commercial value which are often sold at a loss. By the scientific treatment of all coal before being used for fuel purposes we could produce from it enough oil and motor-spirit to go a long way to satisfy our own needs, and a further quantity might then be treated to obtain oil for export abroad, and so compensate ourselves for some of our lost coal markets. Forty million tons of raw coal are burnt annually on the domestic fires of Great Britain, and a further sixty million tons or thereabouts are used for industrial purposes, without counting the vast quantities used in gas-works or in coke-ovens. If all this coal were subject to destructive distillation before being used for fuel purposes it would provide some 200 million gallons of motor-spirit and 1000 million gallons of fuel-oil and lubricating oil. For generations we have been squandering our coal resources by burning coal in the raw state, and it was not till oil became a serious competitor to coal as a fuel, and until the advent of the internal combustion engine as a rival to steam, that people began to consider more scientific ways of using coal.

Having now detailed some of the advantages to be expected from large-scale production of oil from coal,

I will endeavour to indicate the initial difficulties that beset the industry, to report the progress already made, and to suggest ways and means of speeding up production. Let us first clearly understand what makes the problem so complicated. Coal, in itself, is a very complex substance, and by what is known as 'Destructive Distillation,' i.e. heating at progressively rising temperatures, it is broken up into three main products—gas, tar, and a solid residue which may go by the name of coke, semi-coke, or smokeless fuel. The tar, by further distillation, is broken up into a large variety of other by-products, and these may include oil and motor-spirit. A certain quantity of the latter is also got by 'scrubbing' the gas.

The two systems employed in destructive distillation of coal are known as 'High Temperature' and 'Low Temperature' Carbonisation; the difference, as the names imply, lying mainly in the temperature at which the process is carried out. High Temperature Carbonisation is not suited to the production of the best oils, yet it is the system almost universally employed by gas-works because gas-engineers claim that it is better for their purpose than Low Temperature Carbonisation, although there is no doubt that the latter could be adapted to suit their needs. A great number of processes for Low Temperature Carbonisation (probably over 300) have been tried out either experimentally or on a commercial scale, each one of them claiming some advantage over their rivals. A longer practical trial will show which are the best systems for use.

Dr F. S. Sinnatt, the Assistant Director of Fuel Research, in a paper entitled 'A General Review of Low Temperature Carbonisation,' read before the Carbonisation Conference held at Birmingham in February 1928, said :

'The scientific investigation of problems involved in the use of coal has not kept pace with commercial developments owing to the rapidity with which such problems develop, and the insufficiency of skilled investigators. We appear to be trying to perfect in a generation a process similar to that on which the gas industry has spent a century of careful endeavour.'

It would be a mistake, however, to be over-cautious. We can understand the objection of scientifically trained

minds to proceed too-fast with any investigation, and their wish to avoid fresh problems until the present ones are satisfactorily solved; but the urgent nature of the whole problem demands that we push on at once with large-scale production. If we were to wait until scientists evolved a perfect system we might have to wait a hundred years; but out of a number of half-perfected systems it is certain that the best will soon be discovered.

We have already said that when coal is subject to destructive distillation it is always broken up into gas, tar, or oil, and a solid residue; they form a trinity of which it may be said that, from the point of view of national importance, the greatest of these is oil. On the other hand, in gas-works, gas is the chief product desired, and the others are looked on as by-products only; whilst some Low Temperature plants lay themselves out to produce a special sort of smokeless fuel. But in all these systems of Carbonisation, both High and Low, the by-products are an indispensable part of the whole process. Each of the three components of coal—gas, tar, and the solid residue—is dependent on the other two for its economic production, and their disposal constitutes three separate problems instead of one. The problem of the disposal of gas not used on the spot will probably be solved by a network of trunk mains whereby surplus gas can be sold to the gas-works.

The solid residue from Low Temperature Carbonisation may take the form of either lump or powdered fuel. In the latter state it may be compressed into briquettes or used as it is for firing steam boilers, for which it is admirably adapted. Even raw coal for this purpose has been found to be much more efficient when powdered than in lump form, the difference probably amounting to as much as 20 per cent. Powdered fuel is already extensively used in electric generating stations, and it is estimated if large power-houses were erected close to the mines the cost of generating electricity could be halved, even when compared with the best present-day practice. Powdered fuel is in many ways as convenient to use as oil and is suitable for marine purposes. Like oil, it can be conveyed from shore to ship, or from ship to ship, through pipes; and it can be blown by compressed air through pipes from the ship's bunkers to the furnaces.

Mr Frank Hodges, until recently the Secretary of the International Miners' Federation, has said :

' Great Britain will yet prove that electric generation by powdered fuel compares well with our competitors' hydro-electric power. Efforts to show, too, that powdered fuel is also a competitor to oil-fuel for marine purposes have my warmest sympathy. Every 10,000-ton steamer that goes over to oil burning (using foreign oil) puts some 200 miners permanently out of work.'

The coke from gas-works, although almost pure carbon, is coated with a hard, graphitic surface which renders it inconvenient to use and hard to ignite. The same disadvantage does not apply to solid fuels produced by the Low Temperature processes, so that if gas-works could be induced to change from High to Low Temperature Carbonisation they would get oils of commercial value and a more useful form of coke. On the other hand, the tar from High Temperature processes contains many useful by-products, such as aniline dyes, which some of our important industries cannot do without ; also, as stated above, gas-engineers are convinced that the High Temperature process is the one best suited to their industry.

Enough has been said to show that it is impossible to write of oil extraction from coal without frequent reference being made to the other two products which are so intimately connected with the subject. A further complication is introduced by the fact that the character of the products of Low Temperature Carbonisation varies according to the class of coal carbonised, and a system suitable to one class of coal is often not suitable to another class. This is important when it is remembered that in this country there are deposits of nearly every class of coal, including anthracite, steam-raising, coking and gas-making, splint coals, and cannels.

As a final complication, mention should be made of an alternative method for the extraction of oil from coal, viz. the hydrogenation of coal under high pressures. It has been tried extensively in Germany, where it has met with considerable success. Six times as much liquid fuel is obtainable through this process than is the case with Low Temperature Carbonisation ; but it is doubtful if British

bituminous coal would give such good results as German lignite. Nevertheless, it should not be overlooked that Germany has taken a leading place in the application of science to industry, and the process mentioned above should not be discarded as unsuitable to our needs without first being subjected to thorough investigation.

Examining the progress already made, this is found to be far greater than is generally supposed and shows the interest aroused by this new hope for the coal industry. At the Carbonisation Conference held at Birmingham last year, a questionnaire was sent by the Joint Fuel Committee to the principal firms operating Low Temperature plants on a commercial scale. Some of the questions asked were :

- (1) What is the main object of your system ?
- (2) To what class of coal, if any, are you confined ?
- (3) Has the system proved economic under large-scale production ?
- (4) If so, give details.
- (5) Does the system depend for its economic success on the value of the solid residue, or on the quantity and value of the oils ?

The following is the gist of the information obtained, although it is by no means a complete return from all the plants in operation : Low Temperature Carbonisation Ltd, is a pioneer firm which began operations in 1906, and makes a form of smokeless fuel known as 'Coalite.' At their works at Barugh, near Barnsley, they are carbonising about 1500 tons of coal per week. This yields 1000 tons of 'Coalite,' 28,200 gallons of oil, 3750 gallons of benzole, and 7 million cub. ft. of rich gas. The value of the oils obtained is greater than the cost of the coal, and in addition each ton of coal gives about 14 cwt. of 'Coalite,' which sells readily at prices equal to the best house coal and is 33 per cent. more efficient to use. Further plant is to be erected at the pit-head of the Askern Colliery, near Doncaster, to deal with 3000 tons of coal per week.

The 'L. & N.' Process, Ltd, has a plant installed at a Leicestershire colliery, dealing with 125 tons of coal per day. Up to the present the system has been mainly used for the production of pulverised fuel for use with the

'B. & L.' (or Brand) system of firing powdered fuel to boilers; but by a slight adjustment in the method of operating the plant, either gas, oil, or solid fuel can be made the primary object of production. By the 'McEwen-Lunge' system, gas, oil, or solid fuel are produced on a commercial scale, but most of the plants so far installed have for their main object the production of a powdered fuel which is used in conjunction with the 'Lopulco' system of firing boilers. A great many 'Lopulco' plants are in operation both here and abroad, using either powdered raw coal or powdered smokeless fuel. The latter is to be preferred to powdered coal in the raw state as it contains less moisture coefficient, thereby reducing transport charges, is smokeless, and is free from risk of spontaneous combustion.

Fusion Corporation, Ltd, make powdered fuel using the 'Fusion Retort' system. The plant in operation is of considerable size and deals with Cannel coal. The 'K. S. G. Process' is the system introduced by Coal Oil Extraction, Ltd, and besides oil, produces smokeless fuel of a dense, hard nature. The 'McLaurin' system is in operation at Dilmarnock gas-works, where there is a plant having a capacity of 100 tons of coal per day. A large unit of the 'Sutcliffe' process has been installed at Leigh, Lancashire, by the Leigh Smokeless Fuel Co.

Among the most interesting developments are the two plants erected in collaboration with the Government by the Gas Light and Coke Co. at their Richmond gas-works. One is of the 'Hird Process,' by which both solids and oils of good quality are obtained. The other is an experimental plant combining some of the best features of other systems, to deal with 100 tons of coal per day. The Government Fuel Research Station has been experimenting with a similar plant, only smaller, during the past two years, and during this time has dealt with about 1500 tons of coal.

These are but a few of the plants in operation on a commercial scale, and there are many others operated in a small way which will be a financial success when provision is made for a larger output; for production costs are generally reduced substantially when a plant of this kind is increased in size. The examples given, however, serve to show the extent to which developments

have already reached. Prospectuses for new companies for the extraction of oil from coal, or for the manufacture of smokeless fuel, appear frequently in the press, and it may now be said with confidence that the experimental period is passed and the future should be one of unchecked expansion for the industry.

The World Fuel Conference held at the Imperial Institute last October was an event of considerable importance to those interested in improved methods of utilising coal, recording progress made in the scientific use of fuel and indicating the future lines of advance. Delegates from forty-eight different countries attended this meeting of experts and read papers describing what had been done in their own lands with reference to the subject under discussion.

Sir Robert Horne, in delivering the opening address, said that one-twelfth of the population in this country was dependent on the coal industry for their livelihood; and of exports, four-fifths of the volume and one-tenth of the value normally consisted of coal. There were those who predicted that the day of prosperity in the British coal trade had passed for ever, and the competition of oil would make it unprofitable to work coal here to anything like the same extent as before. Personally he had never taken this view. The modern prosperity of Great Britain was created by coal, and by coal it would be saved; but it would only be by adopting more economical methods of using it. A very remarkable development in the works of one electric supply company had shown what could be done here with British coal. By carbonising a comparatively low-grade coal and burning the residual fuel under the boilers, that company had been able in effect to pay for the bulk of its raw material with the value obtained from the by-products (oil and gas), and thus had succeeded in producing electricity at a cost as low as any in the world. Such an example created the greatest hope for the future. A commencement had been made in the use of pulverised fuel for raising steam on board ship, and steamers were now being built designed to carry equipment whereby the raw coal was pulverised before being fed into the furnaces. An improvement would come from the use of pulverised low-temperature coke, for which it was claimed that it could be loaded on ships without

fear of spontaneous combustion. Great developments were surely in prospect for pulverised fuel. There were also methods for producing liquid fuels from coal which were engaging close attention, and suggestions were being made for establishing centres from which gas might be distributed over wide areas.

All can help in this great national movement to bring prosperity back to our coal-mining and other industries. The gas industry is the largest immediate source of oil production to which we can look. If gas engineers could see their way to change over from High to Low Temperature Carbonisation an immense quantity of oils and motor-spirit would immediately become available, for the gas industry in this country uses 16 million tons of coal a year. Also the gas and electric industries might well co-operate more in the future, instead of being antagonistic to each other and to the interests of the country at large; there is room for both, and both should prosper together and be dependent on one another. In Canada we find cases where gas and electric supply companies are amalgamated and provide electricity for lighting and power, and gas for heating and cooking; there is no reason why the same should not be possible in this country. If this could be brought about, the national output of oil would be very much increased, the cost of generating electricity reduced by using the solid residue in pulverised form to raise steam, and the gas would be available for use by the gas-works.

Another way to help forward the cause is for motorists whenever possible to demand British motor-spirit, and lubricating oils made from British coal; and those in charge of service-stations should push the sale of British products. Householders can use smokeless fuel in place of raw coal (it would be to their own advantage to do so); and the coal merchants can help by stocking such fuel and pushing its sale as much as possible. The same thing applies to shipping companies, railways, and users of industrial plants. People with money to invest should buy shares in any sound scheme connected with Low Temperature Carbonisation. Such schemes may turn out to be good dividend-paying investments; even with the worst of them there is less risk than in buying shares in wild-cat oil companies abroad, which seem to make so

strangely powerful an appeal to certain classes of investors in this country. If money is invested in home companies for the production of oil from coal, the investor at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he is helping British industry, for it is only by practical experience on an extensive scale that real progress can be made.

The Fuel Research Board has done, and is doing, excellent work, but its activities are hampered by lack of funds. With a more generous money grant its scope could be greatly enlarged. The present is no time to be niggardly in such a cause; the Government could do a lot more by increased co-operation with gas-works and collieries in the erection of experimental plants. If any persons think that the cost would be too great at this time of excessive expenditure, let them remember the deplorable state of our coal trade to-day. In comparison with what the General Strike and the Coal Strike of three years ago cost the country the money required for the most energetic campaign of experiments would be insignificant, and such a policy would help considerably towards an escape from the disadvantages we have been suffering from for many years. To grudge the money would be to show we have lost our sense of proportion.

A warning note must be struck against apathy or even over-caution. There are many difficulties ahead, but they can be overcome, as is possible with all difficulties if the will to overcome them is present. Let the nation show its determination, as it did during the war, when all the difficulties and dangers that beset us were overcome by every one putting his or her shoulder to the wheel. The successful issue of the problem is worth striving for. Statesmen, scientists, manufacturers, and coalowners are agreed that oil production from coal on a really large scale would mean salvation for our coal industry, and put us once more in the forefront of industrial nations. Incidentally, also, it would solve the unemployment problem.

R. E. TURNBULL.

Art. 5.—THE MUSIC-HALL.

MNDisher

1. *The Variety Stage*. By C. D. Stuart and A. J. Parker. Fisher Unwin, 1895.
2. *Vaudeville*. By Caroline Caffin. New York: Kennerley, 1914.
3. *Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life*. By H. G. Hibbert. Grant Richards, 1916.
4. *Au Music-Hall*. By Gustave Fréjaville. Paris: Monde Nouveau, 1923.
5. *Idols of the 'Halls.'* By H. Chance Newton. Heath Cranton, 1928.
6. *Minstrel Memories*. By Harry Reynolds. Alston Rivers, 1928.

And other works.

LITTLE is known of other generations if only their works and wars are studied. History must take heed of entertainments before our understanding of the past can be complete. In order to gain insight into the mind of another age we should not ignore even the most trivial of amusements. Least of all should we despise those that are termed vaudeville—in honour of a popular composer who lived at Vau de Vire in Normandy five centuries ago—for to contrast the street songs of one century with those of later times is to read social history by flashlight. But ballads are not all that vaudeville contains: in every age those who sang for the throng have had for companions jesters, tumblers, and jugglers. In many respects their entertainments to-day are similar to those that are recorded by mediæval missals and Egyptian tombs. Such resemblances, however, merely prove that human nature changes slowly, if at all. The contrasts should interest us more closely. When we distinguish what is peculiar to a certain age from what persists unaltered throughout the ages we are beginning to learn vaudeville's significance.

For this reason too short a view should not be taken of the music-hall's history. If we regard it as a form of amusement which grew out of the 'song-and-supper' rooms described in the novels of Thackeray, we miss its meaning. Since there were places very similar to music-halls before the nineteenth century began—since, in fact, there is no reason for thinking that London was ever

without such places—we can only assume that they exist not because of a tradition but because of ever-present demand. If we should write of the rise and fall of the music-halls in the nineteenth century, we should next discover that much the same tale could be told of the rise and fall of the musick-houses in the eighteenth century. How strikingly alike both were in their early stages is made plain in a broadsheet of 1699, entitled 'A Walk to Islington: with a description of New Tunbridge Wells and Sadler's Musick-House,' which criticises a concert of singing, fiddling, dancing, and grimacing before an audience seated at tables and served by 'Honest Friend Thomas,' who changed his apron for a clown's dress and made his own person 'as good as a farce.' For nearly a century Sadler's Wells kept its character as part theatre, part pot-house by announcing on each ticket that the bearer was entitled to a pint of wine or punch. There were always songs and dances, although the harlequinades became the chief attraction, and acrobatics reached a degree of skill and daring rarely equalled before or since. When Jenkins writes of her visit to the Wells in the early part of 'Humphry Clinker,' she declares that she was ready to go into a fit while watching the tumbling and dancing on ropes and wires.

'You know as how the witches in Wales fly on broom-sticks; but here was flying without any broom-stick, or thing in the varsal world, and firing of pistoles in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and swinging, and rolling of wheel-barrows on a wire (God bliss us!) no thicker than a sewing-thread.'

In time the musick-houses became too grand. They aroused the jealousy of the patent theatres, namely, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, because their entertainments exceeded what was in accordance with a licence for music and dancing. But each time action was taken against them the managers of the Wells won the day. By persistently evading, if not openly breaking, the law, they forced Parliament time after time to legalise a position which was illegal but well established. That was how the freedom of the drama was won, and how the character of the musick-house was lost, for in the 'forties Phelps transformed Sadler's Wells into the home of Shakespeare. Then the song-and-supper rooms arose to take its place.

Thackeray is supposed to have been thinking of the Coal Hole in the Strand when he wrote of 'The Cave of Harmony' in 'The Newcomes,' and of the Cyder Cellars in Maiden Lane when he described the 'Back Kitchen' in 'Pendennis.' But these concerts were frequent all the way from Temple Bar to St. James's, and Thackeray's pictures are composite. In those days, he says, it was natural to be hungry at midnight and to desire welsh-rabbits and brandy-and-water, while listening to 'good old glee-singing.' Amid clouds of tobacco-smoke the waiter carried jugs and glasses from table to table. Below the platform, where a bland pianist accompanied the three men who sang 'The Chough and Crow,' 'The Red-Cross Knight,' or 'The Bloom is on the Rye,' sat the chairman, and with him a number of favoured guests who could be trusted to return the compliment by asking what he would drink. The chairman's chief concern was to 'call upon the gents to give their orders' before each song; but he also invited them to sing, and could easily be persuaded to give 'The Old English Gentleman' himself. There were, however, less innocent ballads of the kind sung by Costigan when Colonel Newcome left The Cave of Harmony in a rage. The most widely known of these places was Evans's, established by a member of the chorus of Covent Garden in the basement at the western end of the Piazza, which is now the entrance to the National Sporting Club. In 1844 he sold out to 'Paddy' Green, who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the chorus; then the cellar became merely the foyer of a handsome galleried hall built over the garden. As ladies were admitted (after giving their names and addresses) to the gallery, Costigans were no longer tolerated. There was, however, a still more important change, namely, the addition of a stage.

If the account of the Cave of Harmony is compared with that of The Back Kitchen, it will be seen how this affected the entertainment. At the time when Pendennis went to the little club at the Fielding's Head, an 'immense hit' had been made by the bass singer as 'The Body Snatcher.' When the curtains drew aside he was 'discovered' sitting on a coffin beside a flask of gin and a candle stuck into a skull. In the chorus he clamped his spade upon the boards and gave a demoniac 'Ha! ha!'

which caused the very glasses 'to quiver on the table, as with horror.' When the critic of 'Punch' described Evans's in 1856, old madrigals and glees were still being sung, as well as comic songs, sentimental songs, and airs from the opera; and even the Ethiopian Serenaders' wild gesticulations were not out of keeping with the old tradition, for 'The Era' described them as 'a quartette of gentlemen dressed in the height of fashion, discoursing most elegant music.' But the comedian who burlesqued the speech of the Ghost of Hamlet's father, in a costume that was half armour and half mourning, accorded with the idea of 'songs in character' which belonged to the musick-houses and music-halls, rather than to the homely gatherings of the kind which made Colonel Newcome exclaim, 'I say, Clive: this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall come here often. Landlord; may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshment?'

Those were happy nights when the supper-room had not yet become completely transformed—the days when the chairman still reigned. At Evans's, where 'Paddy' Green strutted around in pride with ever-open snuff-box, and Skinner, the waiter, took full advantage of the crush at the exit to show his skill in adding bills rapidly and inaccurately to his own advantage, the chairman was Herr Von Joel. Once upon a time he had been famous for his imitations of 'de trosh, de plackpird, de lark, and de nachtingul,' and now for his way of selling cigars. While the 'gents' ate kidneys, sausage, poached eggs, chop, steak, or toasted cheese, he gave out the number of the song in the books handed out by Skinner. As long as the chairmen lasted, the music-hall possessed some of the spirit of a club; they sat with their backs to the stage to bridge the gulf between entertainers and entertained. But the privileges of the position were abused. Not content with the tributes humbly offered by those who wanted to sit at their tables, some of the chairmen began to extort tips from the singers by means of the threat that they would hammer for applause only on behalf of those who gave. The office was abolished. One of the most impressive of the last to hold it was afterwards engaged to open cab-doors outside a 'theatre of variety.'

As the fondness for 'good old glee-singing' died, the vogue of the popular song increased rapidly in vigour. There was, especially, a ready response to appeals to good-fellowship, which seemed to have their origin in the chairman's rebuke of, 'Orders, gents.' The audience was exhorted to become members of the 'Rollicking Rams,' who scorned 'such drinks as lemonade, soda, seltzer, beer,' and to emulate either 'Tommy Dodd,' who always stood 'Glasses round, cigars as well,' or 'Racketty Jack,' who was 'the boy for a spree.' These ballads had very little rhyme and no reason; the choruses were mere repetitions of such statements as :

'Champagne Charlie is my name,
Good for any game at night, my boys,'

or

'Slap bang! Here we are again!
Such jolly dogs are we!'

And that the result was not dejection and gloom is proof of the powers of the 'Lions Comiques' who sang them. George Leybourne was the foremost. Though a mechanic before he was engaged at the Canterbury, he took so easily to the character of the immaculate Champagne Charlie on the boards that he found champagne, silk hats, fur-collared coats, and four-in-hands necessary to his position in private life. Thus, although he might earn a hundred and twenty pounds a week, he would spend so much in extravagance and reckless generosity that he was too poor to retire when illness overcame him at the age of forty-two. In the autumn of 1884 he was singing at the Queen's, Poplar. He arrived at that hall each night worn out. 'All your friends are waiting for you,' the manager said one night. Leybourne replied angrily, 'Friends? I have no friends.' Yet directly the band began to play his songs he sprang from his chair and swaggered to the footlights full of the old fire. He performed at the Queen's throughout the week: a few days later he died.

The end of 'The Great Vance,' the singer of 'Slap Bang,' was still more sudden. He had been a favourite of the halls before Leybourne, whom he outlived by four years. He was fifty years of age when he dropped dead while singing 'Is he guilty?' at the Sun, Knightsbridge,

on the Boxing Night of 1888. There were other 'lions comiques' who were styled great, but all the critics of this period agreed that the 'supreme genius of the variety stage' was Jenny Hill. Before she became 'The Vital Spark' she spent years of drudgery in a public-house, singing until long past midnight, and beginning the day's labour by scrubbing floors at five o'clock in the morning. While in her teens she married an acrobat, and in a year or two was looking for work with a child in her arms. She importuned an agent until he sent her to the London Pavilion with a note which read, 'Don't trouble to see bearer'; but she was given her chance and succeeded so well that Champagne Charlie himself was kept waiting in the 'wings,' until he took the little girl in his arms and held her up to the view of the delighted audience. With the tawdry sentimentality of 'Sweet Violets' or the humour of 'The Coffee Shop Girl,' who imitated her customers and danced 'the cellar flap,' Jenny Hill won fame and earned a fortune—but lost it all just as the privations of her early life began to take their toll. There was no sparkle or vitality left in the poor, wan little woman of forty-six who died in a dull apartment at Brixton in the summer of 1896.

By now there was evidence of a new phase in the history of the music-hall, a phase that might be called the Cockney Period. Sam Cowell, who died at the age of forty-three in 1864, was its forerunner. (Such admirable ballads as 'The Rat-catcher's Daughter' and 'Villikins and his Dinah,' which he sung at Evans's, have been revived in the variety theatres of to-day by Muriel George and Ernest Butcher as part of a repertoire mainly consisting of old folk-songs.) The next in the line of Cockneys was the Great Vance, in the moments when he threw off his elegance and sang:

'I'm a Chickaleary bloke, with my one, two, three,
Vitechapel was the willage I was born in,
To catch me on the hop,
Or on my tibby drop
You must vake up wery early in the mornin'.'

There was also a grocer's apprentice named Thomas Hudson, who sang of the life of London streets in 'Walker, the Tuppenny Postman' and 'The Dog's

Meat Man,' besides adding 'Jack Robinson' to the catch-words of the language in a song about a sailor of this name. But after Vance the tradition was left to feminine care. Jenny Hill, in characteristic fashion, had coloured drab reality with Cockney humour, and Bessie Bellwood expressed all the irrepressible pertness of Harriet on holiday. Very little has been written of her performances on the stage, but there are many stories of her quickness in repartee. She challenged the audience to bouts of wit, and she always won as triumphantly as when she bludgeoned a boaster with, 'Well, your grandfather may have been a bloomin' Emperor, but, anyway, your mother sold coke to the man who ran away with my aunt.' Bessie Bellwood died at the age of thirty-nine in 1896—she was still well loved and crowds lined the streets at her funeral—but her spirit lived again in Marie Lloyd. In consequence of the similarity, one is often named as the heroine of exploits actually carried out by the other, but there was a marked dissimilarity in their characters. Both off and on the stage Bessie Bellwood was careless of her dress, carefree in her manners, and a Harriet to the core. On the other hand, Marie Lloyd, who was studied in her dress, won affection not by a slap-dash carelessness but by a carefully studied style. She could express so much with such little effort that she often said too much when she said more than a nod. There were times when she was very severely criticised, and a song called 'A Saucy Bit o' Crackling' brought to an end her engagements in pantomime at Drury Lane. Yet her happiest moments were those when she merely reproduced homely little mishaps of everyday life.

There was also Dan Leno, born Galvin. His parents, under the names of Mr and Mrs Johnny Wilde, danced and sang at the Rotunda, near Blackfriars Bridge, before the days of the song-and-supper rooms. Their life travelling from town to town was so full of hardships that their son could not be allowed to remain idle even in his infancy. He had to earn his living as the partner of his uncle, Johnny Danvers, who was of about the same age. After dancing for hours at a time in a public-house to win a handful of coppers, they would be grateful for the chance to sleep on the floor of an unfurnished garret. Mr Seymour Hicks repeats a conversation he had with

Dan Leno on the subject of those desperate struggles. After the boys had tired themselves out, they were not content to sleep. Instead, they told each other stories,

'the rule being that if one of them made a hit with the other by his effort, he always got up, rolled up the window blind as if it were an act drop, took a call to an imaginary audience on the tiles and bowed his acknowledgement to the roof.'

Dan Leno first aroused attention by his clog-dancing, but it was his comic representation of an old woman singing 'Milk for the Twins' which gave him his chance in London pantomimes. From this time forward he began to make himself known to the world. He was 'the Garrick of the halls,' until the strain of his exertions was too great for his reason; he died in 1904 at the age of forty-five. Marie Lloyd's life also ended tragically. Because she had given away the fortune she had earned, she had to return to the halls to sing, 'I'm the ruin that Cromwell knocked about a bit,' with all that remained of her strength. She died six years ago, aged fifty-two, although she seemed to be much older. This is often the case with those who start life early in vaudeville.

Though the comedian known as Little Tich continued in the old ways until he died in the February of 1928, the music-hall of the Cockney tradition had ended several years before. Alcoholic humour, with its stress on the mirth to be found in the misfortunes of wretched old women, was part of the Victorian scheme of things which lasted into the twentieth century only as survivals. In a society which set too great store by seemliness, vulgarity was a relaxation from rigid respectability. Many might exaggerate the talents of the red-nosed comedians, but those who had anticipated the change of intellectual fashion were protesting against such testimony early in the 'nineties. When Mr George Moore declared that living art was to be found in the music-hall and not in the theatre, Mr William Archer replied that the art of the music-hall was the art of 'elaborate ugliness, blatant vulgarity, alcoholic humour, and rancid sentiment.' It exhibited, he said, the life of the rich as one long rowdy swagger, the life of the poor as a lark, beery, maudlin Bank Holiday. To him it was a significant, not to say a

terrible, fact that not one verse, not one line of any music-hall song had passed into the common stock of the language; and he asked whether there was ever in the world such 'a gigantic mass of effort, in the direction of literature and art, so hopelessly ephemeral and negligible in its results'? Many shared this view. Intelligent observers, who had not let their sense of pleasure run away with their common sense, mingled their reminiscences of hours of idleness with mild complaints of the silliness which at length drove them from the halls. They agreed with Mr. Archer that the success of the music-hall 'artiste' lay in 'working-up to their highest potency a few tricks and mannerisms of vocalisation and expression, till their sheer grotesqueness became magnetic.' The moment this point had been reached the red-nosed comedians came to a standstill. Excess of popularity prevented them from changing their style by as much as a hair's-breadth. Chirgwin, the 'White-Eyed Kaffir,' was still asked to sing 'The Poor Blind Boy' and 'My Fiddle is My Sweetheart' when he was celebrating his fiftieth year as a 'turn.' Sam Redfern, the 'Black Boss of the Benighted Bohemians,' kept to the style of 'On it like a bird' or 'I'll bet you a dollar you don't' from the beginning to the end of his career. For forty years Dutch Daly played the concertina and talked his patter while maintaining a look of the utmost gravity; and for those forty years he began with, 'Strolling past the church last Sunday morning.' Music-hall enthusiasts maintained that jokes, like wine, improved with age, but the public at length tired and doomed several 'veterans of variety' to live in poverty without the hope of engagements. Two—Mark Sheridan and T. E. Dunville—committed suicide on finding that the old ways would no longer do.

The old music-hall had died, but vaudeville lived on in the variety theatre, whose scope was to prove wide enough to include the delicacy of Yvette Guilbert's ballads and the subtlety of Ruth Draper's caricatures of modern social types. The generation which made this change possible neglected the comedians who tried to wear Dan Leno's shoes and applauded singers who, instead of giving life's squalors a twist to make them appear funny, represented the side of life that was genuinely humorous. Albert Chevalier had been the forerunner of these. When

he left the theatre in order to sing on 'the halls,' he did not delight in drunkenness, wife-beating, mothers-in-law, and funerals, but in the coster's high spirits. Then Sir Harry Lauder brought with him from the north a sense of all the good things of life, particularly of courtship; and Eugene Stratton, singing the melodies of Leslie Stuart, transformed the nigger minstrel into a being not unknown to romance. It was possible now to see the weak side of Mr. Archer's argument. The fact that the songs of the music-hall were ephemeral no longer seemed 'terrible.' Butterflies are not less beautiful because they are short-lived, and the music-hall performers' power to amuse must not be gainsaid because it is elusive or because the verses they sing are lifeless in print. 'Mary, my Scotch Bluebell' cannot be set by the side of 'Highland Mary,' but Lauder is not altogether unlike Burns in his power to make people sing love songs once again. The bond between them is that each is a minstrel. Each has the power of making his hearers want to sing; each adds glamour to emotional experiences common to all men. Though comedians cannot be poets, they may excite poetic feelings in their hearers, and this was what the singers of 'variety' tried to do: the simple tunes of Leslie Stuart and Sir Harry Lauder have been sung for many years, and there is still little sign that the public is tiring of them. Knockabout humour has also grown more sensitive. Music-hall 'sketches' of the older type, such as 'Black Justice,' with its broad nigger humour, and 'The Mumming Birds,' relied largely on the jokes of falls and blows; but in the hands of Mr Harry Tate, well served by his author, Mr Wal Pink, the sketch aims at such whimsical, inconsequential nonsense as that of Lewis Carroll.

There is, in fact, so much to be commended in British 'variety' that its threatened overthrow by the hectic spirit of American 'vodeville' is a possibility to be deplored. Ever since the mild strains of 'I Love a Lassie' were temporarily drowned by 'Alexander's Ragtime Band'—the first example of jazz to be heard in England—performers have preferred American rhymes and rhythms to simple ditties that try to be expressive of life. There was a time when the influence of the negro overwhelmed London variety theatres. During the post-

war depression the wild outbursts of Nora Bayes aroused more public excitement than that of an operatic triumph. Fortunately this phase passed, and although the syncopated song, with bands specially designed to play it, has come to stay, its vogue has not obstructed the rise of such singers as Will Fyffe, who follows in Lauder's footsteps as an actor of Scottish characters, although he lacks that comedian's minstrel quality. But vaudeville is always changing. Every year the public chooses a fresh idol and imposes its will on those critics who are prone to rhapsodise. It is useless to mention the idol of the moment; his or her name may change before these words are in print.

So far we have been considering the aspect of vaudeville which mirrors the life of the times and is, therefore, ever-changing. Meanwhile, however, the exhibitors of physical skill preserve their ancient traditions. The acrobats still perform the very feats that are illustrated by the frescoes in the tombs at Beni-Hassan, and trainers make performing animals repeat the tricks that we read of in records of centuries ago. There have been many celebrated wire-walkers, but few could equal the skill of the most renowned rope-dancers of the eighteenth century, although Blondin excelled them in daring. The trapeze was new in the nineteenth century, and on this Leotard was the prince of performers. In juggling the modern performer is far more highly skilled than any we may read of. Hazlitt, in his essay on 'The Indian Jugglers,' thought that the power of keeping four balls moving through the air represented 'the utmost stretch of human ingenuity.' If he could have grown enthusiastic over this elementary feat, what would he have written of Cinquevalli, who combined the juggler's skill with the 'strong man's' power, and revealed at the same time a very amiable sense of humour? And how would he have praised Rastelli, who eclipses all the records of juggling by keeping eight plates in play—among other record-breaking feats?

To name all the crafts of vaudeville would make too long a catalogue to be printed here. There are the fire-eaters and water-spouters, the freaks, dwarfs and giants, the ventriloquists, and clowns. There are the conjurors who astonish by their quickness, the illusionists who

deceive by means of cunning apparatus, and the handcuffings, notably the late Harry Houdini, whose ability to escape from almost any bonds is not to be understood by the lay mind. Then there are the lightning-caricaturists, the mind-readers, the singers of impromptu verses, the actress who is '61 but looks 16,' the ingenious fellow who produces musical sounds by tapping his chin, the man who pretends to be a monkey (the hoax is being played again), and the tramp who smashes crockery, lamp-shades, and furniture. And after we have named all these, we have yet to mention some of the mainstays of 'variety.' There is, for instance, the ballet which was bequeathed to the music-hall by the opera-house in the 'sixties. When the Diaghlieff Ballet returned after the War, it was housed at the Coliseum, where the ballerine of the world are always welcomed. 'There is no brighter gem in the crown of the music-hall than the ballet,' H. G. Hibbert said; and the assertion remains true.

In the same programme as the ballerina we have sometimes found cowboys from the Rodeo, polo or lawn-tennis champions, and trick-riders from the circus. Such performances, and even the scientific demonstrations which are given from time to time, become more or less acclimatised—even in those rare cases which cannot be paralleled in the programmes of the musick-houses. But the player from the legitimate theatre is still essentially a stranger. Though Bernhardt, Tree, Alexander, H. B. Irving, the Vanbrughs, and many other players of note have become 'shows' in a variety entertainment, the people of the theatre and the people of the variety theatre seldom mingle successfully. The actor condescends when he enters the music-hall, and yet the professions of jester, minstrel, and acrobat are older than his by far; he does not give his best to the halls as they do, but simply exhibits himself. With musicians the case is different; even though they often play to the gallery when they become 'turns,' they have helped the music-hall to fill a part in the history of music. While many of its orchestras are not to be listened to without exasperation, some 'houses' have carefully maintained a tradition for not offending in this respect, and under the direction of Mr Herman Finck, the Palace won the respect of many music-lovers.

So wide is the scope for a manager's preferences in all species of 'variety,' apart from the singers of popular songs, that one music-hall may be distinct from another in character although performers travel from one to the other. Nowadays, however, each seeks to appeal to a wide public by means of seats at low prices. Performances 'twice nightly' enable managements to provide cheap entertainment, and the system works so well that it is in force throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. The Coliseum alone can afford to give performances twice daily instead ; but here we have a place of entertainment whose character is unique, since it takes less note of the desire for frank enjoyment than of the desire to see celebrities no matter whether performers or not. Thus another interpretation has been given to the term 'variety.' But though the old music-hall has vanished, the new spirit is very profitable, and the statisticians of its managements refute the statement that it is 'dead.'

M. WILLSON DISHER.

Art. 6.—‘A SOCIALIST FANTASY’: A REPLY.

MISS RAMSAY published, in the last number of the ‘Quarterly Review,’ an article making grave imputations on our integrity, accusing us of wilful unfairness and unscrupulous methods. She stated that she visited the Record Office to check our statements, and that she found that we had made an improper use of our material, printing in our book just what suited our prejudices, omitting and confusing essential facts, and giving a false impression of letters that had passed through our hands. As these documents are not easy of access, this is as grave a charge as can be brought against an author. The editor, for whose courtesy and sense of fairness we are grateful, has consented, at great inconvenience to his arrangements, to publish our answer to these charges. But he is obliged to put a very strict limit on our space, and we propose, therefore, to take a few of the most serious charges and to examine them in detail, leaving our readers to judge when that examination is over, what weight the rest of the article should carry.

Before entering on this task we have one remark to make. Miss Ramsay sets out, as she explains, to discredit our book. We will quote her lively metaphors: ‘I aspire to play jackal to Professor Clapham’s lion: if I may adapt the old song,

“He (i.e. Professor Clapham) will sit on their white hawse-bane,
And I’ll pike out their bonnie blue een.”’

Miss Ramsay must have felt, when handling a book she meant to treat in this spirit, that the obligation to be exact in quoting from its pages was specially strong. On her first page she quotes from the ‘Town Labourer.’ Here is the passage as she gives it:

‘The power which was flooding the world with its lavish gifts was destined to become a fresh menace to the freedom and the happiness of men.’

Here is the passage as it appears in the ‘Town Labourer’:

‘For the working classes the most important fact about that wealth was that it was wealth in dangerous disorder, for

unless these new forces could be brought under the control of the common will, the power that was flooding the world with its lavish gifts was destined to become a fresh menace to the freedom and the happiness of men.'

More than half our sentence has slipped through her fingers with consequences fatal to its sense. So easy is it to make a large blunder under circumstances in which the smallest mistake must distress the writer's conscience.

The first case we propose to take is the Seamen's Strike on the Tyne and Wear in 1815. We deal with this incident first, and at what may seem disproportionate length, because, if Miss Ramsay's charges are true, then our most partial friends must acknowledge that we are unfit to handle documents. Miss Ramsay states that she has compared our account of the strike with the Home Office papers from which it is drawn, and that she has found ours to be entirely misleading.

'On referring to the Home Office papers,' she writes, 'we find that (1) the strike was *not* originally caused by "the practice of the shipowners of undermanning their ships" (2) the strike was *not* "suppressed by the use of troops"; and (3) the masters did *not* "win a victory by the aid of the forces of the Crown," because they did not win a victory at all. The strike ended in a compromise, in which most of the men's demands were granted.'

We propose first to vindicate our account on these points. (1) Few strikes can be traced to a single grievance. In this case manning was not the only grievance, but it was the chief grievance. Miss Ramsay evidently overlooked the Memorial of the Shipowners of the Tyne sent to the Home Office on Oct. 21,* for she says: 'The strike thus began over a question of wages; but when this seemed in a way to be settled, the question of manning the ships was brought up.' The Memorial begins:

'Sheweth unto Lordship that on the 4th September last a Body of Seamen consisting of about 50 Men, collected at the Mouth of this Harbour, and forcibly prevented Ships, laden with Coals for the London Market, from sailing, unless

* Home Office Documents for October 1815 come in H.O. 42. 146; those for November in H.O. 42. 147.

the Owners would comply with certain demands made by the Seamen, both as to the Question of Wages, and the number of Seamen to be employed on board each Ship.

'On the 7th September a Petition purporting to come from the seamen of South Shields and its Vicinity was presented to your Memorialists praying "That the Ships should carry five Men and one Boy for every 100 Tons; that no Foreigner be employed in this Trade unless he produces Documents of his Servitude; that no person be employed as a Waterman on this River, without producing an Indenture, and that no Pilots be permitted to act as Foymen or temporary Assistants to Ships coming in or going out of Harbour except in cases of Necessity.'

Thus the question of manning was raised at the outset. On Sept. 9 the Tyne shipowners offered 5*l.* a voyage; on Sept. 19 they mentioned this offer, and in the whole history of the complicated negotiations on the Tyne, in which magistrates and naval officers took part, the question of wages was never raised again. At Sunderland, as we shall see, wages were discussed at a later stage, but they were of quite subsidiary importance. Dr Gray, Vicar of Bishops Wearmouth, a parson-magistrate, wrote on Oct. 23 that, however reprehensible the men's conduct may have been, 'the chief object of the main Body of them has been to procure the Establishment of some Pledge for a future Attention to the Preservation of their Lives. . . .'

(2) How were the troops actually employed? The seamen had blockaded the Tyne by a bridge of boats, and it was decided to break this bridge down. What happened is described in the 'Annual Register' for 1815. (Chron. p. 80.) 'A body of marines first took possession of the bridge of boats, which formed the passage for the sailors between the North and South side of the river; and the latter being thus deprived of the means of escape, the cavalry on the north side made more of a demonstration than of a real charge against them. This was sufficient, however, to drive them to the riverside, and place them entirely at the mercy of the soldiers, and accordingly they sought their safety in dispersion and flight. The commanders of the forces anticipating such an event had ordered a particular look-out to be kept for the *Committee*, who were known by their dress. The

greatest part of them seized a boat, and attempted their escape by water, but were made prisoners in their flight.' Nothing in the Home Office papers discredits this account. On the question how far the troops can be said to have suppressed the strike we may quote General Wynyard, in command of the northern district at York. Writing on Oct. 23 he says: 'The conduct of the Ship Owners in shifting this distressing business from their own, to the shoulders of the Government appears to me as disgraceful as it is cowardly.'

(3) So much for the use of the naval and military forces. We will now see whether the word 'victory' or the word 'compromise' is applicable to the conclusion of the struggle. First we must explain that the shipowners on the Tyne had offered certain terms (with their nature we are not at present concerned) to the seamen, who had promised an answer on the 19th or 20th. No answer had come; on the 20th it was decided to clear the port; on the 21st the naval and military demonstration took place as described. General Riall, who was in command of the troops, had no doubt that the result was victory and not compromise. On Oct 23, describing his action on the day of the demonstration, he says that the magistrates again attempted to mediate, that the seamen were willing, but the shipowners 'would hear nothing but an unconditional submission.'

We will now give an account of the next developments taken from the shipowners' own account in a Memorial of the Shipping Interests of the Tyne sent up on Nov. 13 to the Home Office. On Monday, Oct. 23, at noon, a general meeting of shipowners was convened, and a resolution entered into that as the seamen have refused to accept the proposals of Oct. 7, the shipowners consider themselves 'no longer bound by the conditions therein proposed' but 'to satisfy the Public and to show their own determination to pursue a liberal and honorable course of conduct' they are 'willing to extend the same conditions to such of the Well disposed Seamen' as come in at once 'provided they return to their Duty, and accept the same within 48 Hours From This Time.' The North Shields seamen gave in on the 23rd, the South Shields on the 24th. 'Gave in' is the phrase used by the shipowners. Thus on the Tyne the men

returned on the terms offered by the masters on Oct. 7, the masters having rejected the magistrates' offers of mediation. As final evidence on the question of 'victory' or 'compromise' we quote from a letter from Lord Sidmouth, written on Oct. 29. 'It is a great Relief and Satisfaction to me that the Disturbances at Shields have been terminated without Bloodshed and without Compromise.'

The rejection of all the masters' proposals was due to a deep-seated suspicion on which some light is thrown by General Riall's letter of Oct. 23, written two days after the military demonstration :

'It appears to me and to every Magistrate that I have conversed with, that the Shipowners have not acted in such a Manner as to bring the Sailors to a sense of their duty by candid and fair conduct with them; on the contrary that they have tried every means to deceive them, which of course has caused a great deal of irritation amongst the Seamen; and now that it has become a subject in which the Government must interfere; a question in short between it and the Seamen; the Shipowners have receded from all the engagements and promises they had made before.'

But this does not completely dispose of the matter, for at Sunderland, where the seamen, though acting under the General Committee at Shields, had a certain autonomy, affairs took a different course. By the influence of the two parson magistrates, Dr Gray and Mr Nesfield, a settlement here rightly described as a compromise,* was arrived at on Oct. 21, the day of the military demonstration. The question of wages offered little difficulty; the shipowners had already, on Oct. 13, agreed to give 4 guineas a voyage, they now proposed 4*l.* 10*s.* till March 25; a scale of manning the ships, the real point at issue, was now drawn up which satisfied both parties. But what happened to this compromise? Its fate is described by General Riall, in a letter received by General Wynyard on Oct. 26 :

'At Sunderland where a compromise had been made with the Ship Owners and an agreement entered into with the Seamen that a certain number were to be taken into each

* Cartwright, the Home Office envoy, called it (Oct. 25) 'a timely union of coercion and compromise.'

Ship according to her size or Tonnage, they have broken their faith in a very shameful manner, the numbers were actually taken on board eight ships, but after the ships had got a certain distance from the Harbour the *extra* men they had promised to take were relanded.'

Dr Gray, who had helped in all good faith to achieve this compromise, explained to Sidmouth on Oct. 29, that the scale of manning was not properly pledged, and was without the shipowners' signatures. On Nov. 3, thirteen days after the agreement was made, he again reports that 'it is to be regretted' that no signatures, except that of the Chairman have ever been affixed, 'and complaints still continue that it is not generally and faithfully observed.' He urges 'Legislative Regulations (either with respect to the Number of Men to be employed or the mode of ensuring by Companies).' Mr Nesfield, the other clergyman, who negotiated the final settlement, wrote still more strongly in a memorial to the Prince Regent, dated Oct. 25 :

'I humbly beg leave to state to your Royal Highness that from what I have witnessed at Sunderland I am perfectly of opinion, that unless some Act of the Legislature be passed by which to govern all contracts between the Owners and the Men, and a fixed scale be appointed by which all Vessels of the coasting Trade ought to be manned and from which no Deviation could take place except under heavy penalties, there will never be an End to these Disturbances.'

Thus so far was this compromise from securing a fair settlement of the problem of manning, that the magistrates who helped to bring it about urged the Government to coerce the shipowners by legislation.

As a summary of the end in both places we will quote from Sykes' 'Local Records of Northumberland and Durham' (Vol. II, p. 95).

'The above meetings had a very alarming appearance, being composed principally of men just liberated from his majesty's service ; but the ship-owners resisting their demands and getting the aid of the navy and military, together with the vigorous measures pursued by the magistrates, the seamen were subjected without bloodshed, and brought to a sense of their duty, Oct: 24, 1815, when near two hundred vessels proceeded to sea.'

We must now deal briefly with Miss Ramsay's own account of the end of the struggle.

'At last the masters gave in; on Oct. 21st they consented to print the terms. Concessions had been made as to the manning of the ships, [here an elaborate table of scales is given in a footnote] a rise of wages was granted; and there were now enough ships in port to give employment to all the seamen there. The men's demands had not been granted in their entirety, but they had obtained nearly all they asked for, and the terms were regarded as fair both by their well-wishers and by all the men themselves, except a few "idle dissolute fellows, whom few will employ, good for nothing at sea," as Cartwright said. As these still refused to give in, the magistrates decided to act at last. The war-ships seized the seamen's boats, and allowed those who wished to accept the settlement to sail free from molestation.'

This account is documented by various references to Home Office papers. How could the same documents provide two such different stories?

The explanation is simple. Miss Ramsay has misread the documents she quotes; other essential documents she has overlooked. She has failed in the first place to see the difference between the Tyne and the Wear, between Shields and Sunderland. The scales on which she rests her case for representing the conclusion of the struggle as a compromise, refer to Sunderland only and were definitely refused on the Tyne. Their fate at Sunderland we have already seen. Secondly, the words she quotes from Cartwright, the Home Office envoy, have nothing to do with the context in which she places them. They were written on Oct. 17 (not on Oct. 14 as she states) and come in a passage where, after lamenting the necessity of using force, the writer states that though 'there are numbers of Idle dissolute fellows' who like to keep up the struggle, 'a *large proportion* of the men' would gladly accept 'any terms they could obtain' 'for the sake of their starving families.' So far indeed is Cartwright from discussing or expecting any satisfactory compromise, that he advises the policy of using marines to escort ships out of harbour as the most humane way of ending the struggle. By this policy the combination would be dissolved, and the ringleaders could be punished.

'I should feel much more pleased,' he adds, 'to hear that the seamen were quietly dispersed than that the differences were adjusted by any compromise with the owners because they would not *again* be the victims of a fraud.'

We now come to the omissions. It will be clear to our readers that Miss Ramsay never read the letters of General Riall from which we have quoted. Had she examined the Memorials of the Shipping Interests of the Tyne, sent up on Oct. 21 and Nov. 13, she would have seen that though a scale was constantly asked for by seamen and magistrates the masters as consistently refused to give one, since such a concession, they pointed out, would admit 'a principal calculated to deprive the Shipowner of exercising his own Judgement in the mode of employing his own property, a principal subversive of the General Law of Property'; she would have seen that the masters' proposals outlined on Sept. 19, formulated on Oct. 4, reiterated and republished on Oct. 7, and adhered to throughout, were to leave the matter of manning to the Committees of the different Insurance Clubs with a recommendation to these Committees 'to order such Ships as have been short Manned to take adequate Crews, and even more than the Committees in any other Circumstances would think necessary for the Secure Navigation of the Vessels'; and to allow the Harbour Master to inspect the ships; that in answer to the seamen's continued scepticism as to their good faith, the masters formulated on the 13th certain methods for the application of these proposals by means of leaving printed or written notices on each ship; that the seamen were still unconvinced; that though there is a handbill dated Oct. 20 stating that the magistrates of Durham, Newcastle, and Northumberland consider the masters' written proposals of Oct. 7 and the mode proposed for carrying them out 'a satisfactory Pledge that the Plan will be immediately acted upon and continued till Parliament meets,' yet on Oct. 21, the very day of the naval and military demonstration, the Quarter Sessions met at North Shields and, 'strongly impressed with the Idea that the Ship Owners had not dealt fairly with the Seamen,' again asked that a scale should be given, and were again told that it was 'inadmissible.' This is the

account given by the Tyne shipowners themselves of their answer to the magistrates on Oct. 21. Had Miss Ramsay read it she could hardly have written 'at last the masters gave in; on Oct. 21st they consented to print the terms.'

What, then, do we find from the documents? The men demanded a scale, and the magistrates approved that demand; no scale was granted on the Tyne; a scale was granted at Sunderland but was not properly signed, and was not observed; soldiers and magistrates deplored the advantage taken by the masters of the victory they owed to the intervention of the troops, and the parson magistrates on the Wear urged the Government to take measures to coerce them. The account given in the 'Town Labourer,' pp. 28-30, is accurate in every detail.

We next take a case in which we are charged with suppressing Home Office documents that do not suit our purpose. Miss Ramsay quotes the following passage:

'Until Peel's advent the Home Office appear to have done nothing or next to nothing to discourage illegalities on the part of the magistrates, and the law-officers on one occasion set an example in proposing to violate the principles of what Bacon calls "clear and round dealing" between men. This was in 1802, when there were disturbances in the south-west over the introduction of gig-mills. A number of shearmen waited, by invitation, on a manufacturer named Jones to discuss the situation; the meeting broke up without result, and the delegates, seven in number, told the manufacturer that the shearmen throughout the country were united in their opposition to the new machinery. The account of these proceedings was sent to the Home Office, and it bears the following remarkable endorsement: "We are of opinion that the Conduct of the Individuals who came to Mr. Jones's House will support an indictment for a Conspiracy, and we should recommend an Indictment to be prepared and sent down to the Assizes for Wiltshire charging these seven men with such Conspiracy and that Mr. Hobhouse and the other persons present with Mr. Jones should attend at the Assizes to go before the Grand Jury with the Bill. (Signed) Sp. Perceval. Thos. Manners Sutton." This tempting invitation was declined by the employers, but the methods of justice revealed in the Home Office papers were in keeping with this proposal.'

Miss Ramsay charges us with omitting to give a description of the disturbances mentioned in this passage, and describes them herself at some length. Our answer is that we did not and do not consider either the origin or the course of these disturbances relevant to the theme discussed in that passage. If we had introduced the riots we should have had to explain that the rioters were demanding the enforcement of an Act which, though obsolete, was still on the Statute Book, a fact which Miss Ramsay thinks it unnecessary to mention. Nothing of all this was pertinent. The incident we described was self-contained. The proposal to prosecute seven men for conspiracy for their conduct at a conference with their employers could not be justified or extenuated by anything they had done before coming to that conference. We may note by the way that, on p. 56, Miss Ramsay objects to our statement that these men were invited to see Mr Jones; on p. 57 she quotes from Mr Jones's letter deprecating prosecution the following words, 'The seven men who came to my house . . . were promised that no advantage should be taken of their attendance on that occasion by the person who persuaded them to see me.'

But the matter does not end here, for this incident enables us to test not merely particular charges, but the general charge of unfairness on which Miss Ramsay's article depends. For it happens that these very incidents which she accuses us of suppressing we have ourselves described in detail, not indeed in the 'Town Labourer,' where an account of them is not relevant, but in the companion volume, the 'Skilled Labourer,' where they find their proper place. We will now compare her account and ours, published ten years before it. Miss Ramsay on the riots:

'On turning to this [the H.O. bundle 42. 65] the first letter that appears is from Mr Jones himself. He writes that for three weeks past the country has been in a turmoil: last Thursday a mob of shearmen came to his factory, and for the space of half an hour fired through the windows of the factory and the overseer's house, "ball, slug and small shot." Fortunately the factory was empty, but the overseer's little children only escaped by crawling under the beds. The rioters were well armed, for most of them were discharged militia-men who had bought their muskets.

'The rioting continued. Between April 22 and July 23, ricks were fired on four occasions; shots were fired in at blacklegs' windows twice, and twice in at masters' windows; a cart of cloth, value £200, was destroyed; a master received an anonymous letter threatening murder; a barn and stable were burned; an unoccupied house was burned; two mills were burned, with a loss of 1500*l.*, and 5000*l.* respectively; and another mill was threatened, but troops arrived in time to save it.'

The 'Skilled Labourer' on the riots (p. 171):

'The serious campaign against gig mills began with their introduction into Wiltshire, in the towns of Warminster and Bradford in the spring of 1802. The shearmen refused to finish cloth previously put in a gig mill, and a series of outrages ensued in the course of which the men not only destroyed property but fired into the windows of the owners or workers of the unpopular machinery. Public sympathy was on the side of the shearmen. In addition to the dispute about gig mills the shearmen at Trowbridge, where there were no gig mills, had a difference with the master clothiers on the subject of wages early in July, but after a week's strike five clothiers met a deputation of five shearmen and acceded to their terms. But the dissatisfaction with the use of gig mills still remained and showed itself in violent forms. On July 21, 1802, a cottage fulling and spinning mill at Littleton was burnt down; another mill at Steeple Ashton was also fired a few days later, and by the end of July it was estimated that no less than 8000*l.* of damage had been done.'

Miss Ramsay on the negotiations:

'Mr. Jones first asked the shearmen how many unemployed there were in the parish. They replied, about thirty. He then offered to give employment to all these, "rather than use the frames for the cutting (sic) and shearing of cloth whilst any such men should want work, and added that in future no gigging or shearing should be done by him in account of other manufacturers." This offer "they rejected on behalf of the body of shearmen who deputed them, and declared it was the resolution of the shearmen throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland not to work after machinery," while one of them "declared he would rather be hung (sic) than recommend the Shearmen to accept Mr Jones's offer or to work after machinery."'

The 'Skilled Labourer' on the negotiations (p. 173):

'A deputation of seven shearmen waited on July 26 on Mr Jones of Bradford, one of the masters who had lately set up a gig mill. Mr Hobhouse was also present at the deputation. Mr Jones made the fair offer not only to give work to all at present unemployed in the parish of Bradford (stated by them to be thirty in number), but "always to give a preference to the employment of Men of the said Parish rather than use Frames for the cutting or Sheering of Cloth whilst any such men should want work"; he further promised not to do gigging or shearing for hire. These liberal terms did not satisfy the deputation; they rejected them on behalf of the body of shearmen "and declared it was the resolution of the Shearmen throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland not to work after Machinery."'

In a later passage in the 'Skilled Labourer' we described the '*conciliatory and reasonable attitude*' of the master clothiers of the south-west, and gave our own explanation of the failure of these negotiations, which was that the Combination Acts destroyed all mutual confidence between men and masters. Can any one with our narrative before him consider that Miss Ramsay is justified in presenting us as writers who cannot be trusted to give a fair account of a controversy between masters and workmen?

We come now to a case in which we have to acknowledge an error, an error to which Miss Ramsay has already called attention elsewhere. We gave a note left by Sir Robert Peel on a letter incorrectly. (See H.O. 40. 27, Nov. 13, 1830.) We gave the note in this form:

'I take the liberty of recommending the whole of this correspondence *re* the Union to the immediate and serious consideration of my successor at the Home Department.'

The note ought to have read:

'I take the liberty of recommending the subject of this letter and the whole of my recent confidential communications with Mr Foster respecting the Trades Union at Manchester to the immediate and serious consideration of my successor in the Home Department.'

This slip was the result of a misunderstanding between the person who copied and the persons who read the copy. We are ready to accept blame from any writer who has never suffered a similar misfortune. Miss Ramsay is

in no position to blame any one. On pp. 56-57 she quotes ten lines from a document in H.O. 42. 65, in which she makes eight small slips, altering five words and omitting three; in copying the table of scales of manning, already mentioned, she gets three figures wrong; in summarising Dr Gray's letter of Oct. 14 she changes 'experienced man' into 'impartial judge,' a phrase she repeats thrice; on p. 46 she quotes some words from Dr Mitchell's Report to the Factory Commission of 1833. The words she gives are 'trivial indeed compared to the injury inflicted on the child.' Dr Mitchell's own words are 'for such a trivial recompence, wholly losing the time which ought to be bestowed on their education.' We have rarely known a pen so unsteady between inverted commas.

But the matter is not ended here, for even where we are wrong Miss Ramsay is not right. Miss Ramsay states that the letter of Mr. Foster's in question was 'a letter outlining possible measures against picketing.' After recording our error she continues:

'... the abridgement alters the meaning. Peel wished to recommend to his successor the need of taking action against picketing, and referred to the preliminary correspondence merely as giving information of the state of affairs in the north; but from the Hammond version it is possible to infer that he was recommending his successor to take action against the Trades Union itself.'

When we examine Mr Foster's letter what do we find? Mr Foster announces that the letter embodies the opinion of himself and Colonel Shaw after consulting various manufacturers. He then proceeds: 'In projecting any legislative enactment against the Union there will in the first place be no difficulty in proving its existence and to a certain degree its extent, and the amount of its income, as this proof will be supplied by the publications of the Union itself.' He next describes its activities, including picketing, and the difficulties of procuring evidence, and continues: 'I have myself been brought to the decided opinion that the Union should be checked by as strong measures as can be adopted with safety. . . .' He next discusses three methods of checking it: (1) by suppressing or restricting the Combination of Workmen

altogether; this he thinks 'would create the greatest irritation and might produce tumult and danger'; (2) by legislating 'against Unions of different Trades,' he suggests that 'much would doubtless be effected if the different trades could be disunited'; (3) 'if this be thought too strong a measure the remaining course would be to attack not the Union itself but its practices.' He then outlines measures against picketing, but ends: 'If, however, as I have said before, some more powerful and general attack could be prudently made upon the Union it appears to me that the circumstances are such as to call for it.' Either Miss Ramsay did not read Mr Foster's letter, or she read it and misunderstood it.

These instances are enough to show how far Miss Ramsay can be trusted as an exponent of unpublished documents, or as a critic of their use by others.

With her employment of Blue Books we must deal more summarily, since here it is less impossible for the ordinary reader to check Miss Ramsay's proceeding for himself. Not that he would find that process easy, for out of eleven references to Blue Books on pp. 43-48 only one is correct, one in which it is unnecessary to give pages. She talks of the Coal Commission of 1844 when she means the Mines Commission of 1842; of the Supplementary Report of the Factory Commission, 1833, when she means sometimes the First Report of 1833, and sometimes the Supplementary Report of 1834; of Peel's Commission when she means Peel's Committee.

Let us see what are her ideas of fair treatment of this evidence. On p. 48 she wants to discredit our statement that for men in the mines the working day was often 12 hours. We relied on the well-known passage in the Mines Commission of 1842, pp. 106-113, where the Commissioners give the following districts in which the hours are 12 or more; S. and N. Staffordshire, Shropshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Lancashire and Cheshire, Cumberland, Durham, Northumberland; the following districts in which they are less: West Riding (south part), Bradford and Leeds, Halifax, North Lancashire, Oldham, Forest of Dean and South Gloucestershire. If Miss Ramsay had reproduced this list her readers would have seen that it amply justified our statement. How has she treated it? 'In the bad

districts—Derby, Durham, and Eastern Scotland—far longer hours were often worked by men; but in West Yorkshire a man's day was 10–11 hours; in Bradford and Leeds the same; in Oldham, 8–10 hours; in Lancashire generally, 8–12; in Forest of Dean, 8–12; in south Gloucester, 8–10.' Thus she has given every case but one (Halifax) where the hours are less than 12, and dropped out all but three of the cases where they are 12 or more; she has dropped out Staffordshire, Shropshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Lancashire and Cheshire, Cumberland, and Northumberland. But perhaps her chief exploit is her treatment of Lancashire. The Commissioners have two paragraphs about Lancashire, apart from Oldham. They are as follows: 'Lancashire and Cheshire. In this district the hours of work are extremely variable, but from 5 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon, or from 6 in the morning to 6 in the evening appear to be the usual hours.' 'North Lancashire. In this district the hours of work vary in different collieries from 8 to 12.' Miss Ramsay suppresses the first statement and changes 'North Lancashire' to 'In Lancashire generally from 8 to 12.'

Miss Ramsay attempts to discredit our perfectly correct statements on the subject of hours in the textile mills by quoting the hours worked in other industries and at other dates. She is angry with us for talking of 14 or 15 hours confinement in the factories. She must be equally angry with Sir Robert Peel who told his Committee in 1816: 'while they [the children] are obliged to work from fourteen to fifteen hours, I conceive that attention to their religious education on a Sunday is not a thing so much to be desired.' If she had studied the history of factory legislation with more care she could not have fallen into her error. Peel's Act of 1819 limited the hours in cotton mills for children between 9 and 13, to thirteen and a half a day. If the hours Miss Ramsay cites from the Factory Commission of 1833 were, as she implies, the hours worked in 1816, why was Peel's Act necessary and why was it opposed? (Incidentally, all the cotton or woollen employers named in her table give their hours as from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., or from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. or from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m.) Miss Ramsay's exposition of the practice of the overseers in respect of relief suffers

in the same way from her disregard of the important evidence given by the Assistant Overseer from Manchester before the Lords Committee on the Cotton Factories Bill in 1818 (pp. 245 251).

Having discussed Miss Ramsay's misrepresentation of our conduct, we must say something of her misrepresentation of our book. She accuses us of writing to arouse class prejudice, and, to prove her charge, she takes sentences and half-sentences out of their context. How unscrupulously she uses this device anybody who takes the trouble to put those sentences back in their context will realise. By the use of this method you can make any book stand on its head. This is indeed the position in which, more often than not, we find our book when we come on it in her pages. We must ask leave then to put it back again upon its feet. Sometimes indeed Miss Ramsay goes further, as in her treatment of the contrast we drew between Hannah More and Shaftesbury. She points out with justice that we overlooked some sharp things that Hannah More said in the Mendip Annals about her farmer neighbours. For that we are to blame, though the omission does not affect our main thesis, which was that Hannah More's attitude to evils that Fox, Arthur Young, Whitbread, and Romilly sought to remedy by a Minimum Wages Act, and by reforming the Penal Laws and Game Laws was one of acquiescence. But Miss Ramsay, anxious to force a sinister sense upon our argument, allows herself to write a sentence that we cannot pass over in silence: 'She did not teach her little pupils to hate their cruel oppressors, but to love Jesus Christ. This is what Mr and Mrs Hammond cannot pardon her.' This sentence, in which truth and courtesy suffer equal violence at Miss Ramsay's hands, cannot be excused as due merely to the habits of mind which spread confusion over so many of her pages.

To some the past is chiefly interesting as a mob of facts, waiting in disorder until the master-hand of the statistician is ready to put them neatly in a row. The historian is the man with the super-shovel. To others, recognising to the full the services of that school, it is chiefly interesting as the story of man's efforts to create institutions that will satisfy his imagination, in politics, industry, religion, art and common culture. It is with

this view of history and this interest in history that we attempted, and are still attempting, to describe the life of an age in which revolution had given a new setting to this problem. This statement is challenged by the statisticians. They tell us that they have got the figures into order and that those figures show that there was no Industrial Revolution. Little happened affecting social life except that the poor became richer. We can only reply that to those living at the time who looked at society in the spirit that has guided our pens this phantom revolution stood out as the most important contemporary event. Two passages in the ninth book of the 'Excursion' illustrate this view:

' My thoughts

Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,
A bondage lurking under shape of good,—
Arts in themselves beneficent and kind,
But all too fondly followed and too far'; (187 ff.)

What were the evils that were new and chosen ?

' Our life is turned

Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end ;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.' (114 ff.)

Miss Ramsay cites as the climax of our extravagances the words 'the spirit of fellowship was dead.' Let us put them back in their place and see exactly how extravagant they are. They conclude the book and must be read, of course, in connection with the argument of the book :

' Hence it was that amid all the conquests over nature that gave its triumphs to the Industrial Revolution, the soul of man was passing into a colder exile, for in this new world, with all its wealth and promise, and its wide horizon of mystery and hope, the spirit of fellowship was dead.'

So long, that is, as this new force was uncontrolled, so long as the sharp, bleak life it imposed was untempered by any of the influences of a common culture, there could be no fellowship between those who had their hands, however unsteadily, on this system and those who

had this system on their backs. If this sounds extravagant of Lancashire at the time of Peterloo, what is to be thought of Wordsworth who reverted in 1843 to the lines we have quoted, written in 1817, and instead of repudiating them grieved that so little progress had been made in diminishing those evils and attributed the power of the Chartists to their prevalence? The row of smiling statistics had grown a little longer between 1817 and 1843.

To rebut the charge of writing to create class prejudice we should have to quote more passages of our own than our readers would care to follow. We will quote one only. It occurs after a description of Peterloo, an event that might leave any writer a little warm and impatient.

'For two revolutions had come together. The French Revolution had transformed the minds of the ruling classes, and the Industrial Revolution had convulsed the world of the working classes. Politicians like Sidmouth, and magistrates like Hay, who saw the poor struggling in the débris of that social upheaval, never imagined that their lot could be made any lighter. They thought that any one who attempted such a task would merely precipitate a French Revolution in England: a revolution that would destroy the classes to which they belonged themselves, but would destroy the poor as well. Discipline, uncompensated by reform and unqualified by concession, was the truest kindness to the working classes. They would have paraphrased Rousseau's aphorism about nature, and said that the secrets they tried to hide from the working man were so many evils from which they wished to guard him.'

No writers, we think, have brought back from the shadows so many forgotten politicians and magistrates who used their power to defend the weak. This passage shows that we tried to enter into the imagination of the politicians and magistrates at whose hands the poor suffered their worst calamities, and to explain that the Home Secretary who launched Oliver on his infamous career, and the magistrate who helped to cause the bloodshed of St. Peter's Fields, were themselves the victims of an intellectual despair. The analysis of that despair and its influence occupies a whole chapter in the 'Town Labourer.'

Miss Ramsay has to convict us of trying to create

class prejudice, for her theory of the origin of our books demands it. She has discovered that the 'Town Labourer' was written as part of a Socialist conspiracy, a conspiracy started, we presume, by Arnold Toynbee, abetted by Lord Milner and Sir William Ashley, if it did not begin earlier with Southey, Carlyle and Disraeli. For if Toynbee spoke of this age as 'disastrous and terrible' with its 'rapid alienation of classes,' and 'the degradation of a great body of producers,' he went no further than Disraeli, who called his famous novel 'Sybil, or the Two Nations.' Disraeli told his readers in his preface that in drawing his grim picture of the English poor he had had to suppress part of the truth from fear of the air of improbability which the whole truth would throw over his pages. Disraeli, be it remembered, wrote in 1845, when the evils described in the 'Town Labourer' had been mitigated by the Factory Act of 1833, the Mines Act of 1842, and the awakening of a public conscience on the condition of the towns. Our books had a more accidental origin. One of the authors, when playing with the idea of writing a Life of Cobbett, dipping in a desultory way into the 'Political Register' was startled to come upon a series of events quite new to him: the rising in the southern counties in 1830. The two authors began to study first these events, then others on which few histories had much to say. The three Labourer books were the undesigned result.

No writer whose mind has not stood still finds a book composed sixteen years earlier altogether to his taste. (This book, published in 1917, was actually written before the War.) This is specially true in a case like ours where much has been learnt in the interval. We have attempted to draw some of this new knowledge into our pages. If Miss Ramsay had had before her the edition published a year ago she would not have found the passage about population on which she set her mocking foot, for that passage was rewritten when Mr Talbot Griffith published his researches. The Labourer books must be judged for what they are: studies of a period inspired by a particular outlook on the past, and prompted by the belief that a mass of painful and terrible truth, of great importance in the life and imagination of the English people, was receiving less attention than it deserved.

We were the first writers, we imagine, to make our way through the full story of the trials at Winchester and Salisbury in the winter of 1830-31. It is one thing to read of those events in a published history; it is another to trace hour by hour and day by day a tragedy so moving in its incidents that no man, however slow his pulse, could sit through that task without acute and almost overpowering distress. We are accused of managing the facts; of pressing them into the service of preconceived opinions; if we are to be blamed, it is not as conjurors with the facts, but as their victims, as writers for whom the facts that came back to life from documents where they had slept, lived with too fierce a reality.

Some may find disadvantages in this way of beginning a historical task. Nor was our equipment other than old-fashioned and even primitive. Armed with a little Latin and Greek, and with the habits of mind formed by study, however indifferent its success, of a complete and significant civilisation, we stepped into a world where men spoke the language and breathed the air of the strictest science. It is not strange that our bows and arrows tempted Miss Ramsay to this confident encounter, for the ease with which her masters bring their modern pieces into action might easily lead a superficial observer to suppose that it was not more difficult to practise their skill than to admire it.

But do not books so written serve some purpose in the interpretation of history? Let a man throw his mind across the England we had before us; let him glance at the crowded towns, with none of the beauty and few of the amenities that had comforted the common life of the ancient world; let him study the villages described by Crabbe or by Cobbett, or in the cold pages of the Report on the Poor Law; let him count the victims of the Game Laws that had grown fiercer and fiercer till they had almost the sharpest teeth in Europe; let him follow the Luddite struggles and the long memories they left behind them; let him grasp the tragedy of 1830 in the suffering of the time or the local legends that Hudson found still passionately alive twenty years ago. Let him turn with this picture in his mind to Dr Clapham's book and see how many of its six hundred

pages touch on any of these things. The Game Laws find no place in the Index. We are not criticising that book. It follows its own plan and enlightens its own vast field of history. But you do not go to it to learn what the men and women of those days suffered through the imagination, why poverty was tolerable at one time, intolerable at another; what it was in the condition and setting of their lives that wounded the self-respect of the poor, and made them smart with a new sense of oppression and neglect. Yet if history takes account at all of human happiness, is there not a place for a study of events and experiences, so intimate in the daily life of the English poor, casting such shadows over imagination and memory? We have tried to describe happiness and unhappiness that statistics can neither create nor comprehend; to interpret the discontent and the despair that haunted a world, entering, as we are now told, with such firm and buoyant steps upon a Golden Age.

Miss Ramsay is obliging enough to pay compliments to our skill, compliments that we neither desire nor deserve. The faults of our books are manifest; faults of judgment, of temper, of construction, which no writers of modest and limited capacities could hope to escape, when attempting a task so ambitious as ours. We have written this article as a duty to readers who have trusted our sense of honour, to satisfy them that behind the faults so plain upon our pages there does not lurk the sin imputed to us, the sin of a wilful and scheming unfairness. 'Truth being the boast of my work, never, I think, when I knew it, have I dared to corrupt it by silence or falsehood.' *

J. L. HAMMOND and BARBARA HAMMOND.

* Ammianus Marcellinus. Glover, 'Life and Letters in the Fourth Century,' p. 32.

Art. 7.—WHO WAS MERLIN?

1. *Merlin, A Prose Romance* (about A.D. 1450-60). Early English Texts Society. Four vols. 1865-99.
 2. *Histories of the Kings of Britain*. By Geoffery of Monmouth. (Everyman Library.) Dent, 1920.
 3. *Le Morte Darthur*. By Sir Thomas Malory. Dent, 1897.
 4. *Arthurian Chronicles represented by Wace and Layamon*. (Everyman Library.) Dent, 1912.
 5. *The Legend of Merlin*. By J. L. Weston. Vol. xvii Dictionary of National Biography.
 6. *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. By J. L. Weston. Bell, 1913.
 7. *Epic and Romance*. By W. P. Ker. Macmillan, 1922.
 8. *Le Morte Darthur. A Study of the Book*. By Vida Scudder. Dent, 1921.
 9. *Arthur of Britain*. By E. K. Chambers. Sidgwick and Jackson, 1927.
 10. *A Literary History of the English People*. By J. Jusserand. Unwin, 1895.
- And other works.

THE name of Merlin, like the unresting spirit that it recalls, has travelled beyond the confines of literature into the open spaces of language where it drifts, a symbol of arts discredited in the noontide of science. From the twelfth century onwards the mantle of the prophet has covered many seers beginning with Geoffery of Monmouth and ending with Old Moore. And all the while with use and age it has grown ragged and frayed till what remains would hardly serve to wrap a scarecrow. But the dim, half-human figure of Merlin still lingered in the dreamlands of Spenser and Drayton till Tennyson came and transferred him to a bas-relief of his Albert Memorial, bearded and cuckolded through eternity. Who does not remember his Merlin and Vivien! The ancient hoary doting sage and Vivien the lissom, the snake-like wanton that

'Writhed toward him, slided up his knee and sat . . .
 . . . and letting her left hand
 Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
 Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
 The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
 Had left in ashes . . .'

Malory is, alas, responsible for this monstrous Mid-Victorian travesty. There is no getting away from the 'Morte d'Arthur' if we would read the greatest prose romances in the English tongue. How finely the late W. P. Ker summed up all that is essential and enduring, 'In Malory's English rendering of his "French book" is to be heard the indescribable plaintive melody, the sigh of the wind over the enchanted ground, the spell of pure Romance.' But the French book followed by Malory thins out or is whittled away when it comes to the story of Merlin's disastrous love. In it Nimiane—whom Malory calls Nimue, and Tennyson Vivien—is simply a 'vamp,' and Merlin a fond old fool who falls into a dotage. And since 'she was ever passing weary of hym,' she beguiled him beneath an enchanted rock where she very properly shut him up. And all the while the real Merlin has lain hidden for centuries in the impenetrable thickets of Norman-French and Middle-English, around which learned scholars have woven more spells than even a legion of Vivien's 'of woven paces and of waving hands' could devise. Geoffery of Monmouth, whose 'Historia Regum Britanniae' was finished about A.D. 1134, is supposed by most critics to have been the inventor of Merlin. I say 'supposed' advisedly, since we are too far away from an age of oral tradition, of literary pilfering from unacknowledged sources and appalling neglect, to speak with any certainty. Geoffery is fastened on above all others because he stands alone like a solid rock to which a wary limpet may cling secure. Beyond him, so far as Merlin is concerned, are the dark immensities of oblivion, in whose illimitable twilight slumbers the land of Lyonesse, ruined chapel by rocking keel, where the treasure ships of tradition lie, their cargoes a welter of dim jewellery, unremembered deed by unrecorded song.

What chance had Britain of the fifth and sixth centuries, when Arthur lived and wrought, of one page of history dependent on so frail a thing as the spoken word? The light barque of the Celt and the harper singing at the prow are both foredoomed, and in a puff of wind from the mainland they perish. Geoffery, urged by his friend Walter the Archdeacon, goes down to the shore and collects here and there the flotsam left by the

tide. From the memorials of vanished Rome he dismantles Vergil and Livy; he incorporates whole sections of the eighth-century 'Historia Britonum' by Nennius, and plunders without remorse the shrines of Bede and Gildas. And yet, according to his latest commentators, the whole literary world must have been eavesdropping on his threshold. Almost within a decade authors both French and Welsh were using his manuscript as their raw material of romance and prophecy. With the latter we are not concerned, but the former is of vital importance in the creation of Merlin. For Geoffery created nothing. The episode of young Merlin, the child without a father, is borrowed from Nennius. Only the boy's name is altered from Ambrosius to Merlin. Whence he derived the name—whether from Celtic sources, Myrrdin, a Welsh bard of the sixth century and contemporary with Arthur; whether it may be traced from the Welsh words *mab Ilian*, son of the Nun, or to *Molinguus*, an Irish saint—are all matters of antiquarian interest. Essentially a longshoreman, Geoffery had neither the power nor the will to shake out the sails of creative imagination over 'perilous seas' questing for lost magicians in 'faery lands forlorn.' His interest in Merlin is purely political. The name is a convenient peg on which to hang prophecies displayed to flatter whatsoever Kings may reign, a rung on the ladder of preferment to the See of St Asaph. And after the introduction of Uther to the Castle of Gorlois and the chamber of Igerne, Merlin is dropped without even a perfunctory farewell or a decent obituary notice. Not thus do we who write, or we who have ever written, take leave of our ewe lamb, our one small sacrifice to fame. This is not to belittle Geoffery, the industrious compiler of ancient chronicle. Without him and his museum, in whose dusty galleries the salvage of history, mythology, classic lore, and Christian ceremonial lies jumbled together, the fairest continent in the world of romance must follow Lyonesse. Already the time is at hand when the creaking doors open to a throng of visitors. Geoffery Guimar, Robert Wace, Layamon and Robert of Gloucester are amongst the first to cross the threshold. But the story of Merlin is due above all to the genius of Robert de Borron or Boron. Not much is known of him beyond the time in which he lived and

wrote his great trilogy, 'Joseph of Arimathea, Merlin and Percival,' about the end of the twelfth century. No one has attempted to do him justice, possibly because no one can. His outline is too blurred by time to be restored, and whether of England or Boron near Delle, whether pious *trouvère*, monk, or knight errant, he still hovers, 'nomen et præterea nihil'; a homeless ghost beyond the frontiers of conjecture. His main object was to tell in verse the adventure of the Holy Grail, and Merlin was but a means to its achievement. But of his second book only the first portion a mere fragment of 504 lines has survived. Early in the thirteenth century it was rendered into French prose by an unknown hand. Apparently the original prose version founded on the poem of de Borron is comprised in the first six chapters ending with the crowning of Arthur. Later continuations about the middle of the thirteenth century bring it to its final form, and close with 'the shutting up of Merlin' and the birth of Launcelot. It is known as 'The Prose or Vulgate Merlin,' and about twenty-nine MSS, all differing in certain details, have survived. The English version, from which this book is compiled, is evidently based on a French copy no longer extant, since it nowhere corresponds exactly to any of the twenty-nine remaining. It appears to have been finished towards the middle of the fifteenth century, some two hundred years after the completion of the French original, and its translator remains unknown. Of his work Mr H. B. Wheatley, in his 'Merlin' (Early English Texts Society), says:

'Most of his translation is a mechanical jogtrot that follows every turn of the original. He freely uses French terms and transfers French constructions, and even entire French sentences to the English page. . . . Yet the style has numerous distinct excellencies. The diction is often direct and vigorous and invariably escapes the turgid inflation so characteristic of English prose a little more than a century later.'

Yet to leave it there would be doing a great injustice both to the French romance and its English form. For the prose Merlin has played its part in that earlier renaissance of literature beginning with the twelfth century. Now is the first breath of Spring released over storm-beaten Europe, of April, harbinger of May, whose dawn

lies dreaming under the Apennines for three hundred years to come. Once more the anti-cyclone of golden Rome is moving north-west, extending over France and Bavaria, covering across Channel the England of Henry Beauclerc. Before its approach, light winds blown from the west scatter light showers, and the drift of apple blossom from remote Welsh valleys. Gone is the iron winter of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, of Beowulf and the Battle of Maldon. Even Layamon, last of the Saxons, pauses among his battles and lets the truce of Eastertide fall on the land. Henceforth Spring is the natural background of youth in nationhood and literature. 'There is nothing more characteristic of mediæval poetry,' says Vernon Lee, 'than this limitation. Of autumn, of winter, of the standing corn, the ripening fruit of summer, of all these things so dear to the ancients and to all men of modern times, the Middle Ages seem to know nothing. . . . To move them was required the feeling of spring, the strongest, most complete and stirring impression which, in our temperate climate, can be given by nature.' Across this background of renewal and rebirth passes a single figure, the symbol of strange enchantments, of new vision that penetrates the things of earth, and is not concerned with crumbling palaces of cloud. The ichor of the spring is in his blood, and for ever urging him from quest to quest, from Britain to Britain overseas, from royal Caerleon to wild Northumbria. He sows with casual cunning the seeds of perilous adventure, and behind him armed and horsed springs up the new chivalry of Europe. Always in the van—youth on speed astride—tireless, joyous, and debonair Gawain, and with him 'the children' Gaharies, Gareth, and Agravain—flashes through the greenwood following. Youth and magic! a strange alliance, yet one that persists to the very end of the long romance when Gawain, riding through the forest of Broceliande hears the voice of the wizard calling from his 'tower more strong than air.' And this is the last time on earth that he will be heard of any man, and his last thought is spoken for his beloved country, commending to God, King Arthur and the realm of Logres, 'as for the best people of the world.'

Who was Merlin? In the first place, he was part, and no small part, of a cycle, the cycle of the Arthurian

Legends. These legends, born and bred in Wales and its colony Armorica or Brittany, received their finishing touches in mediæval France, and later in England. As they wander from country to country shedding here and receiving there, they lose all traces of their primitive origin from national and tribal epic. King Arthur becomes less of a Celtic superman and more of an international ideal of Kingship. The same applies to Merlin. He stands for mystery which, beginning with the spoken word and passing through words which spoken in combination form spells, ends in miracle and achievement. Only he who possesses the rhythmic power may qualify to counsel or command. Without him Arthur and all his Knights are blind forces striking at random. It is to Merlin that the barons and prelates turn for a ruler of the land when Uther Pendragon dies. Through him comes the test of the sword Excalibur set in stone, and the triumph of the boy Arthur. He constructs a flaming dragon, sets it on a spearhead, and gives it to Kay to bear as a standard, and serve as a rallying-point for broken ranks. All the time he is welding the warring tribes together and preparing the Welsh for nationhood under one king. In the midst of life and its affairs he is given to disappearing. The wooded hills and valleys call him, and under a canopy of boughs, far withdrawn from Camelot or the fair city of Logres, he sees visions and dreams dreams. He goes to ground amid sunbeams and shadows, and through a tapestry of leaves and boughs aslant, weaves the dim destinies of Britain. He hears the padding of furtive feet go by and under covert watches the privy business of the wolf. He takes in a glance the signs and portents and happenings of a swift and silent world, the trail of the polecat in the ling, the still red mask of the fox peering through the reddening bracken, the flash of the hunting weasel. And all these lessons from nature he applies in parables. Only his imagination, ranging beyond these islands, crosses the tropics and returns with the nobler beasts of heraldry. The wolf shall have his day, but after him shall come the marvellous leopard that all other beasts shall surmount, and after him the great lion to whom all beasts shall incline, and for whose look the heavens shall open. He is already moulding the shield on which the royal arms of future dynasties are viewed in faint relief.

So he disappears, as all prophets and poets before him, from Zoroaster to Jesus of Galilee, to disentangle from the little web of human affairs in which they are caught up, and become the freemen of great horizons, adjusting themselves to the noontide peace of God. And the journey inward from the world of man to the world of vision is most surely broken at one place—a hermit's cell among the wooded hills. To Northumbria Merlin goes in quest of Blaise, his father-confessor, to whom he tells all things that a father-confessor who is also a mortal should hear. Blaise takes his pen and sets them down as they were told; so the confession becomes a chronicle and Merlin receives absolution in prose. No being that ever walked on earth needed it more than he, little for his actual sins, much for those that were potential within him. On one condition alone Blaise will grant him absolution. The book of Merlin would never have been written but for the solemn promise exacted, 'I conjure thee in the name of the fader, son and holie goste that thou have no power me to beguile, ne to make me do such thing that God should with be displeased.' Yet if Merlin were more than human penitent, Blaise, Blihis, Bleheris, *famosus ille fabulator*, was more than priest. He saw the yawning crater of hell at the one hand, and at the other the Kingdom of God on earth, and the holy City of Sarras building for the brotherhood of man. And the part of Merlin in this tremendous tragedy of mediævalism was foredoomed. For his birth, says Vida Scudder,

'is the result of a deep-laid plot. The Grail has long since vanished from Logres, and heathenesse is once more in possession there, but demoniac wisdom knows that Arthur and his chivalry will soon appear, destined to the work of restoring to the land the New Law of Christianity. They must be circumvented and Merlin, human on the mother's side, yet of their own bad tribe, shall be the means. But they reckoned without Blaise, the Father Confessor, and Merlin's mother, both of whom were ranged against the forces of evil in Merlin, and so the child is Christened, and though he may never hope to attain to Paradise the mother is stronger in him than the father. He uses the weird wisdom of Hell deliberately and systematically against the powers of evil, and his chief joy is preparing the way for the fulfilment of the mysteries of the Holy Grail.'

What a strange and pathetic figure this latest phase of Christian mysticism makes of Merlin! He is an onlooker at the festival, a beggar at the banquet of life, one of no warm human circle, heartless and homeless, and debarred from Paradise. Admiration tempered with dread was the attitude of his age towards him, and there is no standing room for intimacy or friendship here. Yet even for Merlin this mortal life held one compensation. Not in dark Northumbria, but across the water in Brittany, by a fountain in the Forest of Broceliande, love that was fiend-proof and scornful of anathemas awaited him.

Her name was Nimiane, not Nimue or Vivien, and this is her story as told in the great prose 'Merlin.' Her father was Dionas, a vavasour of right high lineage so called because he was godson of Diana. And many times the goddess came to speak with him and was with him many days, and when she departed from him she gave him a gift that pleased him well,

'I grant thee and so doth the God of the sea and of the starres ordain that the first child that thou shalt have female shall be so much coveted of the wisest man that ever was . . . that he shall her teach the most part of his wit and cunning . . . that he shall be so desirous after the time that he hath hir seen that he shall have no power to do nothing again her volonte, and all things that she enquireth he shall her teach.'

So in the conclave of the Moon and Sea and the Stars it was ordained that wisdom should succumb to love; and 'the wisest man that ever was' must surrender enchantment by enchantment, spell by spell, into the white hands of a girl. Merlin in the semblance of a fair young squire sped him to the Forest of Broceliande, and drew him down to a well whereof the springs were fair and the water clear, and the gravel so fair it seemed of fine silver. To this fountain oft-times comes Nimiane to disport, and there they meet. Merlin is under no illusion as to the outcome of it all, indeed he might well have been eavesdropping at the divine conclave, so shamed and troubled and unquiet is he. Yet when he saw her 'he beheld her much and advised her well, or ere he spake any word,' and away went wisdom and prophetic insight and all thought of fealty to his liege lord in Camelot, and the safety of the good land of Britain

depending upon him, and the holy Blaise peering over his half-finished chronicle in far Northumbria. Yet he is still magician and wizard even in love. Very gently he works his spell of golden words that bring visions and dreams, opening the gates on a world of bright wonders and enchantments. Curiosity, the thrill of fair adventure, awake in Nimiane, and entranced she follows her guide into a fairyland of poetry and Spring. Out of the forest comes a carole of ladies and knights and maidens and squires, 'each holding other by the hand, and dancing and singing; and made the greatest joy that ever was in any land.' Then Merlin 'let rear a vergier wherein was all manner of fruit and of flowers that gave so great sweetness of flavour, that marvel it were for to tell; and the maiden that all this had seen was abashed of the marvel that she saught.' . . . She could listen to nothing else save the song they sang, and the refrain of that song they sang for her, '*Vraiment commencement amours en joye, et fynissent en dolours.*' And when Merlin came to her at evensong and took her by the hand and said, 'Damsel, how seme ye!' 'Fair swete frende,' said the maiden, 'ye have done so moche that I am all yours.' She stoops to conquer, and the result is chaos and disaster, the withdrawal of wisdom and foresight from the land of Logres, the coming of the traitor Mordred, and another fairyland—the apple-bowered Island of Avalon—awaiting the passing of Arthur. And all we know reading backward was known of Merlin looking forward. One by one she wins from him the secrets of his enchantments, but 'when he had hir taught all that she would ask she bethought hir how she might hym withhold for ever more.' So she prays him to tell her how she might be able to shut one up in a tower without walls or without closure by the art of magic 'so that nevermore he sholden go oute withouten my licence.' And when Merlin, with bowed head and exceeding sorrowful, tells her that he knows full well he is the one she is seeking to withhold, but that he is so surprised with love that he can do no other than her pleasure, she clasps him in her arms and kisses him. And her confession is most memorable among all the naive avowals of mediæval love. The fragrance of wild violets half revealed is the lure of Nimiane—'These for you and you for me.' And she said :

'that well he ought to be hers sith that she was all his; ye know well that the great love I have to you hath made me forsake all other for to have you in myn arms night and day. And ye be my thought and my desire, for without you I have neither joy ne wealth. In you I have set all my hope, and I abide none other joy but of you. And sith that I love you and also that ye love me, is it not right that ye do my volunte and I yours?'

And in the background there is something stronger and more compelling than the mere attraction of one another. Both Nimiane and her lover are 'fey.' They are sealed to fairyland by that solemn confederacy of moon and stars and sea watching their every action. How swiftly the shuttle plies, and the threads are shot through the warp till Merlin, the mighty weaver of spells, is himself woven into the leafy tapestries of Broceliande, aye and overwoven till we see him shrinking out of sight beyond a maze of twisted boughs and multitudinous greenery. Now is the hour of fate when all things close upon him, as they loiter through the forest hand in hand, devising and disporting, and lay them down by the white hawthorn in flower that marks the boundary of his wanderings on earth. Here the journey ends in fragrant shadow and sleep for which 'she tested softly' with his head pillowed on her lap. And when he awoke, after the nine magic circles had hemmed him round and looked about him and knew his doom, no torrent of wrath, no Tennysonian denunciation of heartless treachery moved him to these few pregnant words—'Lady, thou hast me deceived, but, if ye will, abide with me, for none but ye may undo this enchantment.' They sum up everything—the recognition of fate, Lachesis second of three dread sisters using a maiden's artless guile to thread her spindle, the bondage of an earthly love prolonged into eternity, and something more which lifts Merlin out of his age and sets him in our midst. For he alone among his contemporaries has recognised that, as from the time of Adam through woman came the fall of man, so through her may come salvation—'For none but ye may undo this enchantment.'

But Nimiane, daughter of Dionas, godson of Diana the Huntress, is innocent of prophecy, and as yet knows nothing of the franchise and sex equality, nothing of love's

profoundest truth that finding is losing and losing finding. Diana-aided she has taken him in the toils and will not let him go. For Merlin knows too much, more than is good for man to know alone, yet more than is possible to share in this man-made world of theirs. And withal she is modern enough to preserve her own freedom, a girl with a latch-key in the dreary days of wives immured in castles while their lords went crusading and adventuring in every port; when Aphrodite returned to Cyprus and set the Mediterranean aglow with her renaissance. And she said—'Feire swete frende, I shall often tymes go oute and ye shall have me in your armes, and I you, and fro hensforth ye shall do all youre plesier.' And well she held her covenant, 'for fewe hours that were of the nyght ne of the day, but she was with hym. No never after com Merlin oute of that fortresse that she hadde hym in sette; but she wente in and oute when she wolde.'

So Merlin is withdrawn for ever from a world of clash and encounter, of Christianity and Heathendom so closely contending that men may scarce distinguish friend from foe. Overhead mythology is bleeding to death in the sunset, the walls of Asgard are smouldering and the gods of the North are broken. The celestial hunters are themselves the hunted. Soon twilight will liberate strange peals of victory from building Abbeys and the Gregorian chants of shaven monks. And Diana has become a Christian Godmother and patroness of a little girl whose white hands encompass more magic than her world has ever known! How much of this story is due to the virgin Goddess and her hatred of the race of men for the pangs that gave her birth? Did she for once forget Endymion sleeping his twilight sleep till the moon rose over Latmos? All we know is that wisdom and service, most sorely needed in the land of Britain, are clipped and caged and unavailing. For Merlin, whom neither Heaven nor Hell will own, is drawn willing and yet unwilling to abide in a tower, the fairest in the world and the most strong, prepared by the hands of one who is both desire and doom. In the most subtle game of all played between man and maid, he yields her one by one his Pawns, his Knights, his Bishops, his Castles of enchantment; and the result is eternal checkmate. To Merlin, both human and elemental, Broceliande is an

endless Purgatory of happiness and pain, heaven in the arms of Nimiane and hell without her, when remorse, that no strong tower can withhold, swoops down upon his chained mortality. He is the last of a long line of poet statesmen, men of vision and foresight and the power of word and spell. Henceforth their places will be taken by priests and shavelings, and the secular power of the Church will grow to its zenith, while ceremonial whose very meaning is forgotten, levels the groves of magic and builds a hive of paternosters on haunted ground. England appears to have bid farewell to fairyland.

‘For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour himself.’

Many hundred years ago from his impenetrable fastness Merlin may still have heard the unrepentant music of paganism, and the *joie de vivre* in the *reverdies* or May songs,* celebrating springtime, flowers and fleeting loves; in the carols or dancing songs; in the *pastourelles* of Arcadian Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and the *aube* songs of lovers levelled at the dawn that comes between them. Yet for Merlin who cried himself most fool to Gawain, last of the fellowship to hear his voice, the intercession of the lover before dawn comes charged with mockery like a silver arrow, piercing, not the heart, but the hand in idleness,

‘Stay ah stay!
It is not yet near day,
It was the nightingale and not the lark!’

For it is the burden of the lark, of rapture in sunlight and the challenge of creation, to strive and endure, to build and ensure, that he needs beyond the lull of nightingales. Browning’s ‘Parting at Morning’ is the *aube* song for him:

‘Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the Mountain’s rim—
And straight was a path of gold for him
And the need of a world of men for me.’

But the last word is still with Nimiane.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.

* Cf. Jusserand, ‘A Literary History of the English People.’

Art. 8.—AFGHANISTAN.

RECENT events have brought Afghanistan into prominence, and yet it is a country of which little is generally known, especially in view of its importance as a factor in British policy in Asia. The rapid changes in Afghan affairs are daily reported in the Press, but these changes are so kaleidoscopic that it is obviously impossible to grasp their full significance, or in other words 'to see the wood for the trees,' without some knowledge of the foundation of modern Afghanistan, more particularly the part played in it by Anglo-Afghan relations. It is the aim, therefore, of the writer to give a very brief outline of Afghan history up to date, and, since the mere recording of events is only of academical value, to indicate the various conclusions which may be drawn from it. Thus, unless the reader is already that *rara avis* an 'Afghan expert,' at the end of this article he will, it is hoped, be in a position to follow more easily the intricacies of the Afghan situation, however it may develop. As Professor Seeley wrote: 'Any one can be wise after the event; we read history that we may be wise before it.'

Modern Afghanistan is of recent creation. In 1700 it was in no sense a political entity, its eastern provinces, Kabul and Ghazni, being under the Moghul emperors of Delhi, and its western, Kandahar and Herat, under Persia. Between 1708 and 1717, however, rebellions by the great Ghilzai and Durani confederations, the two most important tribal elements in the country, were successful in wresting — respectively — Kandahar and Herat from the Persians. In 1747 one Ahmed Shah of the Sadozai section of the Durani clan, who was in the service of the great Persian conqueror Nadir Shah, on the murder of his master in East Persia seized the royal treasury, hastened to Kandahar, and there proclaimed himself Shah of Afghanistan. He not only subdued a large part of the country, and may be said thus to have laid the foundations of modern Afghanistan, but made considerable foreign conquests. Since his time up to the abdication of King Amanullah, the Duranis, as represented by one section or another, first the Sadozai and then the Barakzai, have remained the royal tribe, in spite of desperate efforts of the Ghilzais to displace them.

Under his son Timur, who succeeded him in 1773, the Afghan Empire began to decline. Timur died twenty years later, civil war broke out amongst his sons, and various ephemeral rulers succeeded each other until 1817, when the notable Dost Mohammed, of the Barakzai section of the Duranis, seized the throne, which he was to occupy through many vicissitudes of fortune and one period of banishment for nearly half a century. During this period the year 1809 is of some importance as marking the first official relations between Afghanistan and the Indian Government, by the sending of a British mission to Kabul. It is significant that the cause of this interest in Afghan affairs was—as always from then up to the present day—the menace of a foreign Power on our Indian Empire, in this case Napoleon's intrigues in the neighbouring country of Persia. Dost Mohammed, a man of great abilities and determination, put down various rebellions which his brothers raised against him and by 1833 was master of his kingdom, though by that date the Afghan foreign possessions had been lost one by one. In 1836 Dost Mohammed assumed the title of Amir-ul-Mumamanin (Commander of the Faithful), and the title of Amir was henceforward that of the ruler of Afghanistan, until Amanullah took that of King in 1926.

In 1838 came the First Afghan War, the main cause being Russian intrigues in Afghanistan and the supposed pro-Russian sympathies of Dost Mohammed; while the object of the Indian Government was to substitute for the latter Shuja-ul-Mulk, who it was believed would be more friendly to us. The placing of a ruler on a throne by foreign troops is a dangerous expedient, and strategically the scheme was a hazardous one—how hazardous may be judged from the fact that the Punjab, Sind, and Baluchistan, through which our lines of communication ran, were at that period not in British possession. Considerations of space forbid us entering into the details of the campaign. Suffice to say that its first phase was completely successful. By September 1839 Kabul had been occupied by British troops without much opposition. Dost Mohammed had fled, our protégé Shuja ruled in his stead. The object of the campaign had apparently been attained. What line of policy should be adopted?

There were two reasonable alternatives. One—and

by far the better—to withdraw all British troops forthwith from Afghanistan. Even if Shah Shuja was unable to maintain his position without our support, and was finally ousted by Dost Mohammed, the latter would have had a salutary object-lesson in the power of the Indian Government. On the other hand, if it was thought that Shuja could not hold his throne without the assistance of British bayonets, and it was considered vital for British interests that he should hold it—a very doubtful proposition—then the number of bayonets should have been adequate for the purpose. The actual course pursued was that ruinously expensive ‘economy’ of (in common language) ‘sending a boy on a man’s errand,’ which has frequently proved so disastrous in our Eastern policy. While the rest of the British army marched back to India, a so-called ‘army of occupation’ of *one* division was left behind to keep the country quiet, to garrison Kabul, Jalalabad, and Kandahar, and to maintain the lines of communication with India.

A British Envoy, with headquarters at Kabul, and with his assistants, British political officers, scattered over the country, as representative of the British Government, to which Shuja owed his throne, and to which he looked for support in the shape of monetary and military aid, became to a large extent the ruler of Afghanistan :

‘The Envoy deemed it possible to reconcile the assumption by himself of the main powers of sovereignty with the treatment of Shah Shuja as an independent monarch, and sought to effect this by leaving the administration of civil and criminal justice, the settlement and collection of the revenue, and its irresponsible appropriation, entirely in the hands of Shah Shuja, precluding him, however, from any control in measures concerning the external relations of his Government, or having reference to independent or revolting tribes. . . . The Shah had thus much power for evil, and could commit the Government to measures the odium of supporting which must fall on the Envoy.’*

In other words, from an inability, or a refusal, to take a ‘long view’ of the situation, and to envisage the ultimate

* ‘History of Afghanistan’ (1879), p. 389, by Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I.

results of our policy, the British Government awoke one morning to find that they had 'taken over' (at all events temporarily) an embarrassing commitment in the shape of a new Oriental State. This phenomenon has repeated itself more than once since the First Afghan War.

The Envoy-Shuja co-dominion had lasted some two years when it was shattered by a national rising which swept over the country in November 1841. The Envoy was murdered and the British garrison hemmed in at Kabul. On Jan. 6, 1842, the garrison commenced its retreat to India. Harassed by the Afghan tribesmen it suffered heavily, and one week later a single survivor, Dr Bryden, rode into Jalalabad, 'the last of a British Army.' The garrison at Ghazni experienced a similar fate. However short-sighted the British may be at times in the conduct of their affairs, no people display more energy and resolution in repairing the disasters which their short-sightedness brings upon them. The garrison at Kandahar, under the able command of General Notts, not only withstood all Afghan attacks, but finally—with the help of reinforcements from Quetta—marched on Kabul, decisively defeating the enemy *en route*, and meeting there in the middle of September (1842) General Pollock, who at the head of a fresh army had advanced from India, via the Khyber and Jalalabad, defeating the forces which opposed his march.

The Kohistanis, who had been most active in the Kabul insurrection, were punished by a punitive expedition, and the covered bazaars in the city were destroyed. The whole British force then marched back to India, leaving Dost Mohammed, whose deposition had been the main object of the campaign, to resume his throne. So ended the First Afghan War.

In 1847 the final defeat of the Sikhs and the passing of their possessions, including Peshawar, to British rule brought the British and Afghan frontiers into close proximity, and in 1855 and again in 1857 treaties were made with Amir Dost Mohammed which, with some later amendments, formed the basis of our relations with Afghanistan up to the conclusion of the Third Afghan War in 1919. The Amir, in brief, would have no dealings with foreign Powers except through the Indian Government, which in its turn would assist him with

money and arms. By 1863 Dost Mohammed had brought practically the whole of modern Afghanistan under his rule, and died in the same year. As on the death of Ahmed Shah, so now the kingdom was torn by civil war between the sons of the late Amir, Shere Ali—after five years' strife—finally succeeding in consolidating his position sufficiently to be recognised as Amir by the Indian Government, who according to treaty provided him with money and arms. Thus assisted he defeated his nephew and principal rival, Abdur Rahman, who took refuge with the Russians at Bokhara.

By 1870 the Russian advance across Central Asia had made her frontiers conterminous with those of Afghanistan, and the Russian menace again rose on the horizon in a more serious form. Notwithstanding the agreements of 1869-73, by which Russia accepted the Oxus, as far as Khojah Saleh, as the northern boundary of Afghanistan, and recognised that country as outside her sphere of influence, the Indian Government still had suspicions of Russian designs. Shere Ali, who nursed various grievances, logically quite unsubstantial though doubtless looming large enough in his eyes, against the Indian Government, opened relations with the Russian authorities in Central Asia, and, in November 1878, his acceptance of a Russian mission and his refusal to receive a British one brought matters to a head. So began the Second Afghan War.

Once again Afghanistan was successfully invaded, the British lines of communication being considerably shorter and safer than they had been thirty years previously, since Sind, Baluchistan, and the Punjab were now British possessions. Jalalabad and the head of the Kurram Valley were occupied by December, and Kandahar by January 1879. Shere Ali fled—as Dost Mohammed had done in similar circumstances—leaving his son Yakub Khan to visit the British camp at Gandamak in May and there make with the British representative the treaty of that name, by which a British Resident would be posted to Kabul, all foreign influence except British would be definitely excluded from Afghanistan, and the Kurram Valley and certain districts in Baluchistan would be handed over to the Indian Government, who would also control the Khyber Pass

and adjoining areas. The British troops, with the exception of those at Kandahar, who would wait there until the cold weather, were withdrawn from Afghanistan, leaving the British Resident, Sir Louis Cavagnari, behind them. He was fated, however, to hold his post for a few months only. In September the Residency was attacked, and the Resident, his staff and escort, after a gallant resistance, were killed.

When the news reached India, once more as in 1842, a large punitive army was despatched, this time under General (afterwards Field-Marshal Lord) Roberts, who defeated the Afghan army at Cherasia on Oct. 6 and entered Kabul a week later. The main object of the expedition having been to avenge the Resident's murder, and British prestige having been restored, the troops might now have been evacuated to India. The Indian Government decided otherwise, and time dragged on while a court was formed to investigate the circumstances of the outrage, a certain number of the perpetrators being executed. Yakub Khan, suspected of having had complicity in the crime, was sent a prisoner to India. All this gave time for the nationalist elements to gather head; again a general rising swept over the country, and the British force was once more besieged in their cantonment at Kabul. On this occasion, however, it had in General Roberts a commander of great energy and ability, who not only repelled all attacks, but inflicted such severe punishment on the enemy that the latter raised the siege.

The Indian Government, however, were again left with Afghanistan on their hands, and looking round for some one to relieve them of this charge, were fortunate enough to find that some one in Abdur Rahman, who, emerging from his twelve years' exile with the Russians, accompanied by a small band of a hundred followers, fellow-exiles, in December 1879 rode southward to win for himself the Afghan kingdom. His old reputation as a skilful leader and determined fighter was still remembered in the country, as the grandson of Dost Mohammed he was generally accepted as the rightful heir to the throne, one by one the chiefs and their tribes rallied to his side, and by July of the next year (1880), after prolonged negotiations, he was finally recognised by the

Indian Government in open Durbar at Kabul as Amir of Afghanistan. The terms of his recognition were roughly those laid down in the Treaty of Gandamak, with the exception that no British Resident would be appointed to Kabul.

Almost coincident with the Durbar the news reached Kabul of the Battle of Maiwand, where a British column in the neighbourhood of Kandahar had been defeated by a greatly superior force under Ayub Khan. Prompt action was taken, and early in August General Roberts started on his historic march to Kandahar. On arrival there he defeated Ayub Khan decisively. All British troops were then gradually withdrawn from Afghanistan, and the Second Afghan War was at an end. From the historic point of view, as the reader will probably agree, a more perfect example of the repetition of history than that of the Second, as compared with the First, Afghan War does not exist.

On the strategical side the Indian Government had distinctly bettered its position on the frontier by gaining a hold on the Khyber Pass, the Kurram Valley, and certain important districts in Baluchistan; but surely these could have been obtained by a war—if war there had to be—of limited objectives without an invasion of Afghanistan? From the political and psychological point of view—and the two go together—the most important gain was the definite abandonment of the ‘forward policy.’* It was this complex, as one can call it, of the Indian Government which had led them into the Afghan quicksands and been the cause of all their difficulties and mistakes. But the lessons of history had now been learnt, and to the vague and grandiose schemes of previous years succeeded for the next half-century—that is to say up to the present day—a sound, sane ‘stationary policy.’ The end in view, a strong, friendly, and

* With regard to the North-West Frontier of India there are two ‘forward policies.’ One that of effectively occupying tribal territory *up to* the Afghan Frontier. This, which can be advocated on its own merits, is not under consideration here. It is the other, the ‘forward policy’ *in Afghanistan itself*, which is referred to above. It may be remarked that before the Second Afghan War there was a body of expert opinion in India against this policy. Vide ‘Causes of the Afghan War; Selection of Papers laid before Parliament’ (1879).

independent Afghanistan, was the same as before, but the means taken to achieve it were different.

The new British policy and the new ruler of Afghanistan happily coincided. The great Abdur Rahman, like Nadir Shah, or David the son of Jesse,* or many another Oriental king, after years of vicissitudes had at length gained a throne, and having gained it, held it with a strong hand. Rebellion after rebellion was sternly repressed, and his power gradually consolidated throughout the country. Nor was he merely a strong ruler; he was also an enlightened one. An organised system of administration, executive, legal, and financial, centred in Kabul, such as never before had been known in Afghanistan, was introduced and the power of the mullahs and tribal chiefs was curbed. Ruthless to others when he deemed occasion demanded it, he was unsparing of himself, and laboured day and night with indomitable energy to achieve the purpose of his life—the shaping of Afghanistan into a strong Power. He found his country plunged in anarchy, he left her with a large measure of law, order, and prosperity. Considering the immense difficulties to be overcome, this—as the work of a single man—must be numbered among the notable feats in history.

In his foreign policy, while he had definitely thrown in his lot with the British, as far as possible he kept both Great Britain and Russia at arm's length, which suited the policy of the former very well, but not that of the latter. Holding steadfastly to his opinion that the free introduction of Europeans, whether official or unofficial, and of certain European inventions, especially railways and telegraphs, would eventually undermine the independence of his country, Abdur Rahman rigidly opposed all such innovations. With the exception, therefore, of Tibet, up to 1921 Afghanistan remained the one country in Asia from which European officials, travellers, and traders were rigidly excluded (except a few specially invited by the Amir), and which possessed neither railway nor telegraph lines.

* Like David in exile at the Philistine Court, so Abdur Rahman, on one occasion when threatened by a suspicious host, escaped with his life by feigning madness. Is there any parallel to Oriental life which that great book on the East, the Old Testament, cannot provide?

Fortunate as the Government of India were in having Abdur Rahman for a neighbour, they on their side made the most of this good fortune. Situated as he was, help from India was vital to Abdur Rahman. Without the subsidies of money and arms which he received he could not, at any rate in the earlier and more critical years of his reign, have raised and paid his troops; it was the British promise of assistance against foreign aggression that served to stave off a Russian invasion; while the belief, which grew stronger with experience, that the Indian Government meant to respect strictly the independence of his country had an all-important effect for good both on him and on his people.

The 'stationary policy' now adopted by the Government of India, though easy to formulate, was by no means so easy to practise, as was to be found during the coming years. Constant Russian aggressions and intrigue on the northern frontiers of Afghanistan, as, for, instance the Penjdeh incident of 1885, when Russian troops wantonly attacked an Afghan force camped in Afghan territory, thus bringing Russia and England to the verge of war, or in 1893 the massacre by Cossacks of an Afghan post in the district of Wakhan; the hostile attitude of Abdur Rahman himself to the consolidation by the Indian Government of its position on the North-West Frontier, this consolidation necessitating various military expeditions; the Durand Mission to Kabul in 1893 with the double purpose of settling both the Anglo-Afghan and the Russo-Afghan differences; the Anglo-Russian Pamirs Commission of 1895-96, held pursuant to that mission; further frontier troubles, culminating in the formidable rising of 1897-98: all these provided incessant crises which tried the new policy very highly. Under the judicious handling of the British and Indian Governments, however, it emerged triumphant. On the one hand our strategical and political position on the frontier was consolidated, and on the other war with Afghanistan was avoided. The first-fruits of the policy were evident in 1897 when Abdur Rahman, though appealed to by the tribesmen for assistance against the British, definitely refused to do so. On Oct. 3, 1901, after a reign of twenty-one years, the great Amir 'slept with his fathers' and Habibullah his son reigned in his stead, and it is not the

least tribute to his rule that his successor came to the throne quietly and without any of those civil wars and commotions which generally mark the accession of an Afghan king.

Habibullah was a shrewd statesman and his reign was successful. Internally, except for a rebellion in Khost, the country remained quiet. Externally, the new Amir continued the exclusive policy of his father. Russia, as usual, indulged in some intrigues on the northern frontier. On the Indian boundaries during the early days of Habibullah, as in those of his father, differences arose with the Indian Government. These, by the exercise of tact and forbearance on the part of the latter, were gradually adjusted. In 1905, after the Dane Mission to Kabul, a treaty was concluded with the Amir confirming the previous engagements entered into with Abdur Rahman. In 1907 an agreement was made with Russia by Sir Edward Grey, then Foreign Secretary, by which our various differences with that country all over Asia, including Afghanistan, were settled. In the same year Habibullah paid an official visit to India, and in the Mohmand hostilities of a year later, appeals for help to Kabul by the tribesmen were refused as they had been ten years earlier. Thereafter up to the outbreak of the War in 1914 Afghan affairs moved fairly smoothly.

The War was the 'acid test' of our Afghan policy, and seldom has a policy been so completely vindicated. Briefly speaking, it gave us the incalculable benefit of a neutral instead of a hostile Afghanistan. The results of that country joining the enemy can better be imagined than described: hostilities all along the frontier, a ferment of internal unrest, and India—instead of a reservoir from which other areas drew hundreds of thousands of troops and huge supplies—herself a war area badly in need of outside assistance. The Sultan of Turkey, looked upon by many millions of Moslems as their Khalifa, threw in his lot with the enemy and declared a holy war; enemy agents penetrated into Afghanistan with letters from Sultan and Kaiser giving dazzling promises in return for Afghan assistance; there were Allied checks and defeats in many quarters of the globe; Russia under the Bolsheviks went out of the War, and any menace to Afghanistan in case of hostilities was thus

removed from her northern frontier. Yet Habibullah through the four years' ebb and flow of the great struggle not only stood firm himself, but succeeded in keeping his people, amongst whom were many elements desirous of war with the British, in check. And why? Mainly because the British Government, in the face of countless difficulties and in spite of many excuses for a contrary policy, by resolutely respecting for more than thirty years the independence of Afghanistan, had convinced Habibullah and the more far-sighted of the influential Afghan leaders, that we had no designs on their country. With this conviction in their minds it was obvious that they had nothing to gain and everything to lose by making war, and they refused to run great dangers merely to pull the chestnuts out of the fire either for Turkey or Germany.

In February 1919 Habibullah was murdered under mysterious circumstances. After Nasrullah, his brother, who proclaimed himself ruler, had 'reigned' for a few weeks, Amanullah—the third son of the late Amir, and Governor of Kabul—supported by the army, and in control of the treasury, made himself Amir, and was recognised as such by the Indian Government, whereupon Nasrullah submitted to his nephew, and died a few years later in captivity.

In May of the same year the new Amir embarked on an unprovoked invasion of India. The invasion failed completely, the Afghan troops suffered defeats; Dacca, near the head of the Khyber Pass, and Spin Baldock, on the Baluchistan-Afghan border, were occupied by the British. Amanullah before the end of the month sued for a truce, which was granted him, and the treaty putting an end to the war was signed at Simla in August. In 1921 Sir Henry Dobbs proceeded on a mission to Kabul, and a fresh treaty confirming, and in some respects extending, the terms of the peace agreement was signed. The most important clause of this treaty gave complete independence to Afghanistan; *i.e.* the Amir's foreign affairs would no longer be under British control. In return the annual subsidy from the Indian Government would cease, but Amanullah would have the right to import ammunition, arms, and technical requirements through India.

The action of the British Government on the conclusion of this, the Third Afghan War, was severely criticised in various quarters. It was said that the granting of the truce and the cessation of hostilities by the British authorities had lowered our prestige in the eyes of Afghans and Indians. What was the alternative? Briefly it was this. At the close of the greatest war in history, in which our resources had been strained to the uttermost, to invade Afghanistan with a large force—a small one would have been useless—to defeat the Afghan army, as could certainly have been done, and to dethrone Amanullah or inevitably so to weaken his position—*vis-à-vis* his own subjects and his many rivals—that he would be forced to abdicate, thus to throw the country into confusion and have it once more on our hands rulerless; in fact to repeat the policy of the First and Second Afghan Wars—can anybody looking back from the vantage-post of a decade later honestly say that such an alternative was preferable to that actually taken?

It was also said that Afghanistan should not have been given complete independence; that her foreign affairs should have remained under the control of the Indian Government. Before imposing unacceptable terms on a defeated enemy it is necessary to have the intention of enforcing such terms, and the British Government, for the excellent reasons given above, had no intention of proceeding to extremes with Afghanistan. Pre-War Russian policy towards that country had, it is true, been often hostile towards Great Britain, but the Tsarist Government was at least one with which the ordinary methods of diplomacy could be carried on. The Bolshevik Government of post-War Russia had not only repudiated all Tsarist agreements, but was waging a virulent anti-British campaign of intrigue and propaganda all over the world—especially in Asia. If, in spite of Afghan foreign affairs remaining nominally under British control, the Soviet entered into relations with Kabul, were the British Government to enforce their rights *vi et armis*? Any other sort of protest addressed to Moscow would have been quite ineffectual. The War, too, and its aftermath, had changed all international relations, Anglo-Afghan amongst others. What was not only possible but desirable in the interests of both

parties up to 1918, was not so afterwards. It was no longer practicable to keep Afghanistan under our special influence. For good or ill she had to come into free relations with the outside world and find her own feet.

So the 'opening up' of Afghanistan commenced under the ægis of the new ruler. As a sign manual of Afghan independence Legations were established at Kabul by most of the great Powers, and Afghan Ministers were accredited to foreign courts. In the wake of the Legations flocked merchants and concession-hunters. Telegraph lines were made, wireless installations erected. Motor-cars plied on the Peshawar-Kabul road, and air services were started, principally with Russian Central Asia under Soviet auspices. A beginning was made with the reforms which later were to cause such trouble, and at the time were one of the causes of the 1924 rising in Khost, always a rebellious centre. The rising was suppressed and the reforms withdrawn.

In June 1926 Amanullah took the title of King, and in December 1927 started on his foreign tour. Impressed with certain aspects of Western civilisation, particularly with the changes which Mustapha Kemal Pasha (whom he visited) had introduced into Turkey, on his return to Kabul he proceeded to push forward not only the old reforms (re-introduced just previous to his tour), but certain new ones. The whole scheme included such items as education on Western lines, for women as well as men, the abolition, or restriction, of the *Sharat* (Moslem Ecclesiastical) Courts, the establishment of some sort of Representative Assembly in place of the customary tribal *jirgas* (councils), a distinct decrease in the power and influence of the mullahs and tribal leaders, and last, though by no means least, certain compulsory sartorial changes. By no means least since one of them, the raising of the *purdah* for women, was against certain Moslem prejudices, and all of them were the outward and visible sign of the Westernisation of the country.

The revolution of last December, headed by Bacha-i-Saqao, which followed the introduction of the reforms; the disaffection of the army; the abdication of Amanullah and his retirement to Kandahar; the enthronement and fall of his brother Inayatullah; the occupation of Kabul by Saqao, who then took the title of Habibullah Ghazi;

the brilliant rescues by the R.A.F. of foreigners from Kabul, including Inayatullah himself at the request of Habibullah through the intermediary of the British Minister—all these are too recent to need detailing. At the time of writing Habibullah has a precarious hold on Kabul. He is, however, apparently a man of no particular birth, and his Tajik (Persian) origin is against him. On the other hand, he is reported to have personality and ability, and would not be the first outlaw to found an Oriental dynasty or seize an Oriental throne. One Ahmed Jan, previously Amanullah's Military Controller at Jalalabad, is also in the field, with support from the Shinwaris and others. At Kandahar Amanullah, who has rescinded his abdication and been joined by Inayatullah, is reported to have raised his standard and to be receiving some support from the Kandaharis. The situation is confused and obscure, and may be still more confused by the time this paper is in print.

The aim of this article, however, as already indicated, has been by a survey of the past to throw light on the present, and possibly into the future. We see, for instance, from this survey that what is happening now in Afghanistan is by no means unprecedented. It has happened there before more than once—on the deaths of Ahmed Shah and of Dost Mohammed, for example. A powerful Amir dies, there is rebellion either immediately or during the reign of his successor, and chaos follows until a strong man seizes the throne and brings back unity and order to the country. Who the next strong man will be no one can tell.

Another reflection which will occur to the reader is that the reforms cannot be the only cause of Afghan unrest: there were troubles under previous rulers who had no thought of reforms. This is perfectly correct. Another cause has been at work, based on the geographical and ethnological features of the country. The northern part of the kingdom is separated from the southern by the formidable barrier of Hindu Kush, running from the Pamirs in the east to near Persia in the west. Similarly the people of the country are divided into two main divisions, Afghans and 'other Pathans,' and 'non-Afghans.' But these two main divisions are by no means consolidated. The first named, it is true, all speak

Pushtu and belong to the Sunni sect of the Moslem religion ; but there are considerable differences between them—witness the many 'other Pathan' revolts against the Afghan domination. The 'other Pathans' have inter-tribal feuds, while the Afghans are divided into the two hostile Durani and Ghilzai confederations, and the former into two rival sections, the Barakzai, to which Amanullah belongs, and the Sadozai. The 'non-Afghans' are of Persian, Turkish, Tartar, and Mongol origins, talk various languages and dialects, and belong, many of them, to the Shiah sect. Though a good deal has been done, partly by pressure from outside and partly by the internal efforts of the Amirs, to weld together these different races and tribes, the process is still incomplete. Afghanistan is not yet a full national entity. She has not that homogeneity, for example, which is possessed by Persia or present-day Turkey, and it is precisely this want of homogeneity which is one of the most serious causes and features of the present troubles.

Externally there is, as always, Russia. If the Afghan policy of the Tsarist Government was periodically aggressive, at any rate up to the Agreement of 1907, that of the Soviet has certainly tended in the same direction. There is still a Russian menace, though it has changed its form. The old menace was a military one, a threat of invasion, which could be met by the declaration that the movement of troops across a certain frontier line would mean war. The new menace of propaganda and incitement to internal revolution in the country concerned, which is that adopted by the Soviet, is far more subtle, more dangerous and more difficult to meet. All along the northern frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan the Soviet some years ago formed their 'Ethnic Republics,' composed of races and tribes with ethnological affinities to the populations on the opposite side of the frontier, with the express purpose of drawing these populations into the Russian orbit. The Soviet have set on foot various designs considerably beyond these frontier districts, and Soviet troops have not hesitated to copy the violent methods of the old Tsarist Cossacks, as witness their sudden and unprovoked attack on an Afghan post on Urfa Island in the Oxus in December 1925. Everywhere the Soviet have made a practice of fishing in

troubled waters, especially in Asia, and it remains to be seen whether they will abstain from taking advantage of the present situation in Afghanistan. In this connection it is worthy of note that Afghan Turkestan, which adjoins the Russian frontier, is cut off from the rest of Afghanistan, including Kabul, by the Hindu Kush, of which mention has already been made.

If, as is the case, a sound foreign policy should generally be capable of meeting altered conditions without violent alterations in itself, it may be pointed out in conclusion that British policy towards Afghanistan during the present crisis passes this test successfully. We are, of course, far more interested in that country, owing to its juxtaposition to India, than is any other Power, and our Air Force has rendered notable international service by removing foreign subjects who wished to leave Kabul. But whatever may be the course of events in Afghanistan, our attitude—as stated recently by Sir Austen Chamberlain in London, and by Sir Denys Bray, Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, in Delhi—is the same as in previous years: complete non-interference in Afghan internal affairs.

Art. 9.—RECENT TENDENCIES IN ENGLISH FICTION

1. *Point Counter Point*. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus, 1928.
 2. *The Plumed Serpent*. By D. H. Lawrence. Secker, 1926.
 3. *Portrait of Claire*. By F. Brett Young. Heinemann, 1927.
 4. *A Passage to India*. By E. M. Forster. Arnold, 1924.
 5. *Last Post*. By F. M. Ford. Duckworth, 1928.
 6. *Orlando*. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press, 1928.
- And other works.

THE first need of the artist, at least of the literary artist, is to reconcile himself with reality and say Yes to the universe. When that need is satisfied, however, his creative activities end; whether, like Shakespeare, he lay aside his wand and retire to a country cottage, or like Wordsworth he continue without enthusiasm to produce literary exercises, or like Goethe he adopt a new and non-creative mode of activity; in any case, that Yes once uttered, there is an end to art. The requisites of genius are sorrow, deformity, and perversion. Lombroso, with all his faults, is to be praised for having seen that plain.

If Shelley, that sweet and noble though—alas!—too solemn person, had been born a few decades later he would have come under the influence of the Oxford Movement, which would without a doubt have satisfied his intellectual greed and physical revulsions. His pious verse would not have surpassed Keble's, far less equalled Christina Rossetti's, but in the security of a family vicarage he would have earned the nickname of an engaging crank. A footnote in the textbooks, a poem in the Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, some casual references in the more gossipy of memoirs, and a tarnished plaque in a village church few enter—was the angel luckier for being ineffectual?

To say Yes to the universe is thus fatal to art. Aware of this, some younger novelists too eagerly say No, and in support of their negations contort themselves into attitudes for which in their soberer moments they must blush. The truth is that art is neither Yes nor No. An

electron has no position, and the imagination has no resting-place. The aim of every true artist, however, is to justify the ways of God to man, in particular to the artist himself. There negatives help no more than positives, and it is a painful task at the best for the sorrowful and deformed pervert who if he succeed loses his power and if he fail loses his every chance of happiness. But art is like that. Every trade has its disadvantages.

Two of the most interesting moderns are Mr Aldous Huxley and Mr D. H. Lawrence. Mr Huxley is negative, because to him all physical relations are so. The more carefully one ensues a life of quiet wisdom, the more bitterly is one betrayed by the irrelevancies of sex. It is just possible for very simple-minded people to stumble into some transitory equilibrium, to love as do cattle and sheep, and attain, if not happiness, at least tranquillity, but the subtler, the more intellectual derive from their ludicrous passions nothing but pains and degradation. The man who ignores sex is contemptible as being less than man. The man who admits sex is contemptible as being less than monkey; sewn in a monkey's skin, suffering from a monkey's itch, and with all a human intelligence helplessly contemplating an animal's amours. Mr Huxley's imagination is chained to sex as something alive might be chained to a corpse, and with loathing and fear it struggles in vain for freedom. His philosophy contemplates a proletarian world out of which from time to time the male intelligence struggles to be free. It is better on the whole not to have achieved a partial freedom, but to yield unquestioningly to the viscous unions of the unilluminated. In other words, with all his puritanic wit, Mr Huxley has yet to learn how marriage could ever have been termed a sacrament.

Mr D. H. Lawrence, that smoky volcano, does not repudiate sex; he worships it; like so many half-educated persons he confuses power with truth, and because the dark flame of sexual desire is universally potent, he would build upon its strong secret manifestations a whole philosophy. A great poet, perhaps the greatest of living poets, he has been able to impose upon the young his lurid, though imperfectly synthesised thought, and to induce them to read by lightning flashes a script of blood. Yet he does not convince. He enlists the fancy,

but not the mind, of his readers. Like Byron before him, very like Byron, he teaches us a way of life which can only be accepted as a pose. He is magnificent, but he is not quite real.

That both these typically modern writers should be obsessed by sex is not surprising. What is called the emancipation of women, that is, the entry of women into competition with man in masculine pursuits, has necessitated some adjustment of traditional morality. Conscious that the insipid maiden of Victorian romance has disappeared, unable to explain the modern girl but suspicious lest her frank talk and undignified bearing be symptoms of lust, the modern novelist has ceased to explain womanhood at all. He rejects, and rightly, the Victorian convention—Fielding and Smollett subscribed to it too—that the male is solely responsible for sexual misconduct. He has not, however, succeeded in squaring the equal responsibility of male and female with his prepossessions. It may be that none of us will be alive when the synthesis is accomplished.

It is rather more curious that neither Mr Aldous Huxley nor Mr D. H. Lawrence owns the technique of a novelist. Both write excellent lyrics and beautifully articulated short stories. Neither has written a novel that does not contain a thousand elementary faults. Mr Lawrence just pours himself out on paper, without stint or discipline, without beginning, middle, or end. Mr Huxley piles up episode on episode until he decides that he has written enough. No novel of either has shape or balance. From which one may judge that they write novels because novels still constitute the most popular of literary forms. They are prophets in story-teller's clothing. In the age of Carlyle they would have written histories, in the age of Johnson didactic essays, in the age of Donne—who can doubt it?—sermons.

Mrs Woolf is equally subjective, but her egotism is less the prophet's than the introvert's. So exquisite is her sensibility, so rapid her reactions, that a cloud cannot pass over the sun but the face of the world is radically changed for her. At the same time, so unimportant do the objects of cognition appear to her in comparison with the process of cognition itself, that only after exacting labours is one able to deduce the celestial phenomena

from the presentation of the psychological. Though she is not a snob, in the sense that Henry James was a snob, she is so self-bound that her imagination never escapes from the upper middle class. Her sweetest and strongest passages are punctuated by the clinks of silver teaspoons against delicate china. In her latest work she tries to escape through fantasy from herself. The shadow still pursues the bird. From her shadow, however fast and far she fly, the bird is unable to escape. Though Mrs Woolf outrage both space and time, she, and Orlando, are cabined in Bloomsbury still.

Scarcely less typical of our present discontents is Mr T. F. Powys, who outraged by the sheer stupid cruelty of man to man, and yet a little drunk with God, amazingly mingles in sombre pastorals the noblest ambitions of man with the foulest of his ignominies. It has been objected, with some truth, that the life of the country-side is not a compost of rape and religious mania. It might also have been objected that the denizens possess a quality ignored by Mr Powys, that quality called by Dr Santayana *Animal Faith*. The labouring hind, nearer to the animal than other men are, finds life important because he is living. The universe swings in the rhythm of his own thick blood. Cruelty, treachery, even bestiality, move in that rhythm, and are accepted because they seem real. Mr Powys looks for reality outside experience. The result is that his characters are trees uprooted, are valued as timber instead of as vegetation, and are judged by the dry leaf when they are still verdant. It is a harmless prank of certain minor authors, following the fashion set in 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' to mock at antiquity by applying to it the test of translation into modern terms. Mr Powys applies to rusticity urbane standards. The test is not fair. Cheese is a commendable food, but that like a certain soap it won't wash clothes is of tertiary importance. We cannot expect that the agricultural labourer and the elementary schoolmaster should esteem the same values. Nor can even so great an institution as the Anglican Church assure us that in every one of its clergy the innocence of the serpent will be combined with the wisdom of the dove. Plainly, however, Mr Powys is unique amid modern novelists, inasmuch as his imagination is religious. The malady that has led him

to write novels may be cured, because it is not malignant. One should compare it rather with a tumour than a cancer. The very intensity of his exacerbation gives ground for hope. Love has engendered hatred, but hatred may engender love, and some evening when noisy, smelly men clatter down from the fields to their cottages Mr Powys may be put beside himself, and turn to publicans and sinners with humility as well as with affection.

The English novel has rarely been influenced by foreign examples. The Russian boom at its strongest may have interested, but not diverted us. Though Tchekhov gave to Mansfield's lips the kiss of futility, Miss Mansfield—and she not an Englishwoman—won more praise than power. Already her work is regarded by the young as rather 'old game.' Proust has been acclaimed as a great cosmopolitan writer, but only by those who are themselves naturally cosmopolitan. The form is difficult, the content repulsive, and his appeal is mainly to what the French—who have not read Thackeray—call *les Snobs*. (Posterity will recognise in the comparatively unobtrusive work of Martin du Gard a far richer genius.) The Germans heap up heavy historical novels. These novels have a sort of sale over here. Luckily no Englishman has attempted to be quite so adipose. The Americans have proved themselves more influential. This sniggering stuff about sex has had some small effect on England. The language and the morals of contemporary fiction have been slightly degraded. Luckily, however, the most popular writers of to-day—Mr Kipling excepted—belong to the P.S.A. School, and where Miss Guided Flapper sells ten studies of fornication, Mr Wesley Brown sells ten thousand of parental love. The English are not profoundly fond of smut.

If the English novel is but slightly influenced by the foreign, does it influence? Well, Richardson, that not good writer, swept like a tidal wave over Europe. Scott was responsible for all the best of French fiction, most of the best German. Dickens remade—how pleased the world has been to overlook it!—Russian fiction. And the author of the 'Forsyte Saga' commands in Iowa and Ohio a ridiculously excessive respect. Our lyrics are still the loveliest; we have conquered the world with a song. But our novels? Do foreigners read the latest

work of Mr Hugh Walpole and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, and even of much more important writers as Messrs Huxley and Lawrence with anything but faint amusement? Apparently not. But it is some consolation for an Englishman to reflect that because his younger novelists are perturbed the novel is everywhere crumbling. The gaiety and sanity of the English spirit will eventually prevail. We have been bludgeoned by American dollars, and corrupted by French perversions. We have for a time lost track of ourselves. Our novelists, who should interpret ourselves to ourselves and incidentally to the rest of Earth, have lost power and pride. This is quite dreadful. But sooner or later Falstaff will give a great guffaw, and because a nasty, fat old man has laughed we shall make way again. We are not introverts, though most of our novelists are. Falstaff laughs.

Away from the egotists, few novelists are considerable. There is, however, Mr Brett Young, who plunges and plunges once more against the limits of his imagination in the vain hope of escaping from them. This poet would be a very good novelist if he were not also a rather cold novelist. The beauty that dwells upon his work is ephemeral. So nearly good is he that constantly one wonders why he is not a little, just that little, better. Once, perhaps, he wrote a work of genius. One has to read 'Clare.' And always he is interesting, suave, and strong. Bloomsbury may not admire the work of Mr Young, but is almost forced to admire Mr Forster, because Mr Forster invented Bloomsbury. That magnificent novel, the greatest novel of this century, 'A Passage to India,' is no less superior to the average than Shakespeare's plays to the plays of Webster, or Tolstoy's novels to the novels of Turgenieff.

It was to personal relations that Mr Forster, that Bloomsbury originally referred, and it is from personal relations to the wide and generally impersonal play of human intercourse that Mr Forster has advanced. There is room in fiction for the nudge, wink, and whisper school. We should miss it if it disappeared. Though some of us occasionally are bored by Jane Austen, we should be sorry if minor fiction could not be from time to time poisoned by genius so that it swelled to almost human stature. Once, long ago, Mr Forster was a most adorable

'petit-maitre.' His 'Howards End,' for example, was so subtly good, so mentally satisfying, that it was nearly readable, which is more than can be said for the works of other subtle writers. 'A Passage to India' is a real big novel. The shyness shown by the author in dealing with the passions may militate against its warm acceptance by posterity. But though Mr Forster cease to be read he will not cease to be remembered. If not our Fielding, he may hope to be our Richardson.

To Mr Ford it may come as a shock to be reminded that he is an English novelist, for both his blood and his domiciles may seem to preserve him against so horrid accusations. We have treated him badly. We have failed to see that he was a genius, that his influence upon the English imagination will outlast bronze and marble and the pompous monuments of princes. We have thought of him as just a clever literary gent. Our excuse must be that for so long he was that, and nothing more. The creator of Tientjens came as a surprise. The name of Ford, or as he then was called, of Hueffer, was associated with a dabbling in the decomposition of Stevensonian romance, in particular with that form of decomposition called Conradism, and with brief, acute historical studies too good to be praised. And then, then—neat sparrow turned to albatross or eagle—this competent author suddenly begins to compose works of a passion, an intensity, rarely equalled in our tongue. Novels descriptive of the war are almost weekly acclaimed as immortal. I doubt it. I doubt whether the Great War that last happened will eventually produce more works of genius than the last Great War but One, which, if you happen to remember it at all, you will remember as being badly snubbed by Jane Austen. But Tientjens will live. And Tientjens will live, not because he was a sort of soldier, but because his personality allowed Mr Ford to express an attitude, and excited him to describe a man. The tetralogy is full of errors, in chronology, of character and in taste. Nor should it have been a tetralogy at all. But if it does not outline bronze and marble and the pompous monuments of princes, the fault will lie in the stern determination of civilised people to commit suicide.

A great genius may so powerfully jet out from its

fountain of self-pity that it transcends the limits of its own egocentricity, that it makes continents into a stage, into private keeping a world woe, and from shrouds weaves clouds. For those whose wings are hens', not eagles', it is better to ensue objectivity. Once, but not more than once, Miss Romer Wilson wrote a great book, and when folk read it their hearts leapt and revolved in their bosoms, and turning one to another they said: 'Here is romance come back to us. Yes, the real romance at last. His forerunners babbled in terms of Ruritania and could at best offer us drugs against our private woe, that for a moment we might forget that we were weary. But here is romance itself. And it will enlarge our experience, instead of trying to muffle our reactions.' But 'The Death of Society' should have borne the subtitle of 'A Flash in the Pan.' Miss Wilson for once climbed the heights of Parnassus. Now she is at the base, selling picture-postcards of the view.

From two other female romanticists it was once possible to expect good work. Miss Dane prefers to write for magazines. Miss Jameson has descended even further, and writes for the evening papers. The crude vulgarity of adjacent columns has been too strong for them. One cannot, it is said, touch pitch without being defiled. Miss Dane and Miss Jameson have become coarse hucksters of the second-rate. They have etiolated their imaginations in order to intensify their appeal. Miss Dane has become dull. Miss Jameson could not be dull if she tried, but she has succeeded in becoming silly.

Three other writers to whom it is necessary to refer are Mr Sackville West, Mr Louis Golding, and Mr Geoffrey Dennis. The first of these is an example of imagination being strangled by platitudes; in this Laocoon struggle the platitudes tend to win. Mr Golding writes very well about Jews, but when he writes about other subjects he is either intellectually absurd or emotionally nauseous. 'The Miracle Boy' must be one of the worst books that ever saw print, as 'Forward from Babylon' is one of the best. Mr Dennis, confusing autobiography with fiction, is like a little boy who, given a grand drawing, splashes red in the wrong places. He is so nearly great that one loathes him for being merely grandiose.

Sorrow, hate, and lust produce the best literature.

The most successful literature, however, is produced from the big bellies of sheer complacency. No reference is here intended to the sentimental or sensational best sellers. The reference is to what people of some culture buy and esteem. In two periodicals not read by many fools a competition was set, and the 'Forsyte Saga' won most of the suffrages. Why? It is certainly not a great book. Many must think it in its evasions of reality, in its sickly demeanour and smug hypocrisy, a very bad book, although on the whole it covers late Victorian England with some power. Why is it popular when better books are not? The answer is to be found in the fact that literature is essentially perverse. The most devoted of Mr Lawrence's readers, for example, while submitting to his power, is shocked and amused by his extravagance. Mr Galsworthy neither excites nor shocks. When he wrote 'The Man of Property' it is probable that his imagination was stimulated by a reaction against injustice. But he could not keep it up.

The best novelists being perverse, the best, the most subtly critical readers, tend to prefer the second-rate to the first. They may, for example, love the work of Mr D. H. Lawrence, and they cannot help, being sane, but from time to time to guffaw against it. The extreme egocentricity of Mr Lawrence's work, while not incompatible with great power, is quite incompatible with general acceptance. A very sympathetic critic may find where Mr Lawrence is supreme; the sublime merges with the ridiculous, and admiring the one he may accept the other. The general reader is less ready to pay for beauty a great price. So Mr Lawrence, all afire still with strange enthusiasms, sells his thousands, while Mr Galsworthy and Mr Bennett sell their tens of thousands. By a necessary law of appreciation the second-rate will be preferred to the first. Your average critic, nay even your average reader, is a cool intelligent man. He naturally prefers the composers of literary exercises. He does not want to be excited by that top-heavy thing genius, until genius is safely dead. Many who now patronise Shelley would be personally offended if Shelley were still alive.

It is, however, conceivable that the sickness and wickedness of the individual imagination, struggling to be

free from its associations, may find a synthesis of flame with fuel, may remain strong without ceasing to be popular. Let us take the cases of Trollope and Tolstoy, both great novelists of the nineteenth century. Trollope was hurt and sick. The world had not treated him well. Accidentally he stumbled upon a formula that made him famous. His imagination, building up before him a world of secure comfort, was not found incompatible with Victorian prepossessions. He loved the best of Victorianism, and the best Victorians loved, and love, him. Tolstoy, disgusted by sexual promiscuity, and avid of new economic theories, might, if he had been a D. H. Lawrence, have plunged into a vulgar mysticism, but his hatred of the world, being expressed in worldly terms, excited his fancy without corrupting his intellect or falsifying his observation.

The secret of marrying common sense with the creative imagination seems to have been lost. On the one hand, we have authors of personal genius, in whose veins thick blood strongly flows, banging themselves like intoxicated bats against our shuttered windows. On the other hand, we have authors tired, or old, or complacent, elaborately imitating the successes of the nineteenth century. A tendency of to-day is to despise the latter and to prefer the former, but if the novel is to survive it will only be if men of genius pretend to be men of talent, and men of talent respect men of genius.

Another tendency of modern fiction that has to be most seriously considered, that may even prove itself to be of primary importance, is the tendency toward greater frankness, and foulness, of language. Within the experience of any middle-aged man words that no one but a cad would have uttered in the presence of women have quietly ceased to be obnoxious. Some may remember when 'Dem' was daring, and extorted shameful laughter from the stalls. Then came 'bloody,' popularised by Mr Bernard Shaw. A synonym of nonsense is still being tried out on the English public, and will like truth eventually prevail. Nastier words will come after. We all know them. And probably they will be vomited upon the reader by novelists careless of good manners. Ill-mannered flappers, conscious that they have little else to say, attempt by an insolent indecency to impress upon

the commons that they are amusing. One is reminded of the time when it was amusing to be blasphemous, not obscene. 'Dem' and 'Hell' were then mighty words. They have been succeeded by naughtier. Nothing, however, shows that our life is being liberalised. Our manners and our morals in London Town decline, but they have just been infected. The provinces stand where they did.

A third tendency of modern fiction is away from reality. Such egotists as Messrs Huxley and Lawrence are writing excellent prose, and if any New Zealander, a hundred years hence, came across it, he would exclaim at its perilous beauty. But from this perilous beauty he would have derived no actual understanding of what life in London was in 1929 like. At no time has the mind of man, the mind of the novelist, swung so far from the usual concerns of humanity. Neither the enthusiasm of the introverts, nor the damped-down fires of the Forsytes, could possibly suggest to that hypothetical New Zealander actual truth.

A fourth tendency of the modern novelist is to suppose that his innumerable catalogue of his private experiences has external validity. No one, whose job it has been to examine unpublished manuscripts, but must be convinced that a majority of secondary schoolmistresses, and quite a number of other deserving persons, believe that what they swallow may be vomited up in fiction. Of all, Miss Dorothy Richardson alone has achieved any considerable notice. The perversity and complexity of her style called attention to the content. If she had little to say, she said it so confusedly that it was noticed. For a period she was applauded. If to-day she be forgotten, yesterday she was called an innovator. Her experiment was an interesting one. It was defeated by something incurably stodgy in her imagination.

Before going further, we have first to consider whether fiction is worth saving, and secondly to examine the way in which it might be saved. Well, there is nothing sacred about fiction. Some men of genius did and do prefer this form of literary expression. But even of Tolstoy, that Shakespeare of fiction, it might be argued that he revolted against the form in which he was writing, and relapsed with relief from story-telling to sermoning and

essay writing. If at no time have 'fiction magazines' been more popular with the English and American publics, yet at no time has the average quality of such magazine fiction been lower, nor ever has it been more difficult for stories of sense or emotion to find a market.

Nevertheless, though fiction be used as a drug, has sunk so low in popular estimation that the Bodleian Library is hoping to classify 'fiction magazines' with catalogues and time-tables as unworthy of preservation, is shamefully read and easily forgotten, more imaginative power and intellectual subtlety has been devoted in the last thirty years to this form of self-expression than to any other. It is possible, even probable, that the novel will die suffocated in its own fat. But—Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Scott, Austen, the Brontes, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Eliot—the list might be continued. Because of these great names, if for no other reason, the novel demands our respect.

The second question put forward was—how can the novel be saved? In its extreme form of perversity, Mr James Joyce cannot save it. The English language even he cannot save. He is substituting for the language we speak a stuttering clamour, and is pleased to introduce into his expressionism a tongue not even Irish. Mr Joyce will not save the novel; nor will Mr Huxley, who, writing better English, must ever ebb away from reality, because he ensues the supernatural but is ashamed of doing so; nor Mr Lawrence, who, expecting so much, finds so little. Nor is there much to be hoped for from the sedate and sensible gentlemen who are only too anxious not to be suspected of genius. If the novel is to be saved it will be neither by the eccentric nor the platitudinarian. If the novel survive, it will be because something in it excites the imagination, not because it is a cheap narcotic. If it fail it will be because it is buried in its own fat.

Perhaps it would be best if the modern novel were informed by a broad humanity, and perhaps it would be best if it roved like an albatross over uncharted seas. Yet neither into the Scylla of realism nor the Charybdis of romance does it seem likely to drive. Its sails are trimmed. Its course is plain. The youngsters are propitiated by insults against the Victorians, and the oldsters by satire of the young. There has grown up a convention

according to which it is suggested that young women sometimes drink too many cocktails, and that marriages are sometimes ended in divorce. Such writers are called daring. The only daring thing about them is that they ignore that a vast social revolution is being accomplished, that a strong attack is being made upon the lately established standards of morality, and that the issue is not to be explained in terms of bobbed hair, Bronx and Manhattan. It is rather as if as a contemporary comment on the French Revolution some contributor to the women's page of an evening paper remarked that gentlemen—except, of course, M. Robespierre—had given up powdering their hair.

And so it may seem the strangest tendency of English fiction, although this tendency may have been sufficiently described by remarks on subjectivism, that the modern novel is not describing the modern world. Some authors write of things moribund, some of things unborn, if not abortive. Jam yesterday. Jam to-morrow. Is there never to be jam to-day? From Trollope, from Dickens and from Thackeray, from 'The Old Wives' Tale' and from the earlier volumes of the 'Forsyte Saga,' we get an impression of a strong civilisation. From our moderns we only get the impression of graceful, angry little animals in cages, mauling and licking themselves, but occasionally looking up to stare through the bars at a long procession of dull people not to be admired, rarely to be understood.

The fault lies less on our authors than in their environment. Any time may be called a time of transition, and any generation, conscious of the sun's dull thudding across the sky, is peculiarly tempted to consider its age more transitional than any. Yet, it may be argued, never before has so much happened in twenty years as has happened to us who live in 1929. The relations between men and women have been fundamentally changed, and that alone constitutes a social revolution only comparable with the emergence of our race from caves, huts, and lake dwellings. The advancement of science, and of scientific domination over natural forces, increases with a sickening rhythm, foreboding who knows what. The biggest and foulest of wars has strained our nerves to breaking point. The races of non-European descent are challenging the authority of the European.

Almost as an anti-climax must be added the note that of several recent political revolutions any one might in the 'sixties have held to have marked an epoch. A slow, cold, capacious intelligence might aspire to assimilate all these toxins of mutability. The average novelist, that angry woodpecker, is poisoned by the bark of trees declining and of saplings alike.

After the profound, though local, revolution that liberated the northern provinces of the Netherlands from Spanish dominion; after the Batavian boors at infinite expense had overcome the chivalry of Spain, yet while all was still uncertain, perturbed and anxious, there arose in art a burgess beauty. Vermeer of Delft illuminated with the incomparable delicacy of his imagination the back streets and shy ambitions of some little towns. And Rembrandt, that sombre romanticist, wedded rebellion to realisation, bringing to the door of fat burgomasters Pegasus, bidding them mount, and making them immortal while he left them men. There was jollity again, too, great gross laughter, simple kindness, and private pomp. The life of common men, hardly regained, not yet unthreatened, went on for a while in the clear light of genius.

So it yet may be that our most interesting contemporaries, those sick and sorry ones, will compose their quarrels with society, either because they are tired of their perilous isolation, or because society has become more worthy of them. Already the urbane Mr Huxley is disquieted by his splendid isolation from the commons, and is seeking a formula—is exploring avenues of approach—is mitigating the fastidiousness of a professed and professional highbrow—is looking for animal faith. Mr Martin Armstrong, whose imagination is no less subtle, has long tried to dip into ordinariness, and if he has not been altogether successful in winning the crowd's applause, has succeeded in the more difficult feat of applauding the crowd. If Mr Powys, like a captured panther, spits at all he sees, he has his feline affections for these humble ones who do mean things in shabby cottages.

One thing is certain; if the moderns come back to life they will do so with a skin too few; as the great Victorians approached it with one too many. The intolerable blackness of his heart drove Dickens into a

sort of convivial satire that was often splendid but never sweet. He was sorry for Paul Dombey—Little Nell—the Peggotty girl—certainly for Oliver and David and all young lads astray. But his sorrow came out in speeches. A rhetoric, now ridiculous and now sublime, contorted him. He could not be quietly pitiful, but had to make a House of Commons question of his sympathy, had to write to 'The Times.' There is a little story Katherine Mansfield wrote about an old charwoman; not a very great story, not her best; but imagine what Dickens would have made of it, what comic corruptions, what deep villainies, what dark conspiracies, what insensate wrongs, how Bumble kidnapped the baby and Heep stole the baby's milk from the can; and then read Mansfield, and see what the moderns might do. Thackeray, trying to impose upon the upper classes the standards of the middle, was forced to adopt a manner of arrogant dogmatism. Much insensitiveness may thereby be explained. But not so the treatment of the young Pendennis's love affair with an actress. There can be only one explanation of the brilliant, worldly coarseness of this, namely that he was unfeeling, unfeeling even when he considered the youthful follies of the likes of himself. One would judge, *a priori*, that great fiction cannot be written in the tone of an elderly gentleman's complaint to the committee about the quality of the club port, but empirical observation of Thackeray convinces one that it can.

And Trollope, sweetest and deepest of English Victorians, wounded, nearly crippled by the ignominy, misery, and secretiveness of his boyhood, and building a Barchester for his fellow-sufferers—he certainly is capable of tenderness. Only a great gentleman could have imagined the Perpetual Curate of Hogglestock; and only a great man could have clearly seen and unemphatically suggested that a saint may be a public nuisance and a private bore—but still a saint. He is very gentle, too, with pretty young heroines. But he did not, it must be confessed, abound in general sympathy, and was no kinder to his villains than most fox hunters are to the fox.

Much of modern humanitarianism may be illustrated by a grotesque parallel. The villain sews the heroine

into a sack and throws her into the Thames. The Victorians were justly sympathetic with the heroine, and if they attended to the villain's feelings at all it would be in such phrases as :

'Lo! The last stitch of that winding sheet, that winding sheet of sackcloth has been sewn, and Jasper shoulders his awful burden. Down alleys from the sweating walls of which something like water, and yet more like blood, oozes, by ways that are dark, under gas lamps that refuse to flicker, stumbling through garbage, with such an awful visage that the very cats screech and vanish when he appears, Jasper goes on and down, always on, and always down. Ye horrors! what is that? That clamour? It is the church bells, the bells that rang when this wretch was christened, was married, or brought with proud hands his first-born to the christening font. But now his hands have other cargo, and the bells in maddening iteration sing of death. For a moment Jasper flinches, but looking behind him sees the following shadow, the same shadow, always following, and with a strangled curse rushes on and down, on and down. Some unfortunate, gathering her rags about her, rises from the cold slabs to beg for alms. One glance at that haunted face and she flees. But mark her well, Jasper, mark her well, for she will hang you yet, though you push her from your path with a kick and an oath. At last the rotting stairs, the greasy waters, ashamed of their task, swirling in sad rebellion. A plop! A plop! Oh, Jasper, what have you done to-night, what burden have you committed to the taciturn waters? They ask that in Heaven, and one angel veils her eyes with torn wings against vision of what you do. That angel is your mother, Jasper, who dangled you on her knees, Jasper, and now she weeps and is sorrowful. Oh, Jasper, Jasper, how could you do it?'

To say that the modern would be uninterested in the heroine is unfair. He would consider her. Hers, however, is but a passive part, and the active part is the more interesting. Anybody might be sewn into a sack. Not one in a hundred, not one in a thousand could commit the atrocious crime of sewing somebody in. Jasper must be explained. Perhaps his mother was a sadist—blessed word—who drowned kittens in the presence of her children, and Jasper wishes to prolong her experimentation. Perhaps Jasper has a morbid love of sacks. Perhaps Jasper has a morbid hatred of heroines. Or perhaps

Jasper was a kindly, decent chap, one of ourselves, who was insensibly led into committing a brutal murder. The pachydermatous Victorians felt only for the murderee. We feel for the murderer, too. Murderers, also, are God's creatures, made in His image. It is not enough to give them a bath of sentimental invective.

Something, of course, must be put down to the general dissolution of morals, which, for all the activities of the police, allows a franker consideration of impure and abnormal phenomena. Something must also be allowed for the greater generosity of the modern. We condemn nobody unheard. We may be guilty of allowing some, like the Comte de Charlus, to express themselves to excess. The mere fact that our reactions are not determined by a stringent code of morals may leave our reactions too free. But the modern has the chance, as no moralist had before, of reshaping, or if you like reforming, that picture of humanity, most of us, willy nilly, derive from novels.

One part of the advance has already been covered. Triviality, the bane of early post-war fiction, is going out of fashion. The Corner House school, like the lingerie school, is moribund. The Amusing ceases to be amusing; we are not amused any more. At one time there was danger lest all fiction (outside the eye-fodder of the circulating libraries) should be dominated by a spirit fundamentally inconsistent with serious imaginative work, a spirit in which the universe is given a quiet snub and a knowing leer. A wide difference of literary value obviously exists between the donnish elegance of Mr David Garnett and the vulgar smartness of lesser writers whose main interest is to add points to dirty jokes by an affectation of culture and an archaic style. The artificiality at the heart of all such works, good, very good, and execrable, menaced fiction with death. To pretend that the universe does not exist is even worse than saying No to it.

Moreover, a very good omen is to be found in that the public again can bear to read about the war. The subject is not one that excites the finest strains in the imagination or offers a wide scope for the invention. But the effects of the war on all now living are so tremendous, and the occurrence of the war is in itself such a challenge

to any noble faith in our humanity's future, that to shrink from considering those years when twenty millions perished by their brothers' hands indicated a frivolity in the reader reacting upon the writer, inducing in the latter an excessive introspection, or a meretricious fantasy. Nor is it unworthy of notice that the drama, nearest akin of all forms of art to fiction, should be refflorescent. Certainly a vigorous fiction was not at all incompatible in the past with an abysmally degraded drama, but to find a good drama existing amid a public intellectually inert and emotionally irresponsible would be difficult if not impossible.

If, as we have some reason to hope, the public desires better, more serious fiction, the demand may be met, despite the suicidal tendencies of many contemporary schools. It may be met by novices, impatient of what they have to read, avid of reality. It may be met by established authors whose talents have been crippled by false conventions or by popular indifference. It may not be met at all. Was not Herodotus, the father of lies—or, more politely, of fiction—an historian by trade? And what else is Mr Lytton Strachey?

To sum up. It has been suggested that great fiction is a product of (*a*) a sense of incongruity with the universe, and (*b*) a wish to resolve that incongruity. The conditions necessary for the production of great fiction are present because our security has been shaken and our philosophy disorganised, but the younger novelists are turning away from their opportunity. If love and pity conquer fear in them, there is no reason why we should not have a glorious renaissance of an essentially English art. Illness, however, may have gone too far; the very desire for recovery may have disappeared. The next decade should show if fiction is to survive.

H. C. HARWOOD.

Art. 10.—THE RIDDLE OF LORD HALDANE.

PART II.

No doubt the extraordinary adventure of one who had been not only a Liberal but a great constitutional lawyer into the wild tribes of 'Labour' and their hazy hinterland may have been accelerated by the shameful treatment he received at the hands of both parties in 1915. No doubt ambition—of no unworthy kind—entered into it. As Lord Morley once shrewdly remarked: 'It is always the most difficult thing in the world to draw a line between mere arrogant egoism on the one hand and on the other the identification of a man's personal elevation with the success of his public cause; the two ends probably become mixed in his mind.' It was impossible that so powerful a mind, to whom Statesmanship called with all the insistence of a vocation, could be content to remain out of politics; and the Labour Party presented the only postern through which he could return. Dining with him alone on July 2, 1918, I listened to what seemed like a total repudiation of his social and political past. He depreciated 'Society' as 'ceasing to count in politics,' and said that 'after sixteen years of it' he felt out of his element therein. 'The Labour party,' he said, 'were the true intellectuals.' All of them, from one extreme to another, yea even unto Mr Lansbury, had been to dine with him. Yet, like Descartes's philosopher, he doubted long and much, telling me often that they were more divided from one another than from either of the two political parties of tradition. Writing to me in Berlin, on Feb. 27, 1920, he said:

'Politics are very much where they were. I do not think that Paisley will make any more than a temporary difference. There is *no practicable alternative* to the present Government, angry though people are with the disorderliness of our present rulers.'

As late as April 16, 1923, only eight months before he became Lord Chancellor in the Labour Government, he wrote almost as negatively:

'Things are changing rapidly in every direction. The future of political parties is hard to predict. Liberalism

seems to have become a creed belonging to the history of a past generation, and what will take its place is not yet apparent.'

There is some reason to doubt—only Mr Ramsay MacDonald could resolve the doubt—whether, right up to the last moment, he did not hesitate to take office in the Labour Government.* There is still more reason to doubt whether he was ever taken entirely into its confidence. More than once he found himself in an impossible position. He looked upon the Labour Ministers as his political children to be reared, educated, and guided, each of them, in their Ministerial tasks, only to find that they insisted, with all the self-confidence of adolescence, that they were quite capable of taking care of themselves. I have the highest official authority for saying that he had hoped to have much the same voice in foreign affairs as he had had in 1912. Mr Ramsay MacDonald, perhaps wisely, thought it better that he should not. He had to make many capitulations which must have cost him very dear. The abandonment of the Singapore Base, a policy arrived at by his colleagues in a wildly 'pacifist' mood, and in the teeth of most, if not all the military and naval members of the Committee of Imperial Defence, must have been to him most repugnant, and his attempt to defend the Labour Government on this point in the House of Lords was unconvincing to the point of casuistry.† His position on the abortive Russian Treaty was painful in the extreme, for he felt himself to be left completely in the dark by his colleagues.‡ Interrogated as to that draft Treaty, the very existence of which had only, under pressure, been disclosed to the Commons, the same evening, Aug. 7, 1924, he had

* Since these lines were written and in proof, the 'Autobiography of Lord Haldane' has been published, and the supposition seems confirmed by Lord Haldane's book itself (see pp. 319-325).

† See Lords Debates, July 14, 1924, where he pleaded that the Base 'could never be merely defensive,' adding that it could not but be 'an instrument of offensive possibility.' Exactly the same argument might have been used against the creation of the British Expeditionary Force.

‡ Since the above was written and in proof, I have been told by Mr Ramsay MacDonald that Lord Haldane's account of these matters in his work is not wholly correct; in other words, that his memory was not infallible. This may well be. Until Mr Ramsay MacDonald's own account is given to the world judgment must therefore be suspended.

to confess * that he knew nothing about it, adding plainly, 'After all, human nature is limited.' 'But human nature,' retorted Lord Curzon, 'likes a plain answer to a plain question.' And a plain answer was just what Lord Haldane could not give. Ambiguity grew upon him with advancing years, and it may well be that after the cruel misrepresentations of the speeches he made before the war, he had lost his nerve and had begun to feel with Halifax that 'talking is a thing so dangerous that a wise man can hardly afford to be a sociable creature.' Worse was to come with the General Strike. When, on May 4, 1926, His Majesty's message was before the House of Commons announcing the Proclamation of a 'State of Emergency' and asking for the necessary resolution in support of it, Lord Haldane delivered a long and rambling speech on the Coal question and begged the Government 'not to say it was "*war*,"' but to continue 'negotiating' with men who had already declared war on the community. Not a word did he utter in condemnation of the Strike itself. The speech was altogether too much for Lord Oxford, who replied, 'This is not a blow struck by one combatant at another, but directed at the very vitals of the community—one of the cruellest, because one of the most indiscriminating of all forms of warfare.' Lord Haldane, added his old colleague very pointedly, had not said a single word to show that he appreciated 'the gravity of the situation.' In spite of this, Lord Haldane refused to be 'drawn.' Then followed a duel between him and Lord Birkenhead, so deadly for Lord Haldane that I would prefer to leave it where it is in the pages of Hansard.† One could only say of a spirit so intrepid in the crisis of 1914, of a lawyer who had always hitherto been so constitutional in his outlook upon politics, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* But when all is said, the fact remains that Lord Haldane was the one outstanding statesman among the two older Parties who divined that the Labour Party was destined to become a great reality, and that he sought with all his might to educate it for the great responsibilities which lay, and lie, ahead of it.

But he was no longer the man he had been. In his later years he had few or no distractions from his work,

* Hansard, Lords Debates (1924), vol. 59, pp. 490, etc.

† Hansard, Lords Debates (1926), vol. 2, pp. 15, etc.

although he remained something of an epicure at the table to the end. The days had gone when he, a mighty walker, could walk down a Highland ghillie or, as he had done with me before the war, tramp thirty miles on a Sunday on the Surrey hills. Although he loved good music and was on intimate terms with all good literature, he allowed himself few of the distractions from work which might have been his physical salvation. I doubt if he ever read any novels, except of the very best. George Eliot, on whom his sister, Miss Haldane, has written so admirably a book, and Meredith he had read. Both are intellectual exercises. But I doubt if he ever indulged in the ephemeral literature in which Mr Baldwin and Lord Balfour find a healthy relaxation. 'What do you read?' he once asked a certain law lord. 'Edgar Wallace and P. G. Wodehouse,' was the reply. 'But, my dear —,' he remonstrated, 'you are as bad as Balfour! Do you never read *difficult* books.' 'No, my dear Haldane,' was the witty reply, 'I leave you to write them.' He once told me that he had read Hegel's 'Phaenomenologie des Geistes' nineteen times. Few men would choose that mighty work for a bedside companion. And, as he grew older, the man who in his middle years had been seen 'everywhere' in Society, sat working far into the night in the cause of human thought and progress, working with a feverish intensity as though time were running against him, as indeed it was. 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Even in 1922, to say nothing of 1926, 'the roar of the cataract' was in his ears—he was nearing his end. Already in the former year he had been taken ill, according to what Lord Morley told me at the time, at a sitting of the Judicial Committee. His doctor ordered him to cease work instantly and take a rest for twelve months. It was characteristic of his indomitable spirit that he returned at the end of three. He could say with Kant, 'I am not afraid of death. If I felt that this night I should die, I should say "God be praised."' I recall an evening in the first year of the war, at the late Lady Allendale's, where the only other guests were Lady Hamilton and myself, when he talked of Death, as the small party sat around the fire, and talked of it in almost the very words of the philosopher of Königsberg. And so he met it when it came.

Of his views on Germany after the war I could, if space permitted, say much and quote much. Down to the end of 1923, when I was serving on the Disarmament Commission in Berlin, we corresponded fully and frequently. He was keenly interested not only in my duty, which was that of securing the complete disestablishment of the mighty Army and its General Staff, which he had studied before the war to so good a purpose, but in the immense itineraries which took me, in my inspections of Army Commands and units, into every German State—to places some of which he had known well, such as Göttingen, Jena, Königsberg, and Weimar, and many of which he had long wanted to know. I invited him to visit me in Berlin, where his friend Sir Ian Hamilton had recently been my guest. He replied (Jan. 7, 1923): 'I was at Göttingen three weeks ago, and I fear I cannot again escape to Berlin. I found people very depressed.' That quiet visit of his to Göttingen was not without its pathos. Some nine years earlier he had undergone a kind of excommunication by the Faculties of Göttingen, at the very moment when he was being subjected to political ostracism in England. He had found, as many of our statesmen have yet to find, that German opinion of Englishmen, however tolerant or helpful the latter may try to be, is 'he who is not with us is against us.' And in 1914 his portrait in the hall of the University, situated like some quiet sanctuary among groves of sycamore, acacia, chestnut, and beech, had been hung with crape. There, in the most 'spiritual' of German Universities, with its Hanoverian traditions of freedom and of the 'Göttingen Seven,' who, like Chalmers in the days of the Disruption, had left all and followed the cause of freedom, he had sat at the feet of Lotze. There he had found the 'spiritual home' of all that was best but least characteristic, in the life of Germany. His expression of that intellectual affection* had been the sport of fools who were without the intellect to comprehend what he meant. As I ventured to say in the letter to the Press previously

* Lord Haldane's use of this phrase has been denied in a letter which appeared in the 'Times' a day or two after his death. On the other hand, Professor Oncken declared in the 'Süddeutsche Monatsheft' of December 1914 (see the 'Times' of Dec. 2, 1914), that Lord Haldane had used the phrase in a conversation with him. And why not?

alluded to, if those kind of attacks continued the time would come when it were better for a man's reputation that he should have been to prison than to Germany; the criminal would at least be able to plead that he went to prison against his will. Another great Scotsman, Carlyle, had also found a spiritual home in German thought and poetry and, indeed, had done what Lord Haldane never did, worshipped at the shrine of Prussian militarism in all its brutality, excusing every cruelty and all the indecencies of Frederick the Great. The man who can read Goethe and Kant and Hegel and not find himself the richer in 'spirit' is poor indeed. That unobtrusive visit to the Göttingen professors after the war seems a singularly noble errand. All of them, except one, had, with all the rest of what Fustel de Coulanges once called 'the academic garrison' of Treitschke and his belligerent school, joined in reviling Lord Haldane in 1914 because, while preparing for war, he had striven for peace. The object of their maledictions returned to find them 'very depressed.' Those were the days of the catastrophe of the German currency, and they, like all the middle-classes in Germany, were desperately poor, indeed starving. And Lord Haldane went among them distributing money and gifts with both hands. I speak of what I know.

Of the many letters he wrote to me at Berlin on the post-war situation I can find space to quote but one or two:

'Berlin must be an interesting place just now. The Germans are a very logical people, and they accept consequences without complaining of them. I have a good many letters from Germans and they all leave this impression upon me. It is the wisest course the country can take. Here the angry feeling is abating. I think people are beginning to see that we have to live with Germany as a neighbour in the world and to work with her. When you come over you must be sure to come and spend an evening so that we may talk over these things. . . . The Army here is to proceed substantially on the old lines. In truth no others were practicable. The place where new work is wanted is really the Admiralty (Feb. 27, 1920).

And on Jan. 7, 1923:

'On the whole, I blame the Emperor for having let Germany in for the late war. Had he been wise and man enough, he

would have put his foot down, but he was neither wise nor great.'

Long before this, namely in May 1912, he had said to me of his famous diplomatic visit to Berlin, 'I told the Kaiser plainly, "England's principle is, and will be, to side with the weaker party," and I made plain to him that, if France was attacked, we should help her.'

In the course of a long letter on the occupation of the Ruhr, he wrote of the Treaty of Versailles :

'On the whole that Treaty appears to have been one of the most blundering acts of State on record, and unfortunately we are ourselves responsible for a good deal in it. What bad diplomatists the Germans are! They are cursed with inability to understand the outlook of other people' (Jan. 22, 1923).

On April 16, 1923, he wrote :

'You are, such is my opinion, right in your decision to resign from the Disarmament Commission. It cannot last long, and the policy which gave rise to it is now unpopular here. The French have alienated sympathy, which is becoming more and more out of harmony with France. . . . You should, I think, therefore come back to your own profession and be careful not to drop out.'

Many letters passed between us, in the days before the war, on the subject of Philosophy. Hegel was, of course, the god of his idolatry. Mr F. H. Bradley, in one of his many playful moments, once wrote: 'As for the "Hegelian School" which exists in our reviews, I know no one who has met with it anywhere else.' One scholar may not make a school, but, if it does, Haldane made it. Writing to me on April 23, 1913, he said :

'I am very glad you have turned again to Hegel. He is magnificent. I think the best English writing about him is the "Prolegomena" which the late William Wallace published. . . . I, too, have been reading Von Ihering's "Der Zweck im Recht." It is as great a book as his "Geist des Römischen Rechts." These writings are all permeated with the Hegelian spirit. This mine, moreover, is not nearly digged out yet.'

To this theme he often returned. With all his affection for his teacher Lotze, he never accepted Lotze's criticisms

of Hegel. One day at a luncheon party at the Prime Minister's (Mr Asquith), he said to me: 'Hegel's is the greatest mind since Aristotle.' To which I replied, 'Even his critics have adopted his terminology and many of his conceptions; he has influenced almost every branch of European thought: theology, history, law, almost as much as did Darwin a generation later.' 'Yes,' was Haldane's response. 'His *Rechtsphilosophie* has not only influenced the whole of German jurisprudence; it has extinguished Austin in this country.' But here he overlooked the influence of Maine.

It is the fashion in some quarters—not among philosophers—to affect a disdain for his powers as a metaphysician. That is the English way. The average Englishman distrusts versatility. 'I once wrote a book called "Far from the Madding Crowd,"' said Mr Thomas Hardy with characteristic modesty to me, 'and it had some success. Its hero was a shepherd. A little later I wrote a book in which the hero was a member of my own profession—an architect. The same paper which had reviewed the first book favourably, damned the second with the words "Mr Hardy showed in his earlier book a considerable knowledge of shepherds, but he has now tried to write a book about an architect. Let him stick to his sheep."' In the same fatuous spirit some Philistines, including, what is supposed to be, I hope wrongly, the organ of the Labour intellectuals, have jeered at Lord Haldane's gifts as a philosopher. In my humble judgment the 'Pathway to Reality' is the best exposition of Hegel any English philosopher has given us, but seeking to fortify my opinion, which may be worth little, I recently asked my old tutor, one of the most distinguished of our philosophers, what he thought about it. He replied:

'Haldane was a man for whom, especially in his later years, I had a profound admiration. He was a very capable supporter of the Hegelian movement in philosophy. I should be inclined to rank him above Pringle-Pattison.'

That, to the initiated, is very high praise. His 'Reign of Relativity' has been the subject of a silly sneer on the ground that he did not understand Einstein's theory. But only a very small part of the book is devoted to Physics; the greater part is a working-out of Hegelian

theories applied to every aspect of life, and his knowledge and grasp of all the new generation, Bergson, Whitehead, Russell, and others, is amazing in a man so deeply distracted by political, social, and legal tasks. I have discussed the book with the two greatest physicists of our day, and their view of it was not that the book was negligible for philosophers but that physicists were not concerned with philosophy. *Nihil ad edictum prætoris*, as the French jurists of the 'Reception' used to say of the customary law of France. The truth is he attempted too much in the way of a philosophical synthesis of the vast territory and vaster hinterland of modern science. 'Metaphysics,' as the 'Times' wisely observed in its commentary on Sir William Bragg's remarkable address of Sept. 5, 'makes a poor showing in a physical laboratory and are little comfort to those concerned with exact calculations and instruments of precision.' It is enough to say that no man among us, not himself a votary of natural science, had a wider, and sometimes a deeper, knowledge of modern scientific progress, and no 'layman' was ever more in request among them. It was not the ability but time which failed him.

To do justice to his work in other fields in which he made himself undisputedly *il maestro di color' che sanno* would require a whole volume. He was the greatest educationist of his time, passionately concerned that Englishmen should hold their own in the fierce international struggle in industry and economics which is upon us. He knew that Germany's recovery after the war, like her immense industrial progress before it, was due to the application of Science to industry. More than that, he had as high a conception of the spiritual value of Universities to a nation as Newman himself. The reader will find that conception expressed in words which are unmistakably his in a certain passage* in the Final Report on the Royal Commission on London University, of which he was Chairman. It was a masterly Report on a subject—the chaos of University Organisation in London—which had proved to be a 'great Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk,' for all who had ever

* Cd. 6717 of 1913, p. 30, sec. 72, 'On the Influence of a University as a Whole.'

essayed a solution—and he found one. But the war intervened, nothing was attempted and nothing done, and he wrote to me on Sept. 1, 1919: 'I fear that considerations of economy will be unwisely operative; the Government here is much alarmed at the attitude of the public.' So it has proved.* But he was not content merely to organise University education. With the instincts of a great teacher—and when he forsook the study of Philosophy for the Bar the academic profession of our country lost one of the greatest teachers it might ever have known—he sought to get into touch with the students of nearly every University in the kingdom. His allocutions, delivered to many of the new Universities, are some of the best things of their kind. Therein the ambiguity which characterised some of his political utterances, the diffuseness and abstraction which clouded some of his later books, is wholly absent. His address to the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth,† with its charming autobiographical passages about Göttingen and Lotze, is one of the highest expressions of what should be the spiritual outlook of the student that I have ever read. It is, in fact, a revelation of the true Haldane. So also in his other addresses.‡ They reveal in him 'that reverence, a noble mood, which,' in his friend Lord Morley's words, 'is one of the highest predispositions of the English character.' Those occasions, on which he met the flower of his country's youth, were, I think, the happiest moments of his life. After the war he reached an even wider audience. He threw himself into the ministries of the Workers' Educational Association with a zeal and devotion that knew no physical limits, travelling hundreds of miles to address audiences of working-men on educational questions. This he did almost to the very end. Every year he visited the Great Western railwaymen in my own county, although he had become so infirm that he had, more than once, to deliver his allocution while remaining seated in his chair, crippled with rheumatism or some nervous malady even more

* See the Report of the Departmental Committee on the Constitution of London.

† 'Universities and the National Life' (1912), pp. 1-30.

‡ See in particular 'The Dedicated Life,' in 'Selected Addresses and Essays,' pp. 9-48.

debilitating. Of such activities it may truly be said that here was a 'dedicated life.'

He was a great lawyer. It is characteristic of him that when, as Lord Chancellor, he had to deliver a judgment on a question of common law—it was an action for 'money had and received,' and he was, of course, not a 'common lawyer' but an equity lawyer—he told me he had, before delivering it, gone straight to that fountain-head of history, the 'Common Law' of O. W. Holmes. He might be described as 'the father' of the Canadian Constitution with almost as much truth as was said of Chief Justice Marshall and the Constitution of the United States. His judgments in the *Great West Saddlery Company Case*,* in the *Toronto Electricity Commissioners Case*,† and in the *Ontario Schools Case*,‡ each of them marked an epoch in the interpretation of the nice equipoise between the Dominion and provincial powers of legislation, settling once and for all questions which had long been the subject of dispute and confusion. All three judgments were marked by great analytical power. Some of his judgments in the Lords he used to send to me, before delivery, in the 'confidential' form used for circulation among his colleagues, and one such I came across in my archives the other day to which, presumably, he attached a particular value.§ It was a striking judgment in that it was a rare and refreshing example of the Supreme Court of Appeal deliberately, if ingeniously, reversing doctrines as to 'collateral advantages' in mortgages laid down by their predecessors which had become a stumbling-block to the commercial community. His judgment lacked something of the lucidity of Lord Parker. This lack of lucidity sometimes made it difficult to discover the ground of his decisions. As my friend Mr J. A. Strahan wittily remarked of it to me: 'He would have been a better lawyer if he had been a worse philosopher.' Here in law, as in politics, his mind was never wholly subdued to what it worked in; the metaphysician was always in the background. His terrific argument in the famous *Scottish Church Case* is a supreme example of that.

* Vol. 90, L. J. P. C. 103-119.

† [1921] A. C.

‡ [1928] A. C., 363.

§ *Kreglinger v. New Patagonia Meat Company, Ltd.*, [1913] A. C.

But in sheer intellectual power many of his judgments may take their place with those of Lord Macnaghten—and there could be no higher praise. On the woolsack he showed the same passion for reform as he displayed in every other department of his public activities. In 1913 he sent me a copy of two draft bills dealing with the Law of Real Property and Conveyancing, and, but for the political accident which befell him, his name and not his successor's, Lord Birkenhead, would have gone down to history as the new Justinian in this branch of the law.

For the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council he had a particular affection. The extraordinary variety of its appellate jurisdiction in English Law, Hindu and Mohammedan Law, Roman-Dutch Law, and French Law, to say nothing of native law, made a strong appeal to one who, like himself, took all human learning for his province. On Nov. 5, 1913, when presiding at a lecture on the Judicial Committee by the present writer, he made a memorable suggestion which, although much criticised, because much misunderstood, in some quarters at the time, may yet bear fruit. It was that, in order to strengthen the tie with the Dominions, the Judicial Committee might occasionally go 'on assize' throughout the Empire. Here, as usual, he was looking far ahead. At the time he spoke, it appeared that the 'reform' of the House of Lords was going to be taken in hand by the Liberal Government of the day and in a fashion, as he then put it, which 'would make it impossible for it to continue to be the supreme appellate court for Great Britain and Ireland.' He therefore contemplated 'the King in Council' becoming the supreme court of appeal, not only for the colonies but for the mother country. What he had in mind was that, with the statutory powers of the Judicial Committee to direct the examination of witnesses on oath and to direct inquiries into issues of fact, there might be occasions when the Dominions might find it convenient that, instead of their going to Whitehall, a 'division' of it might go to them. This was a great conception, with historical precedents in its favour, and it was a dramatic application of the legal, if somewhat metaphysical, maxim that 'the King is everywhere present in his dominions.' Of all his manifold activities, his work on the Judicial Committee unquestionably lay

nearest his heart. His great judgment in the *Ontario Schools Case*, already referred to, was written with the hand of a dying man and left him exhausted. He was ordered by his medical adviser to abandon, once and for all, every form of public activity. He begged for one dispensation, namely, that he might still be allowed, after the Long Vacation, to participate, occasionally, in the sittings of the Judicial Committee. His doctor at Cloan felt compelled to refuse the petition. A few days later the end came.

Great as all these achievements were, his greatest work was unquestionably that of Army Reform. To appraise it would require nothing less than a whole book. The book has yet to be written, and it is to be hoped that Sir Ian Hamilton, one of his coadjutors in that mighty work, or Sir John Fortescue will essay it. To those who have any conception of what the British Army was before he took it in hand his achievement was simply astounding. Even more astounding was the fact that in the face of subterranean opposition and intrigue in the War Office, that 'dreadful place' as Lord Rawlinson has fitly described it, and of open obstruction in the Commons on the Army Estimates, he should have carried it through. The creation of the General Staff, the Expeditionary Force, the Territorial Force, and the Officers' Training Corps represented the greatest achievement in military organisation, with the possible exception of the work of Wellington and Sir John Moore, that this country has known since Cromwell created the 'New Model.' He taught the Army to think in Divisions where it had formerly thought only in Brigades. He, for the first time, organised it in peace on the basis of immediate readiness for war. He borrowed, though he borrowed to advantage, far less from the German model than is commonly supposed. The German regimental organisation with its regimental staff he borrowed not at all; it would have been impossible under the English system of linked battalions. It was to the organisation of the German General Staff, with its fundamental principle of a complete separation of the function of 'thinking,' to use his favourite word, from administration running like a thread all through the Army from Corps to Division, from Division to Brigade, that he owed most, and to the maintenance of this principle he clung

to the last.* In his creation of the Territorial Force he had to face the most formidable opposition, both within the service and without it, from those who wished to introduce some form of Compulsory Service into this country. But, without going into the merits of that question, it is sufficient to say that such an innovation would have been politically impossible. Had he attempted it, his party would have cast him out. Even those—Sir Henry Wilson at least—who favoured this alteration, admitted in private that it was crying for the moon.

To one aspect of his work as Secretary for War, little or no attention has been paid in the obituary and other tributes paid to him. It was his creation of what may be called an 'Imperial Army,' by which I mean the organisation of the Dominion forces overseas in such a way that they should be homogeneous with our own. The Colonial contingents which so gallantly took the field in the Boer War were such as to make a R.T.O.'s hair stand on end. They differed in weapons, kit, and, above all, in organisation, and their composition was as unorthodox as their military vocabulary. The result was delay, confusion, and vexation of spirit. In 1907 with Sir Ian Hamilton as Inspector of Overseas Training, as his right-hand man, Lord Haldane secured the organisation of the Dominion forces on the English basis of a Division of three Brigades with its full complement of 'divisional troops.' More than that, a common form of Field Service Regulations and Training Manuals was adopted. The General Staff in 1908 was expanded into an Imperial General Staff, the military education of officers throughout the Empire was assimilated, our own examinations for promotion being adopted. At Ottawa, at Melbourne, and at Wellington, the English model was followed in the sub-division of staff duties, the local territorial organisation, and the system of lines of communication. The result was that in 1914 the Dominions took the field in whole armies.

It seems at this distance of time an astounding perversity, but it is none the less true, that in many quarters Lord Haldane was attacked in 1914—most

* See his remarkable speech as lately as Feb. 28, 1928, in the Lords on the changes in Army organisation induced by 'mechanisation' (Hansard, Lords Debates, vol. 70, No. 9, pp. 245, etc.).

notably in a certain section of the 'Sunday Press'—for having deprived the British Army of the very sinews of war. And this at the very moment when the Expeditionary Force of his creation was adding an imperishable lustre to our military annals in the field. Every German officer whom I met after the war, when serving in Berlin, from von Kluck downwards, was loud and vocal in admiration of its achievement.* Yet article after article appeared in our Press in the early days of the war charging Lord Haldane with having cut down batteries and obliterated battalions. What he actually had done was to merge the effectives of eight battalions, improvised in 1900 and always below strength, into the regimental establishments of the Army and to restore the balance of linked battalions at home and abroad. In the Artillery he had substituted for 99 batteries on paper, of which only 42 were actually mobilisable, 81 batteries immediately ready to take the field.

Not only this, but he had created an entirely new thing in our history—the Divisional artillery of no less than 14 divisions of a 'home service' force, to wit the Territorials. As for the Territorial Force itself and all that he did for it, no one can speak with more authority than Lord Scarborough, who, soon after Lord Haldane's death, wrote to me on this subject as follows:

'I think Haldane far and away the best War Minister of our time. He had great courage and determination in setting himself the task of organising our forces for war and carrying his scheme through in the face of an indifferent Liberal Cabinet. His colleagues never lifted a finger to help him. He did all the propaganda work in the country for raising the Territorial Force entirely by himself.'

The attack on him in this respect soon spent its force, for facts were too much for it.

But in July 1915 his detractors renewed their malicious efforts by trying to put upon him the burden of reproach

* Cf. also the testimony of General von Kuhl, 'Der deutsche Generalstab in Vorbereitung und Durchführung des Weltkrieges,' p. 87, where the writer, a member of the German Great General Staff, says that, as early as 1912, the Expeditionary Force was held by the highest German military authorities to be, in proportion to its strength, as good an army as their own.

for the shortage of munitions. Now there have passed through my hands at one time nearly all the official documents dealing with this question — French's despatches, the M.G.O.'s comments thereon, and much besides. They conclusively prove that not only was Lord Haldane in no way responsible for the shortage of munitions, but that he did everything in his power, after the outbreak of war, to repair it. There are many aspects of the matter which were not known to the public at the time and are not known even now. One indeed was known but was conveniently forgotten, namely, that Lord Haldane had had to fight for every ounce of ammunition, in the face of the Radicals with their eternal catch-words of 'Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform,' every time that the Army Estimates came before the House for discussion, before the war, in Committee of Supply. What is not known is that Lord Haldane's own General Staff advised him in 1909 that they doubted very much whether any field operations on the Continent would ever harden into siege warfare, and, *on their advice*, little or nothing was done, beyond some experimental work, with the provision of heavy howitzers and siege artillery.* The German armies, or rather the Prussian army, were better prepared, but even they were caught napping by the developments of the war. After the first battle of Ypres a shortage of munitions, similar in kind if not in degree to our own, set in on their side, and the German authorities were almost equally unprepared to meet it. They found themselves so short of shell-presses that, for a considerable time, they had to content themselves with shells of cast iron and cast steel. It was my duty, in equipping myself for my duties on the Disarmament Commission, to study everything that had been published on this subject after the war in Germany, and every German military authority told the same tale, namely, that Germany reckoned on 'a short, a very short war,' that she neither foresaw, nor believed in the probability of, a *Bestellungskrieg* in place of a war of movement, and that the General Staff had made no provision for a

* As it was we were at least some way ahead of the French in 1914 as regards howitzers as part of the field equipment—see General Huguet's recent book 'L'intervention Britannique en 1914,' at p. 14.

munition industry to meet it.* It should further be remembered that ill-prepared though they found themselves to be, the German authorities had to face a situation which, compared with our own, was easy. They had, at the outset, a far larger munitions plant in existence than ourselves, for the simple reason that it was already adjusted to the establishment of a huge mobilised Army, based on conscription and the strength of which had long been fixed, whereas we were faced with improvising munitions plant for improvised armies which bore no relation whatsoever to the small establishment of the Regular Army and its Reserve. The criticism of Lord Haldane, therefore, on this, as on every other point, connected with his record as Secretary for War, proves, on close examination, to be utterly unfounded. Nothing can detract from the splendour of that record, and Time will add to his stature cubit by cubit in the years that are to come.

Such is the story, so far as I am capable of telling it or worthy to recite it, of a dedicated life. It provokes some rather saddening reflections. 'Better keep sheep on a hillside,' said Cromwell in a poignant moment, 'than meddle with the government of men.' There have been many martyrdoms in our political life—such things seem inseparable from it—but there have been few, I think, more cruel. It may well be, indeed it seems certain, that with Lord Haldane there has passed away a type of statesman, once the glory of our public life, upon whose like we shall not look again. 'Passion,' as Morley was fond of prophesying, 'will have all things now.' The immense change introduced by the Representation of the People Act of 1918 has revolutionised the face of politics. The emergence of a vast, vociferous, importunate, and impressionable electorate blowing now hot, now cold—and all that it seems to have brought with it, the decline of manners in the Commons, the vituperation of the hustings, the incitements and the attendant 'proscriptions' of a syndicated Press acting on masses of people who are able to read without being able to think, the rival biddings of political parties courting the electorates

* Thus Schwarte, 'Die Technik in Weltkriege' (Berlin, 1920), at pp. 5, 66, 62, 555, etc.; also 'Der grosse Krieg' (1921), p. 71; Wrisberg, 'Wehr und Waffen,' p. 85; 'Kritik des Weltkrieges,' p. 67; and so on.

with promises which are incapable of performance, the noise, the dust, and the heat of the new political arena: these things, and others like them, will deter spirits at once sensitive and refined from encounters so depressing and from contacts so base. The scholar-statesman, of whom Lord Haldane was so eminent an example, has almost disappeared from our public life. The Liberal Ministry of 1906, like many Ministries which had preceded it, was adorned by the presence of men of letters, historians, scholars who represented all that was best in our intellectual life—Morley, Bryce, Haldane, Asquith, Fitzmaurice. When shall we look on such an one again?

Only a few weeks after Lord Haldane had delivered one of his greatest judgments in the Judicial Committee, he went home to die. Death, indeed, had been stalking him like his own shadow for many months, but he paused not, neither did he rest.

“Wilt thou trust death or not?” He answered “Yes!
Hence with life’s pale lure!”

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

But the analogue with Browning’s Grammarian is incomplete. For here was a man who had resolved not ‘before living to learn how to live,’ but who, from his rising up to his lying down, had brought the lamp of learning to illuminate with its radiant glow his daily life. His passing inevitably recalls the words of his friend, Lord Morley, on the death of Burke at a time of catastrophic change like our own: ‘These sombre shadows were falling over the Western world when a life went out which, notwithstanding some aberrations, had made great spaces in human destiny very luminous.’

One of his ancestors, Sir John Haldane, had gone forth to the stricken field of Flodden, never to return, and with a mournful felicity his illustrious descendant was escorted to his last resting-place by the pipers of a Highland regiment to the melody of ‘The Flowers of the Forest.’ He lies at rest among the whispering birches of the glen beneath the Perthshire hills.

‘Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh.’

J. H. MORGAN.

Art. 11.—SOCIAL ANIMALS.

1. *Social Life in the Animal World*. By Fr. Alverdes. Kegan Paul, 1927.
2. *The Social World of the Ants*. By A. Forel. Two vols. Putnam, 1928.
3. *Social Life among the Insects*. By W. M. Wheeler. Constable, 1922; and *Ants*. 2nd Edn. Columbia University Press, 1926.

1. A THOUSAND passengers on a liner make an isolated aggregate of individuals, but they do not constitute a society. Yet if they had to be transferred to an uninhabited oceanic island, the probability is that they would soon strike the social note. That is to say, they would begin to show corporate action. They would begin to act as a unity, as a whole which is more than the sum of its parts. Similarly with animals, there is nothing social in the multitude of mites in the cavern of a cheese, but even a small community of ants is a societary form. Hard and fast lines are impossible; aggregate fades into integrate; but there is no mistaking even a feeble social note which is sounded whenever a group of individuals begins to act as a whole, with some self-subordination among the members. There may be a thousand barnacles hanging from a floating log, but there is not in the quaint company the slightest hint of the social. Yet the beginnings are almost imperceptible, as when a troupe of cuttlefishes swim together harmoniously, keeping together in one direction, flushing with colour-change at the same instant. The simplest expression of the social is when a number of normally solitary animals migrate together, as if moved by a common spirit. A mass-movement of starving lemmings or of still wingless locusts is hardly more than the disorderly spreading of refugees from a burning city, but a march of driver-ants or a migration of reindeer is social.

2. The climax of social life among animals is illustrated by troupes of monkeys, who may definitely conspire to raid an orchard; by the members of a beaver 'village,' who unite to dig a canal through an island in a river; by a herd of elephants, combining in a formidable charge; by the prairie-dog-like viscachas of La Plata that may

arrange an expedition to unearth an adjacent colony whose burrows have been closed by the farmer; by the winter pack of wolves who hunt individualistically in the summer time. Many other instances will occur to the reader, but one must emphasise the point that mere gregariousness is not in itself social; there must be evidence of some corporate activity. A herd of cud-chewing herbivores strikes the social note when there is anything like combining against a carnivorous enemy, or posting sentinels, or setting off on a journey with one accord.

Among the social birds a prominent place must be given to the rooks, the cranes, and the parrots—all of them big-brained. Large numbers of sea-birds, such as gannets and guillemots, often nest together, but this is mainly because there are not very many suitable cliffs with nesting ledges. Thus there are not in the world as many as twenty breeding-places of gannets. But in these crowded haunts there is almost no hint of sociality, except that the excited throng flying out when disturbed must automatically serve as a deterrent to predatory intruders such as falcons. And yet among those birds that nest gregariously, such as cliff-swallows, the social note is definitely struck when there is an organised, if not deliberate, mobbing of birds of prey that dare to come near. From such simple beginnings there is an inclined plane to the climax in a rookery, where concerted action is common and conventions are unmistakable. There seems to be no doubt that pelicans sometimes make themselves into a living seine-net, wading in a semicircle towards the shore and driving the fishes before them. This successful first step in corporate action may be contrasted with the behaviour of herons, which always keep themselves to themselves in their fishing, though we occasionally see half a dozen at short intervals in a row. They are of course gregarious in their nesting, and show some unanimity in their routine through a long summer day. Yet the heronry is far below the rookery as a social formation.

But while there are well-known social mammals and social birds, such as those to which we have referred, it must be admitted that sociality is hard to find among reptiles, amphibians, and fishes. Perhaps this is an

indication that a certain fineness of brain-and-mind is a pre-condition of social life. Perhaps it merely means that the need for social combination has not become urgent at these lower Vertebrate levels ; and yet there are many reptiles, amphibians, and fishes which have a very hard struggle for existence, and cannot find it easy to keep their place in the sun. One would welcome even a secret society among the New Zealand Sphenodonts and other 'living fossils' if that would keep them from disappearing.

No doubt there may be hundreds of frogs in a marsh or even on a tree, and there is a hint of communal singing in their serenading, which sometimes sounds cacophonous to our refined ears ; but that is, we think, the nearest approach to sociality in amphibians. There are places, in the Dalmatian Islands for instance, where it is difficult to pick one's steps among the welter of lizards, whose contemporary evolution the lamented Professor Kammerer studied so brilliantly, but dense crowding is not in itself social. No evolutionist expects to find hard and fast lines, and we are far from asserting that birds are the first Vertebrates to sound the social note. We simply wish to make it clear that the occurrence of, say, shoals of mackerel, whiting, sprats, or herring does not illustrate sociality. But we are interested when a recognised ichthyological authority, Dr Harry M. Kyle, says in his 'Biology of Fishes' (1926) that the smaller kinds sometimes *combine* to attack the larger. For that sounds, however feebly, the social note. 'The salmon is one of the most powerful fishes in fresh water, yet the much smaller eels have been known to work together to devour it even in the pride of its strength before spawning.' Perhaps it is just as well that there are not more than adumbrations of social ploys and policies among the low-brained reptiles, amphibians, and fishes. Vain man would not like to hear of the Honourable Company of Cobras or the Union of Operative Sharks.

3. Among Backboneless Animals there is notable sociality in almost all the ants, in all the termites, in 500 out of 10,000 species of bees, in many of the wasps, and in a considerable number of beetles. Of crowded gregarious life without corporate action there are many examples, as in shoals of 'sea-butterflies' (open-sea

molluscs), great companies of free-swimming crustaceans and sedentary acorn-shells, clouds of midges and may-flies, vast groves of corals and zoophytes. The variety of form and habit is so great that it is not surprising to find every here and there some social activity. Thus the social note is struck when the Procession Caterpillars go on the march in Indian file, the head of one touching the tail of its neighbour in front. This makes for efficiency when the leader finds a patch of moist soil into which they all burrow for pupation, and it is no argument against general efficiency that the file should continue for days in futile circumambulation when the Italian boy twists the procession round so that the head of the leader touches the tail of the hindmost. It is characteristic of instinctive behaviour that it loses its effectiveness when there is a departure from the ordinary routine. But our present point is that the march of the Procession Caterpillars sounds the social note, and so does the common canopy of silk with which they invest themselves when they are browsing on the branches of the pine-trees.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world, sometimes seen in the Mediterranean, is a fleet of female Paper Nautili or Argonauts. Each is seated in a delicate spiral shell, more of a cradle than a house, and looking backwards each is driving itself forwards by an outgush of water through a narrow funnel opening out of the gill-chamber. They sometimes move slowly in long lines on the surface of the sea, but that in itself is not more than gregariousness. The slender social note is in the fact that one Argonaut is sometimes linked to its neighbour in front by having one of its arms resting on the other's shell, while it is itself in turn touched by a neighbour from behind.

4. Here it may be appropriate to link social animals to those that form colonies physically continuous. Just as in the physical world, where electrons and protons combine to form atoms, and atoms molecules, and molecules micellæ in a colloidal state, so in the realm of organisms there is a long inclined plane of colonies. Among the unicellular Protozoa a colony may be formed by continuous budding or by the cohesion of units when they divide. These colonies, e.g. among Radiolarians and Infusorians, are interesting in pointing the way to

the origin of a multicellular body. In the beautiful green colony called *Volvox* there may be as many as 10,000 cells, forming a hollow ball and united to one another by delicate protoplasmic bridges. Each cell has two flagella and a directive eye-spot, and the colony swims in a spiral as if it were a single cell. The aggregate has become an integrate.

Animals that feed easily and abundantly on micro-organisms or on organic debris in the water tend to have more income than expenditure, and this naturally leads to growth. When the superfluity is intermittent rather than constant, the formation of new individuals by budding is more likely to occur than the great enlargement of a single individual. Moreover, the formation of a colony by budding opens up the possibility of arborescence, a very profitable mode of growth which finds its climax in some of the immense 'sea-fans' and 'sea-pens,' where thousands of individuals live in physical continuity, yet without undue crowding. A third advantage of colony-forming is seen when there is division of labour and associated polymorphism,—different castes of individuals in the colony working into one another's hands. Thus in hundreds of different kinds of Alcyonarians and Pennatulids there is dimorphism, minute siphonozooids keeping up a current throughout the colony, while the larger autozooids look after nutrition and reproduction. In some of the hydroid colonies, such as the *Hydractinia* common on certain sea-snail shells borrowed by hermit-crabs, the division of labour results in nutritive, reproductive, sensory, and perhaps defensive types of individual. In the free-swimming Siphonophores, such as the Portuguese Man of War, the polymorphism or division of labour in the colony reaches its climax, for there may be as many as half a dozen different kinds of individuals. This should be compared with the diversity of types that may be found in a true society, such as a community of white ants.

The formation of colonies finds very varied expression among the Coelentera or Stinging Animals, such as Zoo-phytes, Siphonophores, and Sea-pens, but it recurs at a higher level in the Polyzoa or Bryozoa, where again there may be remarkable division of labour. It is seen in a remarkable type called *Cephalodiscus*, which lies near the border-line between Invertebrates and Vertebrates. In

this type the individuals composing the colony are not connected to one another save by a common investment; yet in the possibly related *Rhabdopleura*, another very remarkable animal, the individuals are united by a common stolon. The highest reach of colony-formation is found among the Tunicates, and while the majority are fixed, there are some free-swimming types, such as the brilliantly luminescent 'Fire-flame' or *Pyrosome*, which may be as long as one's arm. In many of the 'social' Tunicates the individuals (formed by budding) have separate inhalant orifices but share an exhalant orifice with a group of neighbours, or, as in the *Pyrosome*, with all the members of the colony.

The gradations in animal colonies are instructive.

(1) A complex sponge may be formed by the fusion of numerous budded individuals, but it is rather an imperfectly integrated body than a colony. The individuals lose their distinctness and coalesce. The various parts or regions of the big body do not always work together in harmonious interdependence. A large portion may be cut off without making any apparent difference. A bath sponge may be bedded out. In fact, there is practically no division of labour, and there is no trace of a nervous system, not even of nerve-cells. (2) A level not much higher is represented by the huge masses of 'brain-coral' and some of the other reef-builders. There may be indistinct delimitation between adjacent polyps, which arise by budding or by fission. Thus one polyp may produce another with a separate mouth, tentacles, and gullet, while sharing a common gastric cavity. But nerve impulses can pass from one part of the colony to another by networks of nerve-cells. Integration is beginning. (3) In most Alcyonarian corals each member of the colony is complete in itself, but all are connected by canals, and it is characteristic of the Alcyonarians, as contrasted with reef-building Madreporae, that a new individual is not directly budded off from an older one, but arises indirectly from a canal or stolon. (4) Slightly higher on the inclined plane are the dimorphic Alcyonarian colonies. (5) Worthy of a separate level are some of the Pennatulids or Sea-pens which can move as a whole. They are not fixed to the substratum, but have their basal end freely imbedded in the mud, and they are able

to retract forcibly. Thus in his 'Naturalist's Voyage,' Darwin wrote of *Stylatula*: 'At low water, hundreds of these Zoophytes might be seen projecting like stubble, with the truncate end upwards, a few inches above the surface of the muddy sand. When touched or pulled they suddenly drew themselves in with force so as nearly or quite to disappear.' (6) A higher level has been reached by many of the simpler free-swimming Siphonophores, such as the beautiful bluish *Veleva*, fleets of which are sometimes seen in the Mediterranean, each with a vertical triangular sail rising above the surface. Here and elsewhere there is division of labour and unified locomotion. The 'Fire-Flame' Tunicate illustrates the same level of integrated locomotion. (7) Highest of all and very striking are the most complicated Siphonophores with hundreds of polymorphic individuals, yet so well integrated by their nervous system that the colony swims as if it were a slow-going fish. It is a remarkable Natural History fact that a Portuguese Man of War can capture a mackerel that bumps against it. But our general point is simply that animal colonies illustrate a gradual inclined plane from aggregates to integrates.

5. One line of integrative evolution leads to free-swimming colonies such as the Portuguese Man of War and the Pyrosome. A second line is that of the instinctive societies, that find a climax in the ant-hill, the bee-hive, and the termitary. They obviously differ from the colonies we have discussed in being physically discontinuous. The bonds are psychical rather than physiological, but they vary greatly in their subtlety. It is a noteworthy fact, vouched for by Professor W. M. Wheeler, that social habits have arisen among insects no fewer than twenty-four different times; and this number will probably be added to as our knowledge of tropical insects grows. This fact is enough of itself to indicate the strength of the organic trend towards co-operation or sociality. But there are many diverse societary forms: 'some of them are small and depauperate, mere rudiments of societies, some are extremely populous and present great differentiation and specialisation of their members, whereas others show intermediate conditions.' Our first question must be in regard to their common features.

A society of termites may include many thousands

of individuals, but they are all descended from a pair of founders. This is the typical state of affairs among social insects, though there are some large ant-hills that include several queens, each with her own abundant progeny. In the transient summer colony of the Humble-bees some of the workers may lay eggs, which, being unfertilised, develop into drones, so that for a short time there are three generations together; and this may occur elsewhere. But the typical community among ants, bees, and wasps consists of a queen and a large body of offspring, the great majority being arrested females or workers, and a minority being males or drones. One of the peculiarities of the termitary is that the workers are reproductively arrested individuals of both sexes.

A second common feature is the prolongation of the mother's life. In many insects reproduction is fatal, as is often seen in the death of delicate butterflies soon after pairing and egg-laying. As is well known, the May-flies, which often have a larval aquatic life of several years, may have their winged, aerial, reproductive life reduced to a single evening. In one species of these Ephemerides the adult life is said to be condensed into a single hour. Under such conditions it would be difficult for the social habit to be established, for sociality implies a prolonged maternity and the co-existence of numerous individuals of different ages. In most cases there must be nurses to look after the relays of larvæ.

It is a familiar, yet none the less remarkable, fact that in the majority of insects the mother never sees her offspring. Under a stone we may find a mother earwig with her miniature young ones running about beside her, forming a family, but this is an unusual scene. In most types the mother has died before the young ones emerge as winged insects, if not as larvæ. Thus the usual brevity of the mother's life among solitary insects precludes the social habit, though there may be elaborate exhibitions of instinctive maternal care in the provision of the nest with food for the emerging larvæ. The evolution of the social habit implies not only an increase in maternal care, but an evasion of the nemesis of death after reproduction. In starting a community the mother, as in the familiar case of the Humble-bee, must be the first nurse. It is only later that she can devolve her duties on her senior

offspring. As Professor W. M. Wheeler insists, it was the lengthening out of the maternal stage that made social life possible. Societies, among insects at least, are based not only on maternal devotion, but on maternal vigour. Everything depends on the mother being strong enough to be a nurse, and strong enough to have repeated periods of egg-laying.

Among the other general features of the instinctive society is the widespread division of labour, which occurs at all grades. In the six unrelated families of social beetles there is, as Wheeler has shown in detail, no division of labour except that between males and females, and in some types the males are almost as devotedly parental as their mates. At the other extreme are some of the termite societies which have eight different castes, each represented by dimorphic sexes, giving a total of sixteen different forms. The division of labour has, of course, reference to the two perennial problems of hunger and love, or nutrition and reproduction; and what is attained in instinctive societies by variational and modificational polymorphism is secured in intelligent societies, such as the beaver village, the winter wolf-pack, and the troupe of monkeys, by intelligent devices. There are many quaint details in the solution of the nutritive and reproductive problems. Thus, as regards nutrition, many wasps illustrate what Roubaud calls 'œcotrophobiosis' and Wheeler 'trophallaxis.' When the mother in the case of solitary wasps, and the worker in the case of social wasps, is transferring to the grub some pabulum such as chewed insects, she receives in return a drop of elixir which is secreted from the enlarged salivary glands of the larva. This means so much to the workers, as a *douceur* for their industry, that Roubaud goes the length of regarding the attainment of the luxury as a factor in the elaboration of the society.

Then, as regards reproductive details, what could be quainter than the reserve 'kings' and 'queens' among the termites, castes of complementary reproductive individuals which can be utilised in replacing the functional royal pair if need arises? To these two general features prolonged reproductivity and division of labour (giving place to intelligent devices and plasticity), there may be added a sensitiveness in kin-recognition and a readiness,

especially in instinctive societies, to be of assistance to those of the same community. Thus it is the rule in the ant-community that an individual with food *must* feed the hungry on demand. In many cases, again, there is some particular organismal quality which gives the societary type an advantage over individualist rivals. Thus ants have their poisonous formic acid; bees have their wax; termites have in their food-canal an indispensable and invaluable contingent of partner Infusorians which make the wood-dust food more available. So, at higher levels, the rooks and the monkeys are more effective in their sociality because of their large vocabulary. According to von Frisch, the success of a bee-hive depends to some extent on the bee-language, which takes the form of a quick excited dance on the honeycomb, exhibited by the worker-bee when she returns to the hive after finding rich treasure of nectar or of pollen. And the finesse of Animate Nature is illustrated by the fact that the post-nectar-dance differs in some features from the post-pollen-dance.

6. It is interesting to inquire in detail into the advantages of the social or corporate way of living. It is interesting from the ecological or Natural History point of view, for the advantages illumine such achievements as the solid termitary, six feet high, with its many rooms and passages, the possibility of such undertakings as the beavers' dam, and the intricacy of the inter-relations between ants and other forms of life—both plants and animals. The inquiry into advantages is also interesting biologically, for it reveals the multitude of ways in which variations from the solitary mode of life towards the social might be seized upon and utilised by Natural Selection. And thirdly, the inquiry is interesting because it is suggestive in relation to human affairs. Animate Nature has been for hundreds of millions of years a vast experimental laboratory, whose results are for our warning and it may be for our inspiration. No one proposes to argue from pismires to parliaments, or even from mice to men, but he who runs may read from the study of social animals that for certain ends the co-operative or communal way of living is likely to be more successful than that which adheres to the 'each for himself' policy. And with advantages there go dangers, to be separately

discussed, which are luridly illustrated by the seamy side of the much admired, and in many ways most admirable bee-hive and ant-hill. Let us consider, then, in some detail, how the social habit has justified itself in the struggle for existence.

(I) The most obvious advantage of the social habit is in the strength that union gives. Individually the ant is contemptible, but a raid of driver ants may be a terror ; and the harm done within recent years in Madeira by the invasion of the Argentine ant is a diagram of the practical importance of concerted action. Small animals gain safety in combination ; thus the fact that the little sand-martins are but little molested is partly explained by their large numbers. Birds that are individually insignificant may combine to ' mob ' a hawk, or an owl, or a cuckoo. Kropotkin pointed out long ago in his ' Mutual Aid ' that a small monkey has no chance against an eagle, but the assailant may come off badly when the monkey's cries bring its comrades to its aid. There are, of course, many gradations between the sheer force of numbers and a unanimous combination in attacking or repulsing an intruding enemy.

(II) Slightly different is the increase in efficiency which is sometimes attained by combined effort. A familiar instance is the co-operation of several ants in the transport of booty, such as a big spider, which an individual cannot do more than move. A common sight in some tropical countries is the combination of eight or more tailor-ants in drawing two leaves together to form the beginning of a nest. Very striking is the way in which they bridge a gap by forming, like gymnasts, a living chain, A being held in the jaws of B, who in turn is gripped by C. Even quainter is the way in which the two leaves, held close together by several members of the work-party, are fixed by others by means of glutinous threads, these being the sticky secretion of the larvæ, held in the mouths of the workers and literally used as animated gum-bottles. There is no doubt that sociality may greatly increase efficiency.

The fact that wolves hunt solitarily in summer, but in packs in winter, is probably in part a reaction to the scarcity of food in the cold months, which makes combined tactics more effective. Of the same nature is the

co-operative fishing seen in pelicans and the co-operative geotechnic labours of beavers.

(III) Of great advantage is the realisation of something in the way of permanent products, such as a termitary, an ant-hill, a beaver-dam, in which we see an adumbration of the external heritage or social environment, which has meant so much to mankind. When there is an elaborate ant-hill or a beehive, the young animals have a basis on which to work, an objective registration of racial gains. Anything of this sort must serve as a liberating stimulus to inborn instinctive promptings, and must also make the beginning of tradition easier. In the nests of wasps there is nothing that lasts; the sole survivors of the autumnal debacle are the young queens, who start a fresh nest the following summer. But it is different in an ant-hill, which continues from year to year, becoming like a city more and more elaborate. Something analogous to a tradition will more readily arise when relays of different ages are living together at the same time. It must be kept in mind that young animals may be in some measure educated by a socially-constructed environment that lasts, as in the case of a beaver village, or a rookery that is re-established each successive year in the same group of trees. Apart from the constructed external products, such as a honeycomb, there is also an educative potency in the framework of the society itself. For a young worker hive-bee, emerging from a brood-cell, finds itself in a busy organised world, in which the rôle it has to play is pre-determined in remarkable detail.

(IV) A solitary insurgent animal, that has refused to enter any of the open doors to easy-going life, such as those labelled parasitism, commensalism, and symbiosis, must remain all-round in its development and activities; and this independent all-roundness claims our admiration. But a society, like a colony, renders division of labour possible; and this makes for greater efficiency in achievement and greater economy of energy. Among leaf-cutting ants, so well described by Mr Beebe, there are the usual females, males, and workers. But the workers may be divided into the productive and the militant types. And the non-militant members, workers in the more literal sense, have diverse functions to fulfil. There are the foragers who cut off segments of leaf from the

trees and carry them back to the underground city. Another function is the chewing of the leaves into a green paste, on which is grown a fungus, the sole food beneath the ground. A third function is looking after the young stages. The variety of function among non-reproductive ants is often associated with polymorphism of structure. Professor W. M. Wheeler points out that they can be arranged in a graduated series, beginning with large huge-headed individuals, more like the queen in stature, and ending with minute small-headed individuals, which may be almost like dwarf species. In *Carebara*, for instance, the worker may be a thousand times smaller than the queen! The largest of the worker types may serve as soldiers or policemen, but their powerful jaws may have a pacific function—primarily or secondarily or both, who shall say?—for they may be used to crack seeds and hard parts of insects 'so that the softer parts may be exposed and eaten by the smaller individuals.' These may be foragers, nurses, cultivators, sappers and miners, and so forth. Now it happens in some species that only the *maximæ* (the soldiers) and the *minimæ* (the ordinary workers) are left, the intermediate grades being eliminated. 'In still other genera, where soldiers were not needed or were too expensive to rear and maintain, on account of their great size and appetites, they too have been eliminated and the worker caste is represented only by the tiniest individuals of the originally polymorphic series.'

Very quaint is the picture which Bates gave in 'Naturalist on the Amazons' of the Sauba or Umbrella Ant of Brazil. The hard destructive work of cutting discs from the leaves of certain trees is done by workers with relatively small heads. Others, called 'worker-majors,' with huge heads, walk about looking on, without very obvious functions. They are not aggressive soldiers, and the foragers do not require foremen. 'I think,' Bates says, 'that they serve, in some sort, as passive instruments of protection to the real workers. Their enormously large, hard, and indestructible heads may be of use in protecting these against the attacks of insectivorous animals. They would be, on this view, a kind of *pièces de resistance*, serving as a foil against onslaughts made on the main body of workers.' But there is a third

type, represented by very strange fellows, with the same kind of head as the 'worker-majors,' but 'the front is clothed with hairs instead of being polished, and they have in the middle of the forehead a twin simple eye,' which none of the others possess. These must serve as instances of the division of labour among true ants.

Among termites each non-reproductive caste consists of individuals of both sexes, almost or quite indistinguishable externally; and in the great majority of species there are five castes altogether. First, there are the ordinary 'kings' and 'queens,' the males and females, deeply pigmented, big-brained, with large compound eyes, and with well-developed wings which fall off after the mating. Second, there are complemental or substitutionary kings and queens, less pigmented and less well equipped than the first type, and with only traces of wings. Third, there are 'ergatoid' complemental kings and queens, small-brained, scarcely pigmented, entirely wingless, practically blind, and dwarfish in size. Fourthly, there are the workers, unpigmented, wingless, small-brained, and quite sterile. Fifthly, there are the soldiers, big-headed, small-brained, wingless, with large jaws worked by powerful muscles. In some genera the mandibulate soldiers are represented by small individuals with retort-shaped heads, and with the opening of a large gland at the end of the long tubular snout. These 'nasuti,' as they are well called, attack aliens by thrusting their snouts on them and squirting out a jet of colourless secretion which seems to act like glue, binding together the weapons or appendages of the enemy. This is one of the quaintest of the polymorphic types, whose origin is so puzzling. For how does one mother come to have five or more different types of offspring?

Before we leave division of labour and its advantages, we must notice the profitable arrangement which often secures a succession of functions in the course of the individual life. This may be illustrated by a reference to the recent work of Rösch on the apprenticeship, so to speak, of the hive-bee. By marking individual workers in an observation hive Rösch was able to follow their gradual promotion from one kind of task to another in the course of their short life of a month or six weeks. The young workers, that have just emerged from the

pupa stage, are first turned to the task of preparing and cleansing wax cells in which the queen will lay eggs. After a few days they pass, or are promoted, to the status of nurses, watching over the young bees in their cells. To begin with, they tend only the older larvæ, supplying them with pollen and honey, but later they are trusted with the younger stages, which require a nutritious fluid secreted by the worker bee from glands that begin to function at this time, about the tenth day of adult life. When the worker is a fortnight old, more or less, she leaves her nursing tasks to spend a week in the general service of the hive, cleaning away refuse, distributing and storing food, and so on. Trial flights in the open may also be made, but on these first attempts no pollen or nectar is collected. Finally, at the age of three weeks, each worker undertakes the last of its indoor duties, that of acting as a guard at the door of the hive, preventing the entry of strange bees or other intruders. When relieved from this duty, the worker bee devotes all her remaining life and strength to the arduous work of collecting nectar and pollen from the flowers. Here, too, there may be division of labour, for the bee does not flit erratically from flower to flower, but shows herself, as Darwin said, 'a good botanist.' Once settled down to tapping a profitable and abundant species, she may keep to this for the whole of her outdoor life—perhaps three weeks—without ever entering another kind of blossom. Rösch's study is interesting in proving a regular succession of functions, an obviously profitable arrangement when there is a continuous sequence of fresh offspring. The study is also of interest in correcting the impression one is apt to get of the tyranny of instinct. We suppose that it is partly by a developmental sequence of instincts, and partly by hive-conventions, that the worker bee is prompted to one kind of activity after another.

(V) A fifth advantage of the social habit is that it fosters the evolution of intelligence in the big-brained types and of instinctive efficiency in the small-brained types. As the evolution of instinctive behaviour remains very puzzling, we shall confine ourselves mainly to instances of intelligence. In regard to instinctive behaviour, the Lamarckian view refers it to a racial entailment of the individually enregistered results of

tentatives and experiments, while the Darwinian view starts from germinal variations in the nervous system, which are tested in the individual's unceasing experimental initiatives and are thus subjected to Natural Selection. In both cases the change in the nervous system may be supposed to be correlated with some psychical change, for there are many instances of instinctive behaviour of which it is difficult to make sense if we persist in regarding them as no more than chains of reflex actions. In many cases it seems legitimate to suppose that the instinctive behaviour is backed by purposive endeavour and suffused with awareness, often accompanied by feeling. But the important consideration here is this, that an incipient social organisation, on the instinctive line of evolution, will *ipso facto* afford suitable sieves for winnowing new variations of the same general nature.

Perhaps the case is clearer when we deal with societies on an intelligent basis, i.e. with evidence of individual inferential learning. Our proposition is that social inter-relations would favour the advance of intelligence. This is suggested when we mention monkeys, beavers, wolves, and wild horses among mammals, or rooks, cranes, and parrots among birds. The names suggest some correlation between nimble brains and the social habit. It may be objected, however, that this is arguing in a circle. With one breath we say that a certain fineness of brain is a pre-condition of sociality, and then with another we say that societies make animals clever. But we believe that it is just in these virtuous circles that evolution has worked. Well-endowed animals with kin-sympathy and keen wits form an incipient society, but the social framework acts as a sieve in which further variations in the direction of increased sociality tend to be preserved, while variations in the direction of the anti-social tend to be sifted out. To take a concrete case, the evolution of speech, there is no doubt that the first use of the voice was as a sex-call, and that it began among Amphibians long ago. Now, while many solitary animals have a voice, it has obviously greater survival value in a society, where significant calls and cries are of more frequent usefulness. Thus a simple animal society in certain conditions would not only act as a stimulus to using sounds, but would

tend to winnow out the variants with the more ineffective vocabulary. But this is not in the least at variance with the complementary idea that the acquisition of audible means of communication would favour the development of individual intelligence and the survival of the better-brained variants who used the new instrument to best advantage. 'Nothing succeeds like success,' and evolution works on a subtle compound interest principle. Our proposition is that the social habit favours the advance of intelligence, both in the individual and in the race.

(VI) A sixth advantage of the social habit is that it works in a moral and ethical direction. Many a solitary animal of predatory habits and each-for-himself ways is a pattern of parental care. Thus there is no surpassing the mother otter or the mother stoat. With admirable devotion they illustrate the maternal virtues, giving expression to their intrinsically fine natures. The 'finish' of the maternal care is not surprising when we think of the survival value of education in these predatory Ishmaelitish types. It is plain enough that the social habit cannot improve on the parental care exhibited by many of the solitaries. At the same time it may be claimed for animal societies that they tend to foster kindly feelings. They presuppose a measure of kin-sympathy; the complexity of inter-relations stimulates social feeling in the individual; and the welfare of the society demands the winnowing out or elimination of variations in an anti-social direction. Thus animal societies have tended to favour what may be called the raw materials of morality.

But they also adumbrate ethical conduct, inasmuch as they demand a certain degree of self-subordination and a measure of willingness to recognise the claims of others. The social animal at the intelligent level has to habituate itself to work in a team; it is one of the deepest of moral lessons to learn to play the game. Moreover, in the animal society there is the beginning of conventions and unwritten laws; there is sometimes, as in the rookery or the wolf-pack, a powerful social restraint on individual impulse. This points towards ethics.

(VII) There is, we think, a seventh great advantage in the social way of living, that it allows of the trial of

variations with a freedom that is rarely possible under the each-for-himself regime. The existence of a society that has even the beginning of success serves automatically as a shield for variations that might arise, but could not possibly continue in the conditions of individualistic life. There are oddities and whimsicalities among social animals that are hardly conceivable under non-social conditions. Thus the soldier termites have very strong mandibles which are useful in the fray, but make it impossible for their possessors to chew the wood which forms the dry-as-dust diet of these spartan insects. So the soldiers have to be fed by the workers. Among the so-called Honey-ants of Texas and Colorado, which usually frequent places with prolonged periods of drought, there is a well-known and indescribably quaint custom of storing honey-dew. The foragers are unable to make receptacles of any sort, so they discharge their drops of dew into the mouth and crop of some of their stay-at-home fellows. The crop becomes so much dilated with the honey-dew that the abdomen becomes tense and spherical like a yellow currant. The individuals, called 'repletes,' who 'assume the rôle of animated demijohns or carboys, are quite unable to walk and therefore suspend themselves by their claws from the ceilings of the nest chambers.' When an ordinary worker is hungry it strokes the head of a replete and receives by regurgitation a droplet of the honey-dew collected in days of plenty. Only in a society could such an extraordinary specialisation exist.

7. Great advantages are usually taxed ; great steps of progress are usually dogged by risks. Tennyson saw—'Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.' So it is with the highly evolved social habit, both in animal and in man. (A) The first risk is that of losing the independent all-roundness of the each-for-himself type. Self-subordination may go too far, and the division of labour may result in types that are not viable except under the ægis of the society. The big-jawed soldiers among the termites have to be fed from the surplus that the workers can afford. The animated honey-pots that hang themselves up on the roof of the nest of the sweet-toothed ant of Texas are doubtless very useful, but though they are called 'repletes' they cannot be said to

live a full life. The big-eyed drones of the bee-hive have well-developed wings and wing-muscles, and are far from being idle. But they have no arrangement for collecting pollen; their tongue is very short; they have no wax-glands; and they are unable to collect food for themselves. They will starve rather than forage. We do not blame them for trading on their masculinity, any more than we would give them a minus mark for not having a sting, which, being a transformed ovipositor, is always confined to females; we are simply pointing out that they could not survive if they were not members of a community. They are danger-posts on the highway of sociality. In the same way the bloated queen termite has almost become a fixed egg-producing machine, verging on the pathological.

(B) One of the striking differences between civilised human society and Wild Nature, with which man has not interfered by crowding and over-preserving, is that disease is rife in the former and almost absent, apart from parasitism, in the latter. In Wild Nature it is difficult to find examples of occupational, environmental, constitutional, or even microbic disease, but it is noteworthy that some approaches to diseased conditions occur in animal societies. Both among ants and termites there are instances of guests or pets, usually small beetles or Diptera, to which hospitality is shown, usually because of certain exudations which are luxuries to the hosts. Now these guests or pets sometimes sink into a degraded condition called 'physogastry.' This means that the abdomen becomes bloated and what might be called dropsical. The wings are lost, the eyes degenerate, the whole life becomes sluggish. According to Wheeler, the modifications seen in the physogastric guests of certain termites are directly referable to the stuffy humid atmosphere of the termitary, to the cramped dark passages, and to the over-abundant carbohydrate diet. But the important point is that the queen termite herself is an instance of the same physogastric state—she is a physiological martyr to exaggerated maternity in a servile state. This is an obviously suggestive illustration of the fact that a society may not only throw its shield over highly specialised types who could not stand alone as isolated individuals, but may even shelter undesirable unhealthy

types. This, as we know to our cost, is what tends to happen in man's civilised societies.

(C) In some instinctive societies, such as those of ants, bees, and termites, we get another glimpse of a seamy, almost sinister, side. The efficiency of the society may depend on arrangements which are repellent to human ideals. It would be a gross anthropomorphism to criticise these arrangements on that ground, for man's ethical and artistic criteria are not relevant; yet the facts show that very effective social organisation is not necessarily entirely on the lines of what man calls progress—a word so vague that we may define it as including all movements towards health (i.e. a fuller life), and towards wealth (i.e. an increased and more economical mastery of Nature's energies), and all movements towards a diffused and heightened embodiment and enjoyment of the true, the beautiful, and the good. What, it may be asked, has this to do with social animals?

A bee-hive displays a fine instance of wealth, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, the honey in the honeycomb. There is also a fine display of health, for in spite of the Isle-of-Wight acarine disease, and some microbial maladies, for which man's greed and over-coddling may be responsible, there is outstanding vigour and industry in the bee-hive. And on the whole, until we probe beneath the surface the bee-hive, like the ant-hill or the termitary, shows a smooth-working, harmonious, well-integrated social-life. As we have ventured to say elsewhere, the social organisation of the hive is a marvel which angels might desire to look into. What, then, is wrong?

In the first place, the hive-bee community depends on a specialised reproductive female caste, the non-productive queens, who have a tongue too short to reach almost any floral nectary. They have no apparatus for collecting or carrying pollen, and as they have no wax-glands they could not make any honeycomb. Yet a ripe queen may lay three thousand eggs in a day, and she may continue egg-laying at the proper season for about three years. In the second place, there is the specialised caste of reproductive males or drones, wastefully numerous, mostly quite futile even in their masculinity, an expense to the community, and with a some-

what inartistic ending. As long as food is abundant they are treated good-naturedly, but as the pinch of approaching autumn begins to be felt, they are met somewhat grudgingly. More and more they get the cold shoulder, and if they do not take the broad hint to keep away from the hive, they are expelled by force. Some die by violence and others from the early frost. Only in rare cases, according to von Frisch, is there anything approaching the often-described massacre of the drones, but there is no doubt as to the grim reality of cold-shouldering. In the third place, the economy of the hive rests on the multitude of arrested females, usually non-reproductive. They have better brains than the queens, but their brain-cells go steadily out of gear from over-fatigue; they are models of the virtues, but they are Robots wound up to over-industry. The shining hour does not improve the busy bee, for though summer-bees can live, as Dr John Anderson has shown, for three months, they do not usually attain to more than four or six weeks.

8. When an attempt is made to envisage the evolution of the social habit in animals, it seems useful to distinguish as pre-conditions (a) some measure of kin-sympathy and sensitiveness in recognising kindred; (b) a certain fineness of nervous system, whether of the little-brain or big-brain type, which need not be thought of, especially among birds and mammals, without its psychological correlate; and (c) some considerable power of prolific reproduction, since a very small society is almost a contradiction in terms. But, as we have said, the last pre-condition may be dispensed with when there is a seasonal combination of many families as in the pack of wolves, or a permanent combination as in rooks. To put it negatively, an animal society is not likely to arise among types of animals that are sensorily or emotionally indifferent to their kith and kin, or among types with a low type of nervous system and a dull mentality, or among types that do not occur together in considerable numbers. Yet there may be a huge congregation, to return to the mites in the cheese, without any hint of sociality. A prettier picture may be found in the crowd of jellyfishes often seen slowly moving in a summer sea. They certainly form no fleet, as a school of dolphins might be said to do.

Negatively again, the formation of a society implies that the quest for food is of a type that allows of numerous co-operators, that the food is of such a nature that a large supply is available within an area relatively small in proportion to the means of locomotion and transport, and that storage is possible if the year includes a season during which food is unprocurable.

9. If these conditions are fulfilled there are two main ways in which animal societies may arise. As already indicated, the evolution of the social habit on instinctive lines, as in ants, bees, and wasps, may be traced back to a lengthening out of the period of vigorous maternity, so that successive sets of offspring are produced in rapid succession, among which division of labour—partly variational and partly modificational—may arise and prove a notable source of strength. On the other hand, among birds and mammals—that is to say, in societies more intelligent than instinctive—the evolution is slightly different, for it implies the combination of several, it may be many, families. It is more likely to arise in circumstances where corporate or integrated action has obvious survival value; e.g. in concerted defence against enemies. It is assisted not by division of labour, but by words and other social signals and symbols, by the traditional growth of conventions, and in some cases by the accumulation of permanent products. Yet when all is said, it seems clear that the social habit is only for the elite. There are only five hundred species of social bees amidst a total of ten thousand, and the distinctively social mammals are in a small minority. If man appeals to the Animal World for corroboration or condemnation of his ways of living, what can the answer be save that the two policies—the each-for-himself or individualistic and the co-operative or socialistic—are both effective? Each has its advantages and its dangers. For certain ends the other is to be imitated, and for other ends the beaver. The ecological judgment is not in favour of socialisation only or of individualism only. It recommends both in judicious complementariness.

10. We cannot conclude our inquiry without a warning against that type of over-simplification which regards the study of human societies as part of the ecology of mammals. That is a biologism, just as it is a materialism

to insist that life is adequately describable in chemico-physical terms. It must be recognised that a human society stands high above all the integrates that we may study among the beasts of the field. Man has language, rising high above animal words ; he sometimes displays reason or the capacity for conceptual inference, rising high above the intelligence or perceptual inference beyond which animals do not seem to attain ; he has a more or less clear consciousness of his history, and he is evolving a social conscience ; he has the power, if he would oftener exercise it, of guiding his conduct in reference to ideals, social as well as personal ; he has apparently unlimited possibilities of ameliorating his social heritage and making it more available ; in a new way he can in some measure control his own evolution. The story of social animals is interesting and suggestive, with many warnings and not without inspirations, but Animal Sociology is not more than an introductory chapter to Human Sociology.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

Art. 12.—THE CONSERVATIVE TASK

WHAT views, policy, and aims is the Conservative Party going to lay before the country at the General Election? What guiding ideas does Conservatism stand for to-day? What does it want? Towards what objective does it desire to direct the life of the nation? These are the questions to which, in one form or another, the electors will require some answer to be given and, according as they are or are not satisfied with the reply, will they make their decision at the polls.

It may be objected at the outset that the electorate of to-day does not concern itself with questions so wide and general as these; that guiding ideas and distant objectives are above the intelligence and beyond the horizon of modern democracy; and that the master of up-to-date 'electioneering' exhibits his art in its highest form by the construction of a programme nicely adjusted to attract and conciliate the largest number of selfish particular interests. That, of course, is the view of party managers and the old guard of politicians, whose favourite stock-in-trade is petty ingenuities and 'good points.' But far from such trivialities appealing to the modern world, the very reverse is true—if for no other reason than that the larger the mass to whose minds and imaginations ideas are sought to be presented, the wider in reach, the clearer in outline, the simpler in conception must these ideas be. The Conservative Party is the repository of a great body of political thought. But that thought requires sifting and sorting, the obsolete ideas must be ruthlessly discarded, the living ideas given space to be seen and understood. First things must be put first. Public attention must be concentrated on vital matters. It is courting disaster for the Conservative Party, instead of presenting to the country a well-arranged, co-ordinated, intelligible body of policy, to invite the voting public at the General Election to take part in a three-weeks' scramble at a jumble-sale. And especially is this true to-day. The country needs a clear lead. The storm is over, which, long gathering, broke in May 1926. The winds and the waves have subsided; the air, then so heavily charged with electricity, has cleared. But the nation wants to know what is the ship's position

and where lies her destination. It is time—and high time—to take her bearings and to set the course.

What, then, is the situation of the country in 1929: what changes, both of fact and temper, have occurred since October 1924? First and foremost in importance is just that clearing of the air which has taken place. Looking back now at the events of the years 1924 to 1926, it is easy to see that they were the peak of a storm long brewing in the Socialist and Communist cave of the winds. The General Election of 1922, which gave the Conservative Party a majority for 'tranquillity,' none the less raised the hopes of revolutionary Socialism to fever-heat. For by it the Labour Party became the second party in the State and the official opposition in the House of Commons. It seemed that the labours, the plots and plans, the ceaseless schemings, the intensive and untiring organisings, were on the verge of success. The political and the industrial heads of the movement were in full harmony. The machine was running well. The control of the Trades Unions was complete; the Parliamentary Party were like hounds on a hot scent. The Liberal Party was split in two. The Conservatives were conducting a somewhat amateurish defensive. A few years of Parliamentary buffeting of a nervous and supine Government led by a man worn out with grief and the strain of war, and then—and then—one last great forward movement of the industrial and political army, a sweeping victory at the polls, and the Socialisation of Britain. The Conservative Party saw the danger. With the right instinct, Mr Baldwin, five months after he succeeded Mr Bonar Law, determined to escape at all costs from a situation of extreme peril. He seized the initiative and dissolved Parliament.

If the result of the Election seemed tragic for the Conservative, it was fatal for the Labour Party. In office without power, Socialistic legislation was impossible. Only in foreign policy and in general administration was there room to manœuvre. In the former, forced by the extreme wing, Mr Ramsay MacDonald placed the credit of Britain at the service of Bolshevik Russia; in the latter, the Attorney-General was ordered to keep his hands off a seditious Communist editor. A wave of disgust and indignation passed over the country. Then

Mr Asquith let the drop fall and the neck of political Socialism broke. But of political Socialism only, for despite the result of the General Election, the industrial head of the Socialist hydra still swayed menacingly to and fro, with forked tongue and poisoned fang. Let it—to avenge its slaughtered twin—strike with all its might. Where the politicians had failed, the Trades Union leaders might still succeed. And, in fact, the politicians had taken their share in selecting the ground on which the industrial battle was to be fought; for the Labour Government, almost unobserved by the nation, had forced upon the coalowners a new scale for the sharing between capital and labour of the profits of the mining industry. The 83 per cent. to labour and 17 per cent. to capital was altered to 87 and 13 per cent. respectively on the profits as ascertained for each district. Although this reduction of return clearly meant bankruptcy for the less prosperous pits, resistance was impossible, for a coal stoppage, reinforced, no doubt, by a general strike, might only too easily, while Mr Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister, have repeated in Britain the Kerensky phase of the Russian Revolution. But all knew that the arrangement could not last, and through the summer of 1925 the miners' leaders, at whose heels the political chiefs of Labour, discredited as they were by their crushing electoral debacle, trotted obediently and apologetically, prepared for the last great throw. In August, Mr Baldwin, by his wisdom and courage in securing a nine months' pause while a full inquiry should give the country the facts and the payment of 23,000,000*l.* should satisfy—and more than satisfy—public opinion that the State and the community could only maintain the 1924 arrangement at a ruinous cost, delivered the great strategical counterstroke, which destroyed the hopes of revolutionary Socialism. But though in April 1926 their position had been made untenable, the extremists, who were in command under the leadership of Mr Cook, knew it was now or never; their 'will to victory' was screwed to the sticking point; their determination to try the chances of battle was adamant. Reason, argument, discussion, suggestions were as powerless to move them as they had been to move the German Government in July 1914. And for the same reason. War had been decided on. Defeat

was a foregone conclusion ; but after the first rush of the General Strike was over, a war of attrition succeeded in the coalfields for nearly seven months. By December 1926 the hopes of revolutionary Socialism were in the dust. The hydra head had met the impenetrable toughness of Britain. The poison glands had been emptied in vain. The fangs were broken.

But this immense event, this culmination of a movement so carefully planned, so artfully disguised, in which the economic hopes of the working classes had been conscripted to fight the battle of political revolutionaries, this touching-off of explosives so laboriously accumulated, the bursting of this wild typhoon, whose thunderclouds had for so long been piling up, necessarily produced the most profound results. The future of the Conservative Party, for how many years ahead none can say, depends upon correctly gauging what these results have been. The battle against revolutionary Socialism, the conduct of which the country entrusted to Mr Baldwin, has been won. Revolution 'by permission of the T.U.C.' has passed into limbo. But post-strike is as different from pre-strike as 1918 was from 1914.

The actual resulting changes may perhaps thus be summarised. First, there has been in the industrial masses a general movement of opinion to the right, a recognition of the virtue of moderate courses. They are quite determined not to countenance either civil war or revolution. It is enough once to have stood upon the edge of the crater and to have seen the white-hot lava seething in the depths. The Labour Party and the Socialist movement have been quick to recognise this. Mr Cook has been excommunicated by the political leaders, Mr Ramsay MacDonald, Mr Snowden, Mr Thomas. Communism has been declared an unclean thing, and the garment of the orthodox ostentatiously withdrawn from its defiling contact. And, arising no doubt from the shock of discovering that words so fair could materialise in a deal so desperate as the General Strike, there has occurred a violent revulsion of feeling against political 'cloud-cuckoo-countries' of every sort. The desire, the demand, for progress and advance is not a whit diminished. There is no sympathy with reaction. But the vague political and social Romanticism, which

has for so long been the favourite colouring-matter of the Socialist medicine, attracts post-strike Britain not at all. It is the hour of realism—for practical solutions of actual problems.

Nowhere is the new leaven, the movement to the right, the suspicion of the merely visionary, the demand for a practical handling of actual problems, working with greater effect than in the world of industry. Capital and Labour have drawn together in the effort to solve their common problems. At the same time both are intent on tackling their own special difficulties. Thus Trades Union leaders are more and more concentrating on their industrial functions and escaping from the political preoccupations which previously engrossed them. Capital, on the other hand, is busy with the work of reorganisation, while the development of all that is implied by co-operation is at last admitted on both sides to be a prime object of industrial policy and a fundamental economic and social necessity. This is an immense change and an inestimable gain.

In the depressed industries, coal, steel, cotton, shipbuilding, and the railways (which should never be omitted from the catalogue), the main effort is necessarily being directed towards the cutting away of the vast accumulations of 'dead wood,' to capital reorganisation, to improvement in productive, administrative, and marketing methods. Even in these, labour and its leaders are giving active and effective assistance. Thus, where in the London, Midland and Scottish Railway it was possible in 1928 to reduce expenditure by 2,511,000*l.*, labour, by accepting along with the directorate and management a 'cut' of 2½ per cent. in its remuneration, enabled a further reduction of 418,000*l.* to be made. In the great steel, shipbuilding, and engineering undertakings, capital reorganisation is almost completed. In the coal mines the development of productive and marketing organisation goes on apace, while labour on its side responds by record production per man. But it is in the newer industries, whose prosperity is abundant, and in the newly-organised combinations, that the new leaven is, naturally enough, working under the most favourable conditions and with the most noticeable effects. The closest attention to the welfare of the worker, the introduction of means—

eagerly taken advantage of—whereby the employee can purchase shares in the business, the steady development of co-partnership and profit-sharing schemes, all testify to the growth of the new outlook. Truth is prevailing at last and bringing with it a profound revolution in the conduct of British industry. The stirring of the dry bones, the intensity of the effort, the eager reaching out for new ideas, new methods throughout our whole industrial world should serve to warn such stagnant elements as remain in political Conservatism that in a day of such practical and intellectual activity, to sit still with vacant, glassy stare is to resign all claims to the leadership of public opinion and all influence over the public mind.

But perhaps even more remarkable than the movement of thought and effort in urban industry is the change in the outlook of the agriculturist since 1924—more remarkable, not because it has as yet achieved so much, but because it seemed as if the change would never come. For the individualism and the conservatism of the British industrial were only wooden—of the British farmer they seemed iron. Yet the change has come. In the last years, farmers have begun to realise that part at least of the problem of their industry can be solved by their own efforts. They are beginning to adopt those modern business methods which lie at the root of much, if not most, of the present supremacy of the overseas agriculturist in our home market. To standardise produce, to grade it, to market it in bulk, is for the farmer to improve quality, to stimulate demand, and, by at once escaping the hordes of middlemen who prey upon him and presenting a united front to the buyers, to secure for himself as producer a larger proportion of the price finally paid by the consumer.

Every indication shows that the English and the Scottish farmer is beginning, like his urban compeer, to concentrate on the vital problem of marketing. It is the coming of the spring freshet after an arctic frost. Realism, self-help, a new spirit, are at work in the countryside as well as in the town. The promise in this new birth cannot be exaggerated, for it means that habits of thought and methods of business long since discarded by every other civilised agricultural community have had sentence

passed on them here. And the adoption of modern methods of marketing will have the further effect of turning the farmers' attention to modern forms of agricultural produce. So long as the ancient mentality and the ancient methods predominated, it was excusable for English farmers and their organisations to think in terms of wheat. Once the new habit of thought wins the day—and its spread is now amazingly rapid—there is no reason why the pig should not come into its own and the 54,000,000*l.* Britain spends each year on the importation of pig-products should not flow into those districts where the desperate attempts still being made to maintain the production of wheat and barley are in fact a lost battle. Similarly, poultry products, which already bring more into the farmers' pockets than does the British wheat crop, are still in their infancy, and, despite the progress which the rapid spread of the National Egg Mark is bringing with it, the old haphazard methods of organisation still allow some 21,000,000*l.* of these to come in annually from overseas. Nor is it only that thus the agriculturists' attention will be turned to those products in which marketing organisation counts perhaps for most and in which, at any rate, it has enabled, by itself alone, the foreign agriculturalist to capture our markets. Its general adoption will greatly facilitate the success of land settlement, for in a 'pool' even the smallest producers' contribution gets its proper price.

It is for the Conservative Party to foster the new spirit, encourage its spread by all possible means, and in the agricultural world, as in the industrial, lead and direct public opinion. In the immediate past, and even still, disservice and injury have been and are being done to the best interests of British agriculture, far greater than they realise, by Conservative politicians who, blind to the coming of a new spirit and seeking to curry favour with all the stagnant and reactionary elements in agriculture, have dangled one hopeless scheme after another before the eyes of the farmer—all based upon the idea that there is no future for the present arable districts except in the production of wheat. The leaders of Conservatism to-day must firmly and finally set their faces against this leading of the blind by the blind. The coming of the new spirit opens the way to effective work by the State,

and gives, in truth, as will presently be indicated, a new jumping-off place for Conservative policy.

But while the tide of this industrial and agricultural *risorgimento* is in full flow, the problem of unemployment still hangs heavily over the nation. Has this problem undergone any vital alteration in the last four years? Will the views of 1924 suffice for 1929? The year has opened with every sign of a trade revival, extending even to the coal mines, and it seems justifiable to anticipate that, before the new Parliament has been in existence for very long, large numbers of those at present unemployed will have found work and wages. But whatever these numbers may be, it is admitted now that there will be a definite fixed residue of certainly not less than 200,000 men for whom there is no place in industry. It is just here that the situation has altered since 1924. Then Conservative policy was based on the assumption that unemployment could be reduced to a normal figure by normal means. Now it is known to all that this cannot be. Here is a vital change indeed which demands a thorough reconsideration of policy by the Conservative Party. For the problem of unemployment is becoming at once more defined and more restricted, as returning prosperity draws in its full quota, leaving the permanent surplus segregated and isolated; and for this very reason, it clearly demands the direct and determined intervention of the State. And further, this change in the situation is bringing with it a change in public opinion. While trade depression was widely spread, and the general industrial weather was foul, any volume of unemployment, however large, was accepted as an inevitable concomitant. It was only the most sombre patch in a dark and gloomy scene. But as the surrounding tones brighten, it presents a contrast increasingly striking and increasingly intolerable. The demand is growing—and rightly growing—that effective steps should be taken to deal with what is becoming a special problem, narrower in extent but obdurate in quality. The hard core of Unemployment will very soon alone remain. It will need, not general restorative treatment by the doctor, but the surgeon's knife. Unless the signs of the time are altogether deceptive, it is just here that there lies for whatever party be called to govern for the next few years a problem

upon which a practical, definite, realist attack must be made.

This is the matter which involves the most important single decision that the Conservative Party has to take before the General Election. Will it accept the new situation as demanding this definite and positive policy, or will it insist on clinging to the views which have guided its action during the last four years? For founding on the idea of the return to normal by normal means, the present Government has refused to embark on any general policy, such as the development of national assets with public money and unemployed labour. It has extended training centres. It has made attempts to encourage emigration. It has, through industrial transference, done something to assist and accelerate the normal processes of reabsorption. But it has refused—and rightly so long as the idea of the efficacy of normal means was tenable—to call into aid the general financial resources of the State.

This refusal, as every one knows, has also been based upon the conversion policy, which has in fact dominated the public affairs of Britain since at least 1922. The Treasury, the real master of all Governments, has concentrated its effort on preparing the ground for a great scheme of converting the War Debt. While that seemed a practicable objective, it was necessarily one of absolutely prime importance, since a favourable conversion on a large scale would have done more than anything else to restore buoyancy to Britain. But that aim is now definitely and admittedly incapable of achievement. The reasons need not here be stated. The fact is certain. All hopes of such a conversion are now postponed until a new level of prosperity and wealth-production has been reached. Here yet once again is a change in the situation, cutting deeper, of more practical importance when a general survey of future policy is being undertaken than perhaps any other, and of especial significance when viewed in relation to the need of a reconsideration of the problem of the unemployed or, more accurately, of the residuum of surplus workers. An objective of predominant national importance, in short, which forbade any attempt to develop the natural resources of Britain and of the Empire has had to be abandoned, at the very

moment when it has become clear that a great body of the working people cannot find employment and livelihood by even the most widely spread improvement in trade and industry. Is it too much to say that here lies for the Conservative Party the most significant fact of 1929?

There remains one region to be examined—and that by far the most important—before an answer can be attempted to the questions put at the beginning of these pages. What of the great mass of the British people, the millions who depend on their wages or salaries for the maintenance of their own and their families' life and welfare, the broad, solid base upon which the structure of our civilisation stands and upon whose character, outlook, and ideals its future and its fate ultimately depend? How does it fare with them? Towards what goal are they moving, either with conscious intention or urged by these deep instinctive motives which, much as the work-a-day politician may disregard them, history, at gaze upon the wide landscape of human affairs, knows to be the dominating and determining factors in the life of nations? It will not do to reply, as the complacent opportunist does, that steady employment, a decent wage, reasonable hours, the evening cinema, Saturday's sport and Sunday's ease, and, as the crown of the year, a week or a fortnight's mingling with the seaside holiday crowd, amply meet the desires and fulfil the lives of the bulk of the population. The facts tell another tale; for they show that for more than two generations at least, one pre-eminent aim, constantly persevered in, universally shared, pursued by many and various means, has been kept steadily before their eyes by our working people.

That aim has been to obtain for themselves the security, the stability, and the status which the ownership of capital brings. Long ago it began to find expression in the Savings Banks, the Friendly Societies, the Trades Unions, the Building and the Co-operative Societies movements. By the end of the last century these had already in their ramifications throughout the country afforded the main channel for the public spirit, administrative training, enterprise and effort of the wage-earners. But that earlier history cannot be traced here. For our present purpose its significance is not very great.

It may be said it was only natural for a sensible people to practise thrift. The testing time came later. It was the 'semi-Socialism' of Mr Lloyd George's legislation and the coming of the Great War that first showed how deeply rooted was the determination and purpose lying behind. For neither compulsory Health Insurance nor compulsory Unemployment Insurance, which in combination cut deep into the weekly income of the wage-earner, in the least checked his efforts to become, for himself, a capital-owner. And when the Great War poured into his lap wages such as he had never dreamed of before, far from being dulled into a sense of false security, he turned to War Savings Certificates as a further and more profitable opportunity of increasing his fund of savings. But even that was a mere prelude. It is since the War ended that the full reach and power of this pre-eminent aim have become fully visible.

The volume of capital-owning by the mass of the people is now immense. Despite the lean years, in which many 'nest-eggs' have been used up, the Trustee Savings Banks hold for 2,410,000 depositors nearly 114,000,000*l.* in deposits and 33,000,000*l.* in stocks or bonds, while the 10 million accounts in the Post Office Savings Banks amount to over 284,000,000*l.* Meantime War Savings Certificates, already in 1918-19 amounting to just short of 227,000,000*l.*, now total 362,000,000*l.*, and in 1925-26 even rose to 375,500,000*l.* (interest in each case being omitted from these figures). The consumers' Co-operative movement has capital and reserves of little short of 170,000,000*l.*, while another 91,000,000*l.* is held by Friendly Societies. But perhaps most striking, as showing the development since pre-War days, are the figures of the Building Societies. With some 600,000 members and assets of 61,000,000*l.* in 1914, their membership is now well on the way to 2,000,000 persons and their assets have increased to 225,000,000*l.*

Why does this pre-eminent aim of the wage-earning masses so little attract the attention of Conservative thinkers? It only deepens the mystery that in practice, though in piecemeal fashion, the Conservative Party has more than any other party in the State assisted by its legislation this working-class movement towards capital-owning. Thus Mr Neville Chamberlain's 1923 Housing Act

enabled men of small means to build houses for themselves by providing that to any one who could deposit one-tenth of the price, the local authority would lend the balance. That 58,500,000*l.* have been borrowed by local authorities since the Armistice under this Act and its predecessor, the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act, shows how ready the response has been to the opportunity given. Again, the Old Age Pension Scheme of the 1925 Act, which gives a pension to insured persons, irrespective of the amount of their own savings, is likely to prove as great a stimulus to saving as the State Old Age Pension Scheme is a deterrent. And turning back to the last generation of Conservative legislation, the Wyndham Irish Land Act created, by the wise and economical use of British credit, a nation of property owners out of a peasantry, harassed and crushed by the cumbrous and crazy system of dual-ownership. But these things are done, it seems, by stealth and as if what in reality are expressions of the very core of a wise Conservatism, were deeds of shame.

It is the neglect of the full scope and significance of this effort of the wage-earners, the failure to appreciate that here lies the vital point of contact between the instincts and aims of the mass of the population and the basic principles of Conservatism, and, worst of all, the indifference to the profound effect which the widespread ownership of capital and property has upon the strength and solidarity of the community that clearly shows how urgent is the need for the reviewing and restatement of the Conservative objective and Conservative policy. It is no question of changing the objective or presenting a brand-new, machine-made policy. It is only the putting of first things first.

Does not, in fact, this effort of the masses to obtain economic security, stability, and status correspond, in the economic sphere, precisely and accurately with what Conservatism puts first in the national and political sphere—the security of the community, the stabilising of democracy, the development of the character of the individual citizen? How otherwise can these primary objects of Conservative thought and statesmanship be attained than by the development in Britain of a property-owning democracy? The security of our community and of British civilisation depends entirely upon the degree

of stability which democratic institutions attain here. There is no other way. We alone of the great nations have developed into a complete democracy. No reform of the House of Lords will give 'an effective check'; firstly, because the House of Commons would never consent to erect a Second Chamber with powers commensurate with its own, and secondly, because, as even those admit who still cling to the hope that a new Second Chamber might bring some measure of mechanical safety, no unrepresentative Second Chamber could deal with finance or could withstand any determined expression of the popular will. It is otherwise, perhaps, with the two other historic democracies, the United States and France; for in the former, a written constitution, under the guise of complete freedom, has created an Executive which, in its administrative acts, is entirely beyond the control of the legislature, and in the latter, a national sympathy with centralisation and a subservience to the executive have permitted revolutions against manifestations of the system, but never effective action against the system itself, which remains through every change, autocratic and authoritarian. But here, for the future, security must be founded on an organic basis, not on a mechanical. For Britain, that security depends, in the long run, directly and absolutely upon the stability of the mass of the population, and to obtain that stability, the best, the most certain—perhaps the only—means is the wider extension of the private ownership of capital and property.

If these propositions be true, the interest of the community in the development of a property-owning democracy is a paramount one; for the individual citizen it is not less. The development of the character of the industrial masses of to-day is clearly of the first importance. The older school of thought among employers in industry and among both Conservatives and Liberals in politics holds that that development must take place not through a man's work, but in his leisure. In his work, he must apparently remain a mere wage-earner, a first charge in its costs, without interest in its welfare or results: a machine of production, not a man. But who would apply that theory in his own case or in that of his children? In any event, while his educational status is constantly increasing, while his (and her) political

status is now complete, it is the development of a higher industrial and economic status which is needed to make the structure of the wage-earner's life four-square. What does it entail? It entails that besides his wage, the worker should have an interest in either the profits or the capital of the industry employing him. That gives him energy, interest, stability, and status in his industrial life. That makes him economically a man instead of a machine. The great extension of share-purchase by employees, the rapid increase of profit-sharing and co-partnership schemes, the variety of methods now being searched for to achieve this end tell their own tale. It is to this new goal that the pre-eminent aim of the working people is reaching out, and with it, at last, the mind of capital is moving in sympathy. Once the will is there, adaptations and applications of the principle follow apace. Thus in the railways (in which direct profit-sharing is impracticable) the introduction by the London and North Eastern Company of a bonus on work done is achieving striking results, while, in agriculture, experiments are showing that a similar 'bonus on production' has the economic effects which the arousing of a man's personal interest in the success of his work necessarily produces. This reaching out by the working people towards an enhanced industrial status, towards the attainment in their working lives of a position more consonant with their political and educational status than that of a mere receiver of wages can be, is an inevitable evolution from the last hundred years of our history. It holds the promise of a secure community, a democracy stabilised, the life and character of the individual citizen widened and fortified. It holds, too, the promise of continued industrial peace. If prosperity be ahead, it is thus its way should be prepared. The answer, then, to the first and main questions which face Conservatism to-day—for what guiding ideas does it stand and towards what objective does it desire to direct the life of the nation—must surely be that it stands for the development in Britain, by every possible means, of a property-owning democracy. For Conservatism there can be no wider, deeper, or more firm foundation than this.

So much, then, for the general objective of Conservatism. What of the actual problems which from

their nature and gravity may call for action by the State? It is with regard to these that a party at a general election must make its policy known. The situation in 1929 is, as has been above suggested, that a new spirit, a new outlook, and new ideas are releasing and stimulating new energies in industry and agriculture, but that the surplus of 200,000 unemployed workpeople presents a problem which no prosperity can in its normal course resolve. This is, in fact, the most obvious, urgent, and intractable problem of 1929. The Conservative Party, laying before the country their policy for another Parliament, cannot pass it by. Neither the conscience nor the common sense of the nation would permit these unfortunate men, surplus to all possible industrial needs, to moulder permanently in idleness, demoralisation, and decay. The watershed of election policy is here. If the party seriously intends to secure a majority in the next Parliament, it must tell the country what its proposal is for this surplus. If it decides to do nothing, it will accept defeat in advance. And if this hard core of unemployment is the main problem existing to-day in industry, in agriculture its equivalent may be found in the continuous decline in the productivity of the land through the decay or collapse of its drainage and the melting away, now a continuous process for over seventy years, of the country population. If the *risorgimento* in industry has made doubly visible and threatening the problem of the surplus, the new spirit in agriculture has in its turn shown the limits of what the industry can accomplish for itself, while it affords, as has been said, a new jumping-off place for fruitful intervention and co-operation by the State. The clue to the constructive policy for the election is to regard the problems of the town and of the country in relation to each other. The problem of the surplus unemployed has been too much considered in isolation by the Conservatives, and their hopes have turned to a single cure. Emigration to the Dominions has exclusively occupied their minds; and not unnaturally, for the development of these empty spaces by the British surplus is, if an elementary, at any rate, an attractive idea. Emigration, however, has, so far, been called in aid in vain, and, in any event, could not, it may be surmised, effect a cure single-handed. But must it stand alone? Is not develop-

ment called for in the British countryside as much as in the prairie, the veldt, or the backlands? Do not the decline of the soil's fertility and the decay of the country population offer in the general life of Britain an obvious, urgent, and intractable problem? Meantime Mr Lloyd George, vaguely groping for a solution, has turned to a gigantic scheme of road and bridge construction and development as a means of fulfilling a pledge that the Liberal Party 'will reduce the terrible figures of the workless in the course of a single year to normal proportions.' Here is indeed 'cloud-cuckoo land' with all its vague indiscriminating fantasy. But, leaving aside the unscrupulous quality of the pledge, the expenditure of 145,000,000*l.* on British roads in the next two years would be a tragic misuse of an emergency from which, if properly handled, permanent benefit might be drawn. For the roads present no urgent or intractable problem. They are steadily being improved and added to by normal means. Even now they are, upon the whole, the best in Europe. It would be mere squandering to expend this gigantic sum upon the wholesale construction of new joy-roads for the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley. But the soil is a national asset of primary importance. Its special needs to-day involve a capital expenditure such as the agricultural industry cannot face. In England and Wales nearly 2,000,000 acres of land urgently need re-draining. If the State does not assist, the process of decay must continue indefinitely. And similarly, unless the State brings into play its financial resources, the capital costs of land settlement will make progress here also impossible. Thus the Conservative Small Holdings Act of 1926 has broken down in operation because the County Councils will not face, even with the generous assistance given by the Exchequer, the capital burden which land settlement places upon them. In almost three years, as a result, only some 200 holdings have been constituted under the Act. Yet land settlement at home is at least as promising as in the Dominions. The Industrial Transference Board urged in its Report an extensive scheme of afforestation holdings, and only on grounds of expense hesitated, 'attractive as small holdings may appear as a method of dealing with the unemployment of the older

men, to suggest at the present time the initiation of extensive schemes of land settlement.' But when it is suggested that the national resources should be poured out upon roads, it is time for the Conservative Party to hesitate no longer. For while every 1,000,000*l.* spent on road-making secures but one year's direct employment for some 2000 men, holdings of an economic size can be constituted, at the same cost, for the permanent establishment on the land of over 800 families in England and nearly 1200 in Scotland. Nor is that all. The Conservative Party will never bring their emigration schemes to a successful result until the policy of land settlement in the Dominions is combined with that of land settlement at home. To those who are prepared to begin life afresh upon the land, the alternative must be offered. At present the Conservative Party is offering a place in the outhouse but keeping the parlour closed. And again, it must be remembered that of the work incidental to the constitution of land settlement schemes—the road-making, the drainage, the fencing, the building—much can be done, under proper organisation, by the unemployed, and should indeed as far as possible be treated as an apprenticeship for settlement, whereas settlement overseas, while it removes the individual emigrants themselves, brings no immediate or direct employment to any one here. But land drainage, land reclamation, land settlement are the prime means by which in Britain work, livelihood, moral can be given to the workless surplus, and at the same time the nation's wealth-producing assets developed.

That the capital needs of rural Britain have been so little considered in relation to the unemployment problem of urban Britain is due perhaps most of all to the impossibility of getting any two Government Departments to combine in the serious consideration of a common problem. Every Government Department is jealous of the other; and the Treasury hates them all. It is incredible, but certain, that no joint consideration has been given by the Ministries of Agriculture and Labour to the possibilities of calling upon the country to redress the balance of the town. And if Government Departments are incapable of considering a common problem, much more incapable are they of carrying through the

administration of a joint solution. For this there must be set up an independent body endowed with the necessary funds and removed from political interference, for which the Electricity Board affords an excellent model. If the Conservative Party means to grapple in a practical way with the problem of the surplus workers, the task should be given to a specially constituted Unemployment and Rural Development Board.

Moreover, so closely are the needs of country and town interlocked that it is just such a Board that would most effectively bring the co-operation of the State to the help and guidance of the new spirit now stirring in agriculture. Now that the agriculturalist has realised that the urgent problem with which he must deal is the grading, standardisation, and marketing of his produce, a wide field opens for the useful and proper intervention of the State. It would be for the Rural Development Board to assist from its funds or encourage by its guarantee the capital expenditure which must be incurred before modern marketing methods are fully established in Britain. Grading and packing stations, wheat-conditioning or crop-drying plant, cheese factories, distribution centres for liquid milk, condensed milk factories, bacon factories, abattoirs, auction marts, and similar permanent plant are essential requisites if British agriculture is to draw alongside, far less to forge ahead of, its competitors. These are the methods by which Germany is buttressing an agriculture which, despite 'Protection,' currency stabilisation has greatly depressed. There the scheme passed last year includes such items of State expenditure as grants of 1,250,000*l.* to agricultural associations, 1,500,000*l.* for measures to improve the quality of agricultural produce, the organisation of its sale and the promotion of standardisation of dairy produce, potatoes, fruit, vegetables and eggs, 500,000*l.* for the promotion of the breeding of poultry, 400,000*l.* for the organisation of the sale of slaughtered cattle and meat. The carrying out of similar work here would open up, be it also remembered, at every stage new sources of employment. It remains to add that by such developments the success of land settlement will be made much more certain and the economic results of small holding cultivation greatly enhanced. For beneficial as the new methods are to the

larger and established agriculturalist, for the small cultivator, as the experience of all Europe demonstrates, they are vital. It is on these lines that a practical and realist solution can be found for the obvious, urgent, and intractable problem with which the Conservative Party must deal or fall. The cloudy projects of Mr Lloyd George may be left to disperse and disappear of themselves—assisted, no doubt, by the hostile criticism of his supporters. It is the problem and the national need that demand such a definite, co-ordinated, intelligible policy as is here outlined.

If the outstanding problem of town and country be thus dealt with in combination, and if the goal and objective of Conservative thought and effort be made clearly visible to the country, the General Election need bring no fears in its track. For Britain will turn to the Labour Party only if the Conservative declares itself bankrupt. Socialism puts forward no positive proposal in which the country has any confidence. Nor in the general field of public affairs have four and a half years disclosed any large question in which the attitude of Mr Baldwin has been antagonistic to the better mind of the nation. In world affairs no dangerous party issue is raised; for the Conservative effort to promote peace and secure international disarmament is not unappreciated. And if in spite of successive reductions in the cost of the Army and Navy, the impression prevails that administrative extravagance has not yet been adequately checked, even those who most complain well know to what vast outpourings of either the national income or capital the Liberal and the Labour Parties are committed. The work done by Mr Chamberlain has convinced the mass of the people that the Conservative Party is, in practice as well as by tradition, zealous in the cause of social reform. They await from him a resolute attack upon the city slums as the crown of his labours.

But, most of all, in the coming fight, on whose issue depends the steady development of British prosperity, the Conservative Party is happy in its leader. The country knows that Mr Baldwin's task is only half done and that his beneficent influence and his 'virtue' are not yet exhausted. On that account it tolerates, though

with growing *malaise*, the grotesque egotism of Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the artist's passion for fame and self-expression which consumes Mr Churchill, the somewhat supine and flimsy ineffectiveness of more than one other Minister. And below and beyond the ebb and flow of party warfare, it realises in the Conservative leader a man who understands and cares for England, the depth and quietness of whose character and mind are like her own, who shares to the full the carefully-hidden but deeply-cherished natural mysticism of the race, who reckons life by a table of values she approves, whose stubborn courage and whose inward sources of power are as difficult to exhaust as hers, and who, like England too, puts first things first and cares for little else but their achievement.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Blake and Swift—A Dickens Dictionary—The Hohenzollerns and Napoleon—‘Prince Pickle’—Catholic Emancipation—Holy Cities of Arabia—‘What can a Man Believe?’—Wanderings in Australia and the Mediterranean—Hospital Work in Serbia—Lord Rosebery—The Poets and Music—Shakespeare’s Law—Some Theosophy.

THE recent months have been rich in works of historical and literary biography. The great and the not so great have been revisiting us. Let us begin with one of the greatest. Mr Thomas Wright has justified his assertion that in ‘*The Life of William Blake*,’ published as well as written by himself at Olney, he has made that very human genius ‘really to live.’ These volumes are the latest word, and an excellent word, on the life-story and extraordinary personality and diverse works of Blake, and now definitely take the place which Gilchrist hitherto has occupied as providing the standard biography. Only commendation can be given to the author for the pains taken and the patience given to his gathering of facts and courageous, suggestive interpretation of Blake in his moods, activities, drawings, engravings, poetry, and prophetic books, as well as for the lively style in which this work is written; so that we can pass with merely a sigh the flippant idea of the need of a High-school for angels, the dreadful suggestion that Gauguin was ‘the re-incarnation of Blake’—Prospero re-existing in Trinculo’s motley—and such other, few slips, the results of excellent high spirits. To speak in detail just now, when the echoes of the recent centenary celebration are still in our hearts and ears, of the personality and the living works of Blake, would be grateful though supererogatory, and within these necessary limits absurdly inadequate. Those who seek may be recommended to go straight to Mr Wright, while such insistent inquirers as desire to be guided through what he calls the ‘orgy of symbolism’ in Blake’s ‘*Job*’ and the prophetic books—whose province is infinity—will do well to study Mr Joseph Wicksteed’s ‘*Blake’s Innocence and Experience*’ (Dent), which, being a personal reading, does not always coincide with other interpretations, but

yet is an honest and earnest contribution to a discussion which in the last two years has been strikingly rich.

Jonathan Swift was so great a man with so forceful and dominating a personality, and was cursed with a destiny so tragic, that every gleaming of evidence about him has its value and generally its disappointment. His stately shadow wears an abiding mystery which inevitably baffles those who search for its key. Cadenus, Stella, Vanessa; his futile ambitions in the world of politics during a period of moral littleness and degradation; Gulliver and the Yahoos; finally the phantom mitre which for ever allured him and never could be reached. Such as these names and hopes defeated mark the course of the man's career, a tangled and perverse career which ended in chaos. Dr Elrington Ball, whose investigations about Swift are an abiding legacy to students of the literary and political life of the times of the great Dean, died while his substantial essay, 'Swift's Verse' (Murray), was in the press. As he well says, 'Without knowledge of his verse a true picture of Swift cannot be drawn,' for in the hands of that master of irony and hate the lampoon, the satire in rime, was a weapon used passionately and effectually. To call him a poet would be to diminish the value of that word; and with the point of the personal references blunted and the sting lost through the forgetfulness of time, many of these verses seem rather a brutal bludgeoning than a gracefulness; but still they have energy and power, and it is easy to believe that in his frank age many an adversary of Swift writhed under their attack. Dr Ball's work is of estimable value to those who have fallen under the spell of the unfortunate and terrible Dean.

It is twenty-one years since Mr Alex J. Phillip's 'A Dickens Dictionary' ('The Librarian,' Gravesend) was first published, so that ample time has elapsed for the fullness and accuracy of this second edition to be established. With the collaboration of Colonel W. Laurence Gadd, who has especially devoted himself to the task of identifying the originals of those of the characters and places that, always with some pleasant distortion of caricature, were based upon actualities, the compilation has been enlarged and completed. The work is thorough and a joyous hunting-ground for others

beside inveterate Dickensians. To browse through these pages is to re-live such hours of roaring delight as the multitudes of faithful followers know. In spite of the passing of twenty-one years Dickens triumphantly holds his own; a circumstance which proves his humanity as well as his genius. And what a crowd in diversity peoples his pages! The most devoted Dickensian must be surprised when he sees the names as detailed and explained in this volume. The compilers have dredged so closely that even such as the 'short chubby old gentleman,' referred to as 'G,' the supposed ex-lover of Miss Pupford in 'Christmas Stories,' is found and docketed. It would be a nice exercise, even for the elect, to be asked to tell in which of Dickens' works many of the characters appear; as Mrs Wrymug, Mr Galland, and Sir Dingleby Dabber.

'It must be a shabby, not to say a dastardly, act to attempt to pour scorn and ridicule on a once Royal House now fallen from power.' Thus Dr Herbert Eulenberg begins his foreword to his book '**The Hohenzollerns**' (Allen & Unwin), but to act as a very candid friend would seem to be laudable, even though the subject of such friendship might see but little difference between the two processes. However, in a series of concise and eminently readable biographical sketches the author gives us a history of the Hohenzollern dynasty from Frederick the first Elector, who, after gaining the Mark of Brandenburg as a reward for his diplomatic abilities, thought so little of its attractions that he was never so happy as when he could leave it, down to Kaiser William II and 'William III,' who also left their ancestral home—but for other reasons. Dr Eulenberg points out that if one marked characteristic runs through the dynasty it is an overweening sense of their own power and the tendency to despotism. The book gives an interesting portrait gallery and an opportunity of character sketching which the author has made full use of.

Hero-worship is very well, but to be convincing it should stop on this side of idolatry. Napoleon, of course, is an outstanding subject of interest to analysts of humanity and the soul, and for some of his characteristics and achievements praise may be amply given. But in his study of '**Napoleon**' (Dent), Dmitri Merezhkovsky goes too far. Praise is splashed on his seven-league

canvas with an abundance which would almost smother a deity. There is hardly a fleck on the infinite perfection, and such flecks as do appear are merely imposed to accentuate the brilliance. There is no balance. Napoleon's 'boundless titanic superexuberance,' 'this titanic apocalyptic bourgeois,' are an extravagance further biassed by calling those on the other side, as Talleyrand and Fouché, 'vertebrae-less vermin.' This is neither history nor truly biographical. Humanity, to be true, needs the shadows; and the towering greatness of Bonaparte appears the more when it is remembered that he was also a man of occasional cruelties, treacheries, weaknesses, littleness. . . . The divine does not expectorate.

In this scientific age it is not so easy for adventurers to impress the world on a scale of magnificence, as was possible a hundred years ago; though on a small scale, as the adventures of a woman in military uniform have recently shown, it still can be done. Prince Hermann Ludwig Heinrich Pückler-Muskau—'Prince Pickle' as a caricaturist called him—belonged to that earlier age; and he took advantage of his opportunities lavishly. A German princeling with wit, personality, and charm, he travelled widely, and wherever he went impressed most of those whom he met. The 'Quarterly Review,' in 1832, through the pen of Theodore Hook, saw him at something near his worth and trounced him in the good old manner; but for the rest it was generally roses most of the way. Unquestionably, with all his innumerable perversities, 'The Tempestuous Prince' (Longmans) had great charm. His triumphs over women were so exuberant that 'the lives of Don Juan and Jupiter added together would still fall short' of his total; he once bore himself with such courage at the dentist's that that worthy kissed him in the chair, a very unusual tribute; he was generally regarded in the East as 'the Sultan of the Giaours,' and often he was received with the royal welcome to which he was not entitled. Amongst his other escapades he spent one night with the bodies of his ancestors in the family vault in the endeavour to learn the secrets of death. Mad with an amazing sanity; wasteful and extravagant, yet at some times careful and thrifty; as light in love as the most careless wanton, he yet could be wonderfully faithful to his elderly wife—

he belongs to the curiosities of the human race, a cousin of the gods, a plaything of folly, a failure, a cockscomb, a mockery. What a man!

Potatoes and Roman Catholic revival have at first sight no obvious connection, but readers of Mr Denis Gwynn's interesting book, '**A Hundred Years of Catholic Emancipation**' (Longmans), will soon realise how the potato blight in Ireland, and the consequent famine, caused an influx here which changed the whole face of Roman Catholicism in this country. The Old Catholics, after many years of oppression, had reached a static condition, exclusive, insular, distrustful of Rome and somewhat Erastian—'obsequious loyalty to the civil powers,' Mr Gwynn calls it. They were far from favourable to the new Irish invasion, and it needed the foreign-trained, far-seeing, and impulsive, though not always prudent, energy of Wiseman, the impressive and unconquerable, though grim, determination of Manning, and the greater mellowness of Vaughan to provide for and organise the invasion and its results, weld them in with the older Catholic institutions, and make Catholics take the active part in the life of the country which their increasing numbers demanded. The book is both a survey and a narrative, and gives a clear account of the trials and difficulties and victories and successes of revived Catholicism. It is provided with a map showing the present disposition of Roman Catholics in England—deep black where they are most numerous, and white where they are scarcest. However unintentional this may be, Protestant readers will think it consolingly apposite!

Mr Eldon Rutter has written worthily the account of a remarkable journey. Visiting '**The Holy Cities of Arabia**' (Putnam) he has accomplished less dangerously than did Richard Burton a similar adventure, and has written a book more illuminating and vivid than the famous '**Personal Narrative**' of seventy years ago. He had one great advantage over Burton. Disguise was not so necessary in his case, though he had to be careful; for the reason that he could practise with the familiar ease of a thorough knowledge and understanding the elaborate ritual of the prayers and ceremonies of Islam; and although we gather that he was not precisely a Moslem, yet he held the faith devoutly of the One God, and,

therefore, could fulfil with sincerity and safety the prostrations and ablutions of Mohammedan worship. When it was discovered incidentally that he was English and not the Syrian he had hoped to be taken for, he was frank about it, and afterwards was unchallenged ; although it seems that the Moslems have their resolute and interfering Puritans, the Wahhabis, even as other nations know. He passed freely about the desert and the holy centres of Mecca and Medina—the former he calls the strangest of all the cities of the world—though he confesses that there would be no freedom from inquisition for anybody who was not thoroughly conversant with the rites and teachings of Islam. He describes his experiences as a pilgrim so well and with such insight and humour that we can visualise easily the persons in the motley crowds he met. And he makes that vast and moving congress of Malays, Egyptians, Indians, Abyssinians, Syrians, Arabs, and the rest of them, a sympathetic amalgam of peoples. He points the differences of the races, the greed of some, the simple sentimentality of others ; and brings out the great truth of their religious sincerity. The word of the Prophet is to them the unquestionable revelation of God, and there seems to be far less falling-away from its emphatic teachings than even the followers of a more exalted form of religion can protest. The poorest beggar devotedly maintains his contact with the spiritual and divine. Fanaticism there is, but it is as nothing compared with the simplicity of their true faith. The account of the city of Mecca, with its smuggled photograph, the only one taken, of the black-covered Kaaba, that centre of religion and symbol of the Unity of God, is brilliant in its detail. Reading, we can almost smell the hot and crowded streets with the camels, beggars, pilgrims, merchants, and children jostling along. The description of El Medina is pathetic, because of the ruin which has befallen it through wars.

It is impossible to avoid recognising contrasts in faith and spirit when books of a different character meet on the reviewer's table. 'What Can a Man Believe?' (Constable) is the best of the trilogy of practical religious books that Mr Bruce Barton has written. It has more seriousness of expression and appeal than the two fore-runners ; but yet its force is less for British readers than

for American, as it comments on the 'larger prosperity' of these days, while its many verbal illustrations are generally of 'good business' and how to get it. Good business must be an American institution. At the same time it has the quality of looking with frankness and reverence, at the assertions of the Creeds and their application to modern social life. Mr Barton sees the notorious failings of the Churches at present out of touch with the hearts and minds of mankind, but also he recognises the necessity, absolute and increasing, of obedience to the divine ideal. This is that rare thing among religious books, an entertaining volume, and on this occasion the author has been able to entertain without hurting susceptibilities, as was not the case with his earlier volumes.

Sir Spencer Baldwin has more than merely supplemented his scientific study of the Arunta, the leading race of Australian aborigines, published some eighteen months ago, with a couple of solid, yet most readable and attractive volumes, '*Wanderings in Wild Australia*' (Macmillan), which give the personal story of his travels, investigations, and experiences amongst some of the most ancient peoples of the world. It is a sympathetic record. As becomes one whose province it is to help to safeguard the Australian natives and counteract the tendencies towards their disappearance and decay, he has more to say for the honourable character and intelligence of the black fellow than any of his predecessors have ventured in this branch of anthropological research. Actually they belong to a dark variety of the same great race as ourselves, the long-headed Caucasians; and they inhabit the continent which more than any other in its interior spaces has preserved an uninterrupted contact with prehistoric conditions. In one spot of the great lone land which Sir Spencer Baldwin traversed and re-traversed, palm-trees persist, solitary relics of lost tropical days; whilst crabs, descendants of the creatures of a sea where now is scorched wilderness, still exist, adapted to their changed conditions. These aspects of natural persistence in spite of geographical and climatic changes are fascinating; but the main interest of this work rests in the native races, especially as the author was the last to witness, thirty years ago, the native ceremonies, elaborate in their ritual and so old that much of their significance

was lost, which never will happen again. It is high time that steps were taken to preserve these curious people, lingerers from the Stone Age; for, manifestly, without some efforts of State protection, they soon would follow their lost corroborrees and vanish, crowded out by civilisation. A sign of the decadence that already has set in is shown by the circumstance that their inherited cleverness in making stone weapons and utensils is becoming lost through iron being now easily available to them. Sir Spencer Baldwin, having lived in close and continuous contact with the blacks, has been able to estimate with authority and sympathy their superstitions; their skill in hunting, fishing, and tracking; their sometimes very ingenious totemic rules; their marriage customs and tribal practices; their simplicity, fidelity, and intelligence as well as their strange ignorance and numerous insufficiencies.

A special word of commendation and congratulation is due to Eden and Cedar Paul for their admirable translation of Emil Ludwig's book of impressions, '*On Mediterranean Shores*' (Allen & Unwin). They have caught and expressed its delicacy of insight and charm of thought and made of this English version also a beautiful book. Unmistakably German in his outlook and frankness, Herr Ludwig is yet modern in his views, humane, democratic, and truthful; despising 'Emperordom' and its works, wherever they are found, and disliking such records of decay as mummies hoarded in museums—Tutankhamen is neither moving nor royal to him—or such a sight of incongruousness as that of Greek girls dancing, posturing in chitons while wearing modern high-heeled shoes. Travelling from Greece to Genoa through Palermo, Tunis, Egypt, Stamboul, Smyrna, and Palestine he came to Greece again; and on the round-about way described what he saw of golden sands and sunsets, of peasants at work and Bedouins in prayer, of the timeless pyramids and the Assouan Dam, 'the most wonderful of all the wonders of Egypt.' How many have seen these very sights and said nothing of them afterwards! Herr Ludwig is happier than those globe-trotters—how appropriate the ugly word!—and so are his readers. This is an exceptional book, worth reading, remembering, re-reading and treasuring. But the reference to

Othello, on p. 105, suggests a misunderstanding, worth clearing up.

The note of uncertainty in Dr Isabel Emslie Hutton's preface is not justified, for her account of experiences '**With a Woman's Unit in Serbia, Salonika, and Sebastopol**' (Williams & Norgate) is entirely successful. While still in the twenties she was in supreme control of one of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in Serbia, and except for the help of the superb workers who went with her, had practically to build up the whole organisation, and then to fight the desperate conditions of poverty among the Serbs, as well as their war-wounds and the typhus which afflicted the whole people. In spite of the sufferings described, it is a cheerful book; for the author and her colleagues were ever resourceful and blessed with humour; and as the Serbs proved unconquerable the country came eventually to the happiness of victorious peace. The author's work was varied, and at one time included the passing of recruits for the renewed Serbian army. In his thoroughness one resolute colonel had collected for her examination three hundred crippled veterans, 'grey-bearded, crooked, and bent,' and naked, though each of them wore a cap, and then was indignant because her refusals to pass them were more resolute than his in the opposite way. The most touching pages treat of the condition of the White Russian Army after its last defeat through treachery.

Colonel E. H. Thruston has a thoughtful pen, but he is not the ideal biographer. His subject, '**Earl of Rosebery, Statesman and Sportsman**' (Tavistock Press), is most promising—some Lytton Strachey of the future will exult in the theme—but Colonel Thruston rather loses sight of his man while building a forest of eloquence on the philosophy of politics and much else not precisely germane to his particular study. The last chapters are given to a precise account of Lord Rosebery's achievements in racing, and the pains and expense he has taken to maintain his stables. The main part of the work is, however, a justification of Rosebery as a politician; and in the sad contemplation of so much talent and opportunity given to comparatively little one cannot grudge the recognition of great gifts devoted to some noble ends.

Musicians will best enjoy Dr E. W. Naylor's little

book on 'The Poets and Music' (Dent), for its appeal is rather to them than to the laity unfamiliar with musical expressions and technicalities, though every one must be amused by the examination of Tennyson's howlers, retailed in the chapter devoted to those 'who are willing to include music amongst the things they do not understand very well, though quite ready to talk of them.' Yet it also is a book for such readers of the poets as are willing to struggle through some difficult language and refuse to be troubled by the jerky manner in which the author puts his points. Milton and Shakespeare pass the tests well; the former, we know, was a practising musician; but Shakespeare evidently absorbed his well-used knowledge of music in much the same way as he gathered his legal lore and phraseology—out of such air, so to speak, as genius breathes. Although Browning took music seriously, and discoursed upon it with a masterly voice, he is described by Dr Naylor as an amateur.

The struggling corpse of the Baconian question should be finally slain by Sir Dunbar Barton's 'Links between Shakespeare and the Law' (Faber and Gwyer). Crisply, lucidly and completely a great judge and advocate therein examines the facts relating to Shakespeare's legal knowledge as displayed or exposed in the plays, and comes to the common-sense conclusion that while the poet showed a surprising faculty in picking up scraps of legal lore and turning them to dramatic account, there is no necessity for inferring that he had any training or practice in the profession of the Law. In other words, the inspiration of genius saw at once, and seized and used. This is a book of permanence for Shakespearean shelves; but it should not be forgotten that the way for it was paved, somewhat ponderously it must be confessed, sixteen years ago by Mr J. M. Robertson. Its most entertaining part is the Foreword by the Hon. James Montgomery Beck, wherein are recorded his experiences with Mark Twain, whose sense of humour and geniality abruptly went the moment that his Baconian prejudices were aroused. It is a curious revelation of intellectual perversity; and the whole of Mark Twain's obstinate theory was perched on the claim that the writer of the plays must have been a lawyer. That assertion is now definitely disproved, and

Baconianism ought, therefore, to be finally dead. It is, however, a most obstinate donkey which already has been killed more than nine and ninety times.

Here, to conclude with, is a gilded Theosophical pill. Captain A. G. Pape establishes seven academical lay-figures in a Cambridge University setting and places before them the purpose of discovering the causes underlying the 'general unrest.' They assert that the only solution is that which is in line with 'the Plan of Evolution, i.e. the Manu's Code.' This is all very well for those who know themselves to belong to the Elect, but for the rest of thinking and more modest mankind, to whom the difficulties of these days are close, painful, and clamorous, it seems very like applying to virulent sores a bandage of affected words. 'The Politics of the Aryan Road' (Daniels) is manifestly paved with good intentions—the seven sages have the excellent intentions and the mutual admiration of a finished priggishness—but something more actual, far more actual, than the vague doctrines of this book is required to cure the world of its heart-ache.

INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SECOND VOLUME OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of
articles are printed in italics.]

A.

- A Socialist Fantasy**, 32-65.
'A Socialist Fantasy': A Reply,
272-292.
Adam, William, reports on indi-
genous schools in India, 129, 130.
Afghan Wars, the First, 306-308—
the Second, 309-311—the Third,
315-316.
Afghanistan, 305-320.
Agriculture in India, 134-146.
Agriculturist, changes in outlook of
the, 385-387, 397.
Alberdes, Fr., 'Social Life in the
Animal World', 357.
Althorpe, Lord, on introducing the
Bill reforming the Poor Law in
1834..67.
Andrewes, Bishop, prayer of, 234.
Animals, senses peculiar to, 239, 240,
243, 246—advantages of the social
habit to, 367-374.
Animals, The Senses of, 237-248.
'Annual Register', for 1815, extract
from, 274-275.
**Archæological and Topographical
Research in and near Rome,
1908-1928**, Part II, 97-109.
Armagh, Archbishop of, on the
rejection of the Revised Prayer
Book, 234-235—on Disestablish-
ment, 236.
Armstrong, Martin, 334.
Arthurian Chronicles represented
by Wace and Layamon, 293.

Ashby, Thomas, D.Litt., 'Archæo-
logical and Topographical Research
in and near Rome, 1908-1928,'
Part II, 97.

B.

- Baldwin, Rt Hon. Stanley, his leader-
ship of the Conservative Party,
398-399.
Baldwin, Sir Spencer, 'Wanderings
in Wild Australia,' 406-407.
Ball, Dr Elrington, 'Swift's Verse,'
401.
Barnett, Dr L. D., reviser of Francis
Johnson's 'The Hitopadesá,' 196.
Barton, Mr Bruce, 'What Can a Man
Believe?' 405-406.
Barton, Sir Dunbar P., 'Links be-
tween Shakespeare and the Law,'
409.
Bates, extract from his 'Naturalist
on the Amazons,' on the Umbrella
Ant of Brazil, 369-370.
Beerbohm, Mr Max, 'The Dreadful
Dragon of Hay Hill,' 197-198.
Bees, successive functions in the
lives of, 370-371—social organisa-
tion of, 376-377.
Bentinck, Lord William, abolishes
suttee in British territory in India,
128.
Bermondsey, pauperism in, 77-80.
Bethune-Baker, Professor, on the
centre of authority in the modern
state, 225-226.
Bevan, Dr Edwyn, 'Sibyls and Seers,'
193-194.

- Books, Some Recent, 189-198, 400-410.**
- Brayne, F. L., M.C., I.C.S., 'Village Uplift in India,' 118, 133.
- Browning, Robert, extract from his 'Parting at Morning,' 304.
- Burke, on the relations between Church and State, 227—on the alteration of a legal establishment, 229.
- Buxhoeveden, Baroness Sophie, 'The Life and Tragedy of Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia,' 6.
- C.
- Cadell, P. R., C.S.I., C.I.E., part author of 'India, the New Phase,' 118, 119.
- Caffin, Caroline, 'Vaudeville,' 259.
- Carey, a Baptist Missionary in India, 123.
- Carrère, Jean, 'Le Pape,' 15.
- Cartwright, Home Office Envoy, on the Seamen's Strike in 1815..276 note, 278-279.
- Chamberlain, Sir Austen, on Italy's treatment of South Tyrol, 208.
- Chambers, E. K., 'Arthur of Britain,' 293.
- Chance, Sir William, on pauperism in Poplar, 69.
- Chancellor, E. Beresford, translator and editor of 'The Diary of Philipp von Neumann,' 110.
- Chaplin, Mr F. K., 'The Soul,' 193.
- Child labour, evils of, 42-49.
- Church Assembly, the, 223, 225, 226.
- Churchill, Rt Hon. Winston, 399—extract from his Budget Speech, 1928..249.
- Circeo, Promontory of, survey of, 103-106.
- Clapham, Professor J. H., 'Economic History of Modern Britain,' 33, 291-292.
- Coal Commission of 1844, references to, 45, 48.
- Coal, Oil from, 249-258.
- Coal, systems of destructive distillation of, 254-256.
- Coliseum, the, its scope in 'variety,' 271.
- Coolidge, President, his survey of post-war America, 147-148.
- Cooper, H. I., 'Parish of Poplar, Report of Special Inquiry into the Expenditure of the Guardians,' 66, 72, 73.
- Conservatism, its aims and ideals, 380-393—its present problems, 393-398.
- Conservative Task, The, 380-399.
- Countryside, its need of development, 395.
- Cowper, Miss Frances M. M., 'The Life of Richard Rolle,' 192.
- Cranmer-Bryng, L.*, 'Who was Merlin?' 293.
- Credaro, Professor Luigi, his policy when Commissioner-General of South Tyrol, 209-210, 211.
- Curatulo, Giacomo Emilio, 'La questione romana da Cavour a Mussolini,' 15, 21.
- D.
- Dane, Clemence, 328.
- Davidson, Archbishop Lord, on Disestablishment, 222.
- de Borron, Robert, a twelfth-century writer, 295-296.
- De Luca, Guido, 'Il Papato e l'Italia si concilieranno,' 15, 29-30.
- Dennis, Geoffrey, 328.
- Diplomat's Diary, A, 110-117.
- Disestablishment, The Menace of, 221-236.
- Disher, M. Willson*, 'The Music Hall,' 259.
- Disraeli, Rt Hon. Benjamin, allusion to his novel 'Sybil or the Two Nations,' 290.
- Drage, Mr Geoffrey, on a comparison of Poplar and Fulham, 69-70.
- Duff, Alexander, 'Indian Missions,' 131.
- Dunlop, Robert*, 'The Italianisation of South Tyrol,' 109.
- Durham, the Bishop of, favours Disestablishment, 222—extract from 'The Book and the Vote,' 29.
- Dutt, R. C., 'Literature of Bengal,' 123.

E.

Education in India, 118-133.

Education, in Scotland, 41—Dislike of, in England, 42.

Einstein, Professor, his letter of sympathy to Miss Elizabeth Haldane on the death of her brother, 175.

Electricity Board, the, 397.

Empress Alexandra Feodorovna of Russia, tragedy of, 11-14.

Empress Frederick of Germany, unhappy life of, 6-11.

Enabling Act, the, 223, 226.

England, the Church of, dangers of Disestablishment to, 221, 222, 227, 228, 234—possible gains of Disestablishment to, 231—results of Disestablishment in, 233-234—its relations with the State, 235-236.

English Fiction, Recent Tendencies in, 321-338.

English novel, influence of and on, 325-326.

Eulenberg, Dr Herbert, 'The Hohenzollerns,' 402.

Europe, present-day travelling in, 199-200.

F.

Factory Commissioners, extracts from Reports of 1833..43-44, 45-46, 47, 284, 286.

Fascism, its attitude towards Catholicism, 23-24.

Fawkes, A., 'The Menace of Disestablishment,' 221.

'Foglio d'Ordini,' on the Italo-Vatican controversy, 28, 31.

Forbes, James, 'Oriental Memoirs,' II, 120.

Ford, F. M., 'Last Post,' 321, 327.

Forrel, A., 'The Social World of the Ants,' 357.

Forster, Dr R. H., on the Poor Whites of South Africa, 96.

Forster, E. M., 'A Passage to India,' 311, 326-327.

Foster, Mr, a Manchester magistrate, 38, 284-285.

Fréjaville, Gustave, 'Au Music-Hall,' 259.

French, Mr, Representative of Idaho, on the respective naval needs of Britain and the U.S.A., 166-167.

Fuel Research Board, the, 253.

Fulham, compared with Poplar in regard to Poor Law Administration, 70.

G.

Gadd, Col W. Laurence, collaborator with Mr Alex J. Phillip in 'A Dickens Dictionary,' 401.

Galsworthy, Mr John, Bibliography of, 195, 329.

Garnett, David, 337.

General Strike, 1926, effects of, 383-385.

Gentile, Professor, on Italo-Vatican relations, 27.

Gilderoy, Ballad of, quotation from, 40.

Golding, Louis, 328.

Gordon, Douglas, 'The Senses of Animals,' 237.

Goss, Captain N. H., on the necessity for a 'Big Navy' to the U.S.A., 156-157.

Grant, Charles, his work for education in India, 121-123, 130.

Gray, Dr, Vicar of Bishops Wearmouth, Parson-Magistrate, 274, 276, 277.

Gregory, Rear Admiral Luther, on the needs of American Naval Bases, 157-158.

Grey of Fallodon, Lord, his friendship with Lord Haldane, 171, 182—extracts from his book, 'The Charm of Birds,' 245, 246.

Guedalla, Mr Philip, 'Gladstone and Palmerston,' 189-190.

Gwynn, Mr Dennis, 'A Hundred Years of Catholic Emancipation,' 404.

H.

Haldane, Lord, The Riddle of, 170-188—339-356—anger roused by his appointment to the War Office in 1914..170-171—his character, 171-175—his impassivity, 177-180—notes on a conversation with, 184-186—his opinion of Lord Morley, 186—his leanings towards the

- Labour Party, 186-188—his experience of Office in the Labour Government, 340-341—his lack of distraction from work, 342—his views on Germany after the War, 343-345—his philosophy, 345-347—a great educationalist, 347-349—his work as a lawyer, 349-351—his record as Secretary of State for War, 351-355.
- Hallam, G. H., allusion to his article in the 'Classical Review,' 1928..109.
- Hamilton, General Sir Ian, 'Compulsory Service,' 181—'The Soul and Body of an Army,' 183.
- Hammond, J. L. and B., 'A Socialist Fantasy: A Reply,' 272—'The Town Labourer, 1769-1832,' 32, 33—extracts from, 32 *et seq.*, 272 *et seq.*—'The Skilled Labourer,' extracts from, 281-283.
- Hare, David, a pioneer of Western education in India, 123, 125.
- Harwood, H. C., 'Recent Tendencies in English Fiction,' 321.
- Hastings, Warren, his educational activities in Bengal, 120-121.
- Heber, Reginald, quotations from his 'Narrative and Letters,' 125.
- Herford, Professor C. H., 'The Case of German South Tyrol against Italy,' 199, 200, 207-208.
- Herre, Professor Paul, 'Die Südtiroler Frage: Entstehung und Entwicklung eines europäischen Problems der Kriegs- und Nachkriegszeit,' 199, 205, 207, 220.
- Hibbert, H. G., 'Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life,' 259, 270.
- Hoare, Sir Richard Colt, of Stourhead, extract from his 'Classical Tour,' 103.
- Hodges, Mr Frank, on oil fuel, 253.
- Holland, 'Indian Outlook,' extract from, 132-133.
- Home Office Records, references to, 34 *et seq.*, 273 *et seq.*
- Hoover, Mr Herbert, on the naval issue in the U.S.A., 149, 161—character sketch of, 168-169.
- Horace, excavations of his Sabine Farm, 106-109.
- Horne, Sir Robert, allusions to his opening address at the World Fuel Conference, 1928..256-257.
- Hoult, Miss Norah, 'Poor Women,' 198.
- 'Humphry Clinker,' extract from, 260.
- Hutton, Dr Isabel Emslie, 'With a Woman's Unit in Serbia, Salonika, and Sebastopol,' 408.
- Huxley, Aldous, 'Point Counter Point,' 321, 322, 323, 332, 334.

I.

- 'Il Popolo d'Italia,' extracts from, on Italo-Vatican relations, 25, 26, 28.
- In Memoriam: John Murray IV, 1-5.
- India, Agriculture in, 134-146—need for co-operation in all branches of, 135-136, 143-146.
- India, Education in, 118-133.
- 'Indian Life and Sentiment,' extract from, 118.
- Industrial Revolution, its effect on the poorer classes, 32-33—its lack of system, 39.
- 'Intorno alla questione romana,' 15.
- Italianisation of South Tyrol, The, 199-220.
- Italy, importance of Brenner to, 201-202—promises given by, to the Tyrolese, 206, 207-208.

J.

- Jameson, Storm, 328.
- Jones' Collected Works, 'Shore's Memoir,' vol. II, 121.
- Jones, Sir William, a great Orientalist, 121.
- Jowett, Benjamin, allusion to 'Life and Letters of,' 228.
- Joyce, James, 332.
- Jusserand, J., 'A Literary History of the English People,' 293, 301.

K.

- Kakamas Labour Colony, 93-94.
- Kellogg Peace Pact, 147.
- Kernahan, Mr Coulson, 'Five More Famous Living Poets,' 195.

- Ker, W. P., the late, 'Epic and Romance,' 293, 294.
 Kipling, Rudyard, extract from the *Jungle Book*, 239.
 Kornerup, Mr Ebbé, 'Friendly Siam,' 196.
 Kyle, Dr Harry M., extract from his 'Biology of Fishes,' 359.

L.

- Land settlement, at home and abroad, 394, 395, 396.
 Lansbury, Mr George, on the remedy for pauperism in Poplar, 69.
 Lawrence, C. E., 'In Memoriam: John Murray IV,' 1.
 Lawrence, D. H., 'The Plumed Serpent,' 321, 322-323, 329, 332.
 Lawrence, Sir Walter, G.C.I.E., 'The India We Served,' 118, 119.
 Lee, Vernon, on mediæval poetry, 297.
 Leno, Dan, 265-266.
 Life and Liberty Movement, the, 223, 231.
 Linlithgow Commission, on Agriculture in India, Report and Recommendations of the, 134-146.
 Lion, Aline, 'The Pedigree of Fascism,' 20.
 London, Treaty of, 201, 202-203, 205.
 Long, Mr, extract from his book, 'Mother Nature,' 237.
 Lovett, Sir H. Verney, K.C.S.I., 'Education in India,' 118.
 Ludwig, Emil, 'On Mediterranean Shores,' 407-408.
 Lugli, excavations by, 103, 106.

M.

- Macaulay, Lord, on the Papacy, 15—supports teaching of English in India, 129-131.
 Magruder, Rear-Admiral T. P., on the need for economy in U.S. Naval Administration, 158.
 Malleon, Col G. B., 'History of Afghanistan,' extract from, 307.
 Malory, Sir Thomas, 'Le Morte Darthur,' 293, 294.
 Manfroni, Guiseppe, 'Sulla soglia del Vaticano, 1870-1901' ..15, 17.

- Marrot, Mr H. V., bibliographer and publisher of Mr John Galsworthy's *Bibliography*, 195.

- Marshall, Rev. H. J., 'Poplar and Poplarism,' 66.

- Martin, Mr William, 'Statesmen of the War in Retrospect,' 194.

- Macwell, Rt Hon. Sir Herbert, F.R.S., 'A Diplomat's Diary,' 110.

- Mayhew, Arthur, C.I.E., 'The Education of India,' 118, 132.

- 'Mendip Annals,' quotations from, 61, 62, 63, 287.

- Merezhkovsky, Dmitri, 'Napoleon,' 402-403.

- 'Merlin, A Prose Romance' (about A.D. 1450-60), 293—extracts from, 296 *et seq.*

- Merlin, Who was (He)? 293-304.

- Merriman, John X., on the Poor Whites of South Africa, 87, 95.

- Mines Commission of 1842, references to, 285, 286.

- Ministry of Health, Annual Report of, 1926-1927, and 1927-1928..66, 68-69.

- Monmouth, Geoffrey of, 'Histories of the Kings of Britain,' 293, 294-295.

- Morgan, J. H., K.C., 'The Riddle of Lord Haldane,' 170, 339.

- Morley, Lord, on Lord Haldane, 173, 339, 348—on the death of Burke, 356.

- Murray, John, IV: in Memoriam, 1-5.

- Murray, Lt-Col John, D.S.O., 'Two Empresses,' 6.

- Music Hall, The, 259-271.

- Mussolini, Signor, extract from his speech on Italo-Vatican relations, 23—his attitude towards the South Tyrol, 208, 212, 220.

- Mussolini, Signor Arnaldo, on Italo-Vatican relations, 26-27, 28.

N.

- Naylor, Dr E. W., 'The Poets and Music,' 408-409.

- Neame, L. E., 'The Poor Whites of South Africa,' 85.

- Nesfield, Rev., his part in the settlement of the Seamen's Strike in

- 1815..276 — extract from letter written by, 277.
- von Neumann, Philipp, Secretary to the Austrian Embassy in London, 110—extracts from his Diary, 111-117.
- New Developments in the Relations between the Papacy and the State, 15-31.**
- Newton, H. Chance, 'Idols of the "Halls,"' 259.
- Nicholson, Mr A. P., 'The Real Men in Public Life,' 194-195.
- Norwich, the Bishop of, on Prayer-Book Revision, 227.

O.

- Oil from Coal, 249-258.**
- Orestano, Francesco, 'Lo Stato e la Chiesa in Italia,' 15.
- 'Osservatore Romano,' extracts from, on the relations between the Papacy and the State. 26, 27, 29.
- Ostia, excavations at, 97-102.

P.

- Papacy and the State, New Developments in the Relations between the, 15-31.**
- Papal Guarantees, Law of, 17.
- Pape, Captain A. G., 'The Politics of Aryan Road,' 410.
- Parker, A. J., part author of 'The Variety Stage,' 259.
- Paul, Eden and Cedar, translators of Emil Ludwig's 'On Mediterranean Shores,' 407-408.
- Peel, Sir Robert, 33, 38, 40, 48-49, 283 —report of his Commission, 1816 . 46, 47, 286.
- Pellizzi, Camillo, on the objections of the Vatican to Fascist doctrine,' 25-26.
- Phayre, Ignatius, 'The "Big Navy" of the United States,' 147.
- Phillip, Mr Alex J., 'A Dickens Dictionary,' 401.
- Phillipson, Dr Coleman, 'The Trial of Socrates,' 192.
- Ponsonby, Mr Arthur, 'Samuel Pepys,' 190.
- Ponsonby, Rt Hon. Sir Frederick, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., editor of 'The Letters of the Empress Frederick,' 6.

- Poor Law Act of 1834, objects of, 67-68—basic principles of, 68.
- Poor Whites of South Africa, The, 85-96.**
- Poplar and Poplarism, 66-84.**
- Poplar, compared with Fulham in regard to Poor Law Administration, 70—examples of out-relief in, 73-76, 81-82.
- Poplarism, principles of, 68—statistics relative to, 68, 82-83—results of, 83-84.
- Powys, T. F., 324-325, 334.
- Prayer Book, revision of the, 221 *et seq.*
- Pringle, Rev. J. C., Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, 'Can London climb out of the Slough of Despond?' extracts from, 66, 67, 70, 82-83.
- Prinsep, H. T., extract from his memorandum on the teaching of English in India, 129-130.
- Probert, Rev. P. S. G., of Fulham, 70.

Q.

- 'Quarterly Review,' the late Sir John Murray's affection for, 1, 2, 5—October 1909, allusion to, 107—February 1809, allusion to article on Baptist Missions, 120-1832, allusion to, 403.

R.

- Rai, Lajpat, 'Unhappy India,' 118, 119.
- Ramsay, A. A. W., Ph.D., 'A Socialist Fantasy,' 32—allusions to and quotations from her article, 'A Socialist Fantasy,' in 'Quarterly Review,' January 1929..272 *et seq.*
- Rathenau, Walter, the late, 'Die Neue Gesellschaft,' 178-179.
- Rattenbury, Mr. J. E., 'Wesley's Legacy to the World,' 191.
- Recent Tendencies in English Fiction, 321-338.**
- Reed, Sir Stanley, K.B.E., LL.D., part author of 'India, the New Phase,' 118, 119, 127.
- Reut-Nicolussi, Dr., 'Tirol unterm Beil,' 199, 208-209.
- Reynolds, Harry, 'Minstrel Memories,' 259.

- Riall, General, in command of troops suppressing Seamen's Strike in 1815. 275, 279—extracts from letters written by, 276-277.
- Richardson, Miss Dorothy, 331.
- Richey, J. A., C.I.E., 'Selections from the Educational Records of the Government of India' (ii) (1840-1859), 118.
- Rome, Archaeological and Topographical Research in and Near, 1908-1928, Part II, 97-109.
- Ronaldshay, Lord, 'The Heart of Aryavarta,' 118, 132.
- Ross, Sir F. Denison, editor of 'The Treasure House of Eastern Story,' 196.
- Roussoff, A. N., 'Memoirs of Alexander Wolkoff-Mourmontzoff, 191-192.
- Roy, Ram Mohan, a Brahman pioneer of Western education in India, 123-124, 125, 126, 128.
- Russia, her policy regarding Afghanistan, 306, 309, 313, 316, 319-320.
- Rutter, Mr Eldon, 'The Holy Cities of Arabia,' 404-405.
- S.
- Sadler's Committee, Report of 34, 35, 36.
- Sadler's Wells, allusions to, 260.
- St Germain, Treaty of, 205, 208.
- Saiyid Mahmud, 'History of English Education in India,' quotation from, 122.
- Salandra, Antonio, 'La neutraliti italiana,' 19.
- Scotland, education in, 41.
- Souder, Vida, 'Le Morte Darthur. A Study of the Book,' 293—extract from, 299.
- Seamen, account of their strike at Shields and Sunderland, in 1815. 51-55, 273-280.
- Seigne, Major J. W., 'Irish Bogs,' 196.
- Senses of Animals, The, 237-248.
- Seton, Thompson, his definition of animal instinct, 237.
- Sharp, H., C.S.I., 'Selections from the Educational Records of the Government of India' (i) (1781-1839), 118, 129.
- Vol. 252.—No. 500.
- Sidmouth, Lord, extracts from letters written by, 55, 276.
- Sims, Admiral Sowden, on naval gunnery, 159—takes command at Queenstown, 168.
- Sinnatt, Dr F. S., Assistant Director of Fuel Research, extract from his paper, 'A General Review of Low Temperature Carbonisation,' 251.
- Smith, Robert Percy, promoter of Western education in India, 124.
- Social Animals, 357-379.
- Socialist Fantasy, A, 32-65.
- 'Socialist Fantasy, A': a Reply 272-292.
- Some Recent Books, 189-198, 400-410.
- South Africa, The Poor Whites of, 85-96.
- Stanley, Dean, on the Establishment of the Church of England, 224—quotation from his 'Essays on Church and State,' 229.
- 'Stories from Sâdi's Bustan and Gulistan,' 196.
- Strachey, Lytton, 338.
- Strickland, C. F., 'Agriculture in India,' 134.
- Stuart, C. D., part author of 'The Variety Stage,' 259.
- T.
- Tarracina, excavations at, 102-103.
- Temple, William, Archbishop of York, 'Christianity and the State,' 221, 227—extract from 'The Manchester Churchman,' 229.
- Tennyson, Lord, quotation from his Idylls of the King, 'Merlin and Vivien,' 293.
- Thackeray, W. M., allusions to his 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes,' 261.
- The 'Big Navy' of the United States, 147-169.
- The Conservative Task, 380-399.
- The Menace of Disestablishment, 221-236.
- The Music Hall, 259-271.
- 'The Review of the Churches,' October 1928, extract from, 231-232.
- The Riddle of Lord Haldane, 170-188, 339-356.

- 'The Tempestuous Prince' (Prince Hermann Ludwig Heinrich Pückler-Muskau), 403-404.
- Thirlwall, Bishop, on the State control of the Church of England, 224.
- Thompson, Edward, 'Rabindranath Tagore,' 123.
- Thomson, Professor J. Arthur, 'Social Animals,' 357.
- Thruston, Colonel E. H., 'Earl of Rosebery, Statesman and Sportsman,' 408.
- 'Times,' The, extracts from, on municipal administration, 78, 84—for Aug. 24, 1928, extract from, 182—for Feb. 4, 1928, extract from, on Prayer Book Revision, 232.
- Transvaal Indigency Commission 1906-8, extract from Report of, 91.
- Trevelyan, Mr George, editor of Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' 195-196.
- Trevelyan, 'Education of the People of India,' 126.
- Truck system, account of, 60.
- Turnbull, R. E., 'Oil from Coal,' 249.
- Two Empresses, 6-14.
- Tyrol, dual characteristics of, 201-202.
- Tyrol, South, The Italianisation of, 199-220.
- Tyrol, South, the methods and effects of Fascisti rule upon, 212-220.
- U.
- Una nuova discussione sui rapporti tra Chiesa e Stato in Italia,' R. Ministero degli Affari Esteri, 15, 21.
- Unemployment, the problem of, 387-389, 394, 397-398—Mr Lloyd George's proposed solution of, 395-396, 398.
- United States, The 'Big Navy' of the, 147-169—case for the formation of, 151-154—Press views on, 154-155.
- V.
- Vaudeville, a mirror of the day, its development, 259-269.
- Vercesi, Ernesto, 'Il Vaticano, l'Italia e la Guerra,' 15, 20.
- Villari, Commendatore Luigi, 'New Developments in the Relations between the Papacy and the State,' 15.
- W.
- Wales, University College of, Lord Haldane's address to, at Aberystwyth, 348.
- Walker, K. M. and E. M., 'On Being a Father,' 197.
- Wentworth, Thomas, Earl of Stratford, on the fallibility of Bishops, 225.
- West, V. Sackville, 328.
- Weston, J. L., 'The Legend of Merlin,' 293—'The Quest of the Holy Grail,' 293.
- Wheeler, Professor W. M., 'Social Life among the Insects,' and 'Ants,' 357, 363, 365, 369, 375.
- Whitehead, Bishop, 'Indian Problems,' 123.
- Who was Merlin? 293-304.
- Wicksteed, Mr Joseph, 'Blake's Innocence and Experience,' 400.
- Wilbur, Mr Curtis, 150, 161-162.
- Wilson, President, his acceptance of the Treaty of London, 203-205.
- Wilson, Romer, 328.
- Wood, Sir Charles, author of a scheme for education in India, 131-132.
- Woolf, Virginia, 'Orlando,' 321, 323-324.
- Wordsworth, William, extracts from 'The Excursion,' 288—allusion to, 289.
- Wright, Mr Thomas, 'The Life of William Blake,' 400.
- Wynyard, General, G.O.C. northern district at York, on the suppression of the Seamen's Strike in 1815.. 275.
- Y.
- York, Archbishop of: see Temple, William.
- Young, F. Brett, 'Portrait of Claire,' 321, 326.

END OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SECOND VOLUME.

